

## (I might just) bite

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by [Flutter \(Flutterfall\)](#), [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Dream has always loved cats, so when Quackity asks him to look out for his hybrid half-brother whilst he goes away on holiday, Dream is happy to help out.

Until he meets George, that is.

### Notes

If any cc changes their mind about being in fanfiction, I will remove this. Please do not distribute this fic outside of AO3 :)

(basically this fic was the result of all of the discord kitten jokes and I was almost too embarrassed to post this, but here we are and I hope someone enjoys lol)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

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“I don’t need a babysitter, least of all one younger than me!” George says, angrily gesticulating in Dream’s direction. The man was lingering awkwardly in the doorway, the same position he’d been in since arriving at the apartment Quackity shared with his older brother, George.

The aforementioned younger brother had long started edging his way along the wall, suitcase in hand. He was clearly eager to depart, and leave his fuming sibling behind for his coastal vacation. Dream knew Quackity had been planning this getaway with Karl and Sapnap for *months*, but his concern over how George would cope in his absence had been overshadowing his enthusiasm.

Until Sapnap had offered Dream (gladly anticipating a couple of weeks without his annoying roommate, to be honest) up for the role of temporary ‘housemate’, AKA: unofficial guardian to a finicky cat-hybrid who tended to forget his human side on a social day, let alone one when left alone.

It wasn’t that hybrids were unintelligent. In fact, a lot of hybrids were more talented than normal humans, due to the enhanced traits they inherited. They had the same brain capacity as humans, and you could find them employed in nearly any sector these days, since so many laws preventing discrimination had been passed. Sure, there were still bigots out there that thought they were the lesser species, but for every ignoramus there was an immensely gifted hybrid working wonders in their respective field.

But, some hybrids tended to inherit more...*instincts* than others. It was rare, but occasionally a hybrid was born with more animalistic traits than human. Researchers hadn’t been able to figure out why, and although it wasn’t a *bad thing*..

Dream had never met George before now. Certainly, he’d heard plenty about him, he might have even played games with him online at some point...

But George was shy. You might not have guessed it, hearing his interactions with Quackity through discord, but apparently he was the type of ‘shy’ that had him hiding under a bed whenever ‘strangers’ came to visit. The type of ‘shy’ that prevented him from venturing outside to do groceries, or attend a normal job. The type of ‘shy’ that required Quackity to do a lot of domestic tasks, which he always did without (much) complaint, because George was his older brother, and even if he could be a quote unquote ‘*pain in the ass*’ at times, his online freelance work covered their rent, and he’d been helping support Quackity through law school. Overall their relationship seemed pretty standard for brothers (half, if Dream recalled correctly) if not a little co-dependant on George’s behalf, but-

“He’s not here to babysit you, man.” A bit of a lie, but Dream could tell Quackity was just trying to pacify George at this point. The dark haired man looked a second short of putting his retractable claws to use and *mauling him*. “He’ll just...help around the apartment a bit while I’m gone. Get the groceries, do some cooking, empty your litter-tray-“

“What?” Dream breathed, in horror, and felt a sense of relief when Quackity burst into cackles.

“I’m just kidding, dude!”

“That isn’t funny!” If looks could kill, Quackity would have been long dead. “You want to leave me with this...this *buffoon*, who thinks hybrids can’t use the bathroom like normal people-“

“Woah, okay,” Dream interjected, sharply, because he wasn’t letting *that* assumption go unchallenged “at no point have I ever believed hybrids to be a lesser species. I have a lot of hybrids as friends, you know.”

“Well,” George sniffed, pointedly looking away from Dream’s frown “I pity them.”

*Fuck.* Dream knew cats could be difficult, but this George was on an entirely new level. He put all of the other feline hybrids Dream had met to shame with his uptight and finicky attitude. He’d always been a cat person, but by the end of these two weeks (and yes, Dream wasn’t about to back out now, he’d never been the type to run from a fight and George was *clearly* rearing for one) his opinion might have changed. “You don’t need to. They enjoy my company.”

George rolled his eyes (one brown, one blue, Dream wondered if the heterochromia was inherited from his human side or feline) his tail flicking back and forth in irritation. His ears are still folded back. They had been, ever since he peeked around the corner and realised Dream was coming inside. “Full of himself, isn’t he?” He directs this question towards Quackity, who gives another laugh, although this one is more strained.

“Dream is confident, but that will help, right? Look George,” Quackity sends his brother a more sincere look, and Dream holds back the urge to glance away. It wasn’t often he saw Quackity become so...*serious*. “The last time I went away for the weekend, I came back and the apartment was a mess, and you’d barely eaten. This will be *two weeks*, George. Honestly dude, I’d be worried about coming back and finding you fucking *dead*.”

George’s left ear twitches, and his glare lessens in intensity. He kicks at the floor absentmindedly, and Dream gets a small glimpse of pads on the bottom of his feet. A seamless blend of human and feline, and an indication that he probably has them on his hands, as well. Despite himself, Dream wants to squeeze them. Not in a creepy way, more in a ‘*this pissy hybrid is the cutest I’ve ever seen*’ way. He’s never seen prints in humans like this before, it was no wonder George had such animalistic tendencies. Clearly whatever DNA strand he had was quite dominant... “I don’t want you to worry about me, Quackity. I’m your elder brother.”

Prideful, much like a cat. And to the point of self-detriment, *very* human. Dream is *captivated*, and before he can help himself- “You don’t need to be embarrassed, George. Everyone needs help at times, and Quackity’s told me so much about how you’ve helped him over the years-“

“If you *had* to leave me with someone, why did it have to be this imbecile?”

Yep, Dream had always had a big mouth. And George *clearly* had an acidic tongue. They’d have to work on that.

“Because he’s the only one who wouldn’t quit the moment you opened your mouth.” Quackity replied, bluntly, and George rolled his eyes again, but didn’t move to intercept him when he moved towards the door.

Dream finally stepped fully inside, towing in his own suitcase. He would have preferred George come to him, but he understood how felines could be in...new environments. Someone as anxious

as George probably wouldn't cope, and Dream would spend the whole two weeks trying to coax him out of a dark space. It would be hard to get him to eat, let alone bathe.

George would still be cagey here, but the surroundings would be familiar. This was *his* territory, and that would leave him with a sense of assuredness. It helped that Quackity had introduced them as well...

"I know I've mentioned Dream before, but he's a good guy. A bit of a cocky asshole at times, but a good guy. He'll do all of the things for you that I do when I'm here, and you might even end up liking him." Quackity was always trying to encourage George to make friends.

"Will I need to give him money and tutor him in Minecraft, as well?" It's clearly a barb at Quackity, but Dream brightens at the mention of the game. This could be something he shares in common with George. He might be able to tempt him into playing at one point...

"I don't know, will he need to scratch your ears and hand-feed you?"

"Oh shut up." George's cheeks turn pink, and Quackity gives another one of his distinctive laughs. It's all insightful information for Dream, who only finds himself more interested. It doesn't surprise him that Quackity and George have been engaging in such behaviours (platonic affection is common with hybrids) but it does take him slightly aback that George is such a *spoiled* cat. He seems so prickly, but clearly he enjoys being pampered...

Quackity's phone buzzes, and he fishes it out of his pocket, glancing down at the screen.

"Sapnap's telling me to hurry up..."

Sapnap had dropped Dream off, so it was no wonder he was getting impatient. This stand-off had been going on for some time now.

George sighs. It's an airy sound, both exasperated and defeated. "Go on then. I promise not to murder this idiot in your absence. You better bring me back a good souvenir, though."

"Paid for with your money, bro."

There's not much to be said after that, Dream helping Quackity pack his luggage into Sapnap's car, George already having locked himself in his bedroom back in the building. There's a few more cursory farewells, before-

"George can be a pain in the ass, but he's still my big brother. I won't be pissed if you get firm with him, but if I come back and he's hurt in any way, I'm going to make you regret being born. Understood?"

Wow. Quackity was actually intimidating, like this.

Dream nodded, and grinned. *He said I can be firm with him, which means he's confident George won't break.* "Understood. Have an awesome time!"

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Excessive grooming was a sign of stress. Dream knew this, having observed the same symptom in Patches, his non-hybrid cat, when he'd moved out of home and into his shared apartment with Sapnap. The poor feline had taken a full week to get used to their new home, hiding in dark spaces,

refusing to eat, and grooming to the point she started shedding clumps of fur. Thankfully, she'd adjusted before a trip to the vet was necessary.

Dream could only hope it wouldn't reach that point with George, who had been grooming for the past hour or so. He'd ventured out of his room when Dream had started acquainting himself with the kitchen, licking his palms with a pink tongue, and raising them every so often to rub at his ears. It was meticulous, as Dream would expect from such a clearly fussy cat, but a little frantic in pace.

He'd also scratched up the couch in the living room. Dream had heard his claws easily sliding through fabric, and knew that George would likely be annoyed with himself later on for his loss of composure. Excessive scratching was another sign of stress in cats, and at this rate Dream was keen to calm him down before he started having digestive problems.

"I want fish for dinner." George says, when Dream takes a peek inside the fridge. His voice is a little breathy, and he eyes Dream cautiously, poised to make his escape if he feels remotely threatened.

He was nervous. But not nervous enough to be scared to make demands. Dream spots a few fresh cuts of salmon inside the fridge, as well as a reasonable amount of vegetables and fruit. There's the standard spreads and condiments, evidence Quackity had had the sense to stock up before leaving. It saved Dream an immediate trip to the grocery store, although he would have preferred to cook something a little simpler for dinner... "There's salmon here--"

"I like it baked. Quackity always makes it in foil. I like butter and herbs, but no garlic. Garlic is--"

"Bad for cats." Dream finished, flatly, giving George an unimpressed look for the interruption. He understood George was unsure of this arrangement, but that didn't excuse blatant rudeness. "I know. I understand feline dietary requirements, so you don't need to worry about me poisoning you."

"That remains to be seen." George slides onto one of the stools set before the kitchen island, eyes narrowed at Dream sceptically. He brings his left hand back to his face, licking a long stripe up to his knuckles, before wrapping his tongue around his index finger and *sucking*.

Dream finds himself hastily looking away, scrambling to pull out a pan and switch the oven on to pre-heat. He'd seen hybrids groom themselves before, but George did it in such a *pronounced* manner. The way that pretty pink tongue flickered, the sound his mouth made as he *lapped*--

Dream has to turn away entirely when George begins to *slurp* around his fingers, unlocking his phone and selecting a playlist to drown the sound out. He hopes he's being subtle. People listened to music all of the time when they cooked, right? There was nothing suspicious about it!

"No vegetables." George said abruptly, when Dream begins setting carrots and asparagus out. "If you're making a side-dish, cook something meaty. I like meat."

*He likes meat.* George's voice had been entirely innocent, but Dream still holds back a shudder, trying to maintain a stern countenance as he transfers the vegetables to the sink for rinsing. "Quackity texted me a list of foods you can and cannot consume. He noted that you hate vegetables, but still need them from a nutritional standpoint."

"Traitor." George murmured, but didn't protest further as Dream turned on the tap, although his ears did flick back once again at seeing the harsh spray. It reminded Dream that Quackity had mentioned George preferred baths, which in turn led to Dream-- "Is something the matter?" George was blinking at him, slitted irises reflected in big, heavily lashed eyes. He looked so *sweet* like that,

feet dangling off of the ground, tail swishing lazily. Dream wants to run a hand through his brunette hair, or even (if given permission) stroke one of those soft looking ears... "You look... flustered."

"There's a lot of heat in this kitchen." Dream inwardly cringes as he says this, realising how *lame* he sounds. George appears bewildered with his response, but thankfully doesn't ridicule him.

"I hope you haven't changed the heating settings, I like the temperature as it is now."

Facing away from George, Dream lets out a silent sigh, hoping the cool water will help ground him. "I wouldn't dare, George."

"Good." George sounds grimly satisfied. "Don't forget this is *my* apartment. You can only touch what I give you permission to touch."

*Clean thoughts. Clean thoughts. **Clean** thought-*

"So even though you're *really hot*-"

*Fuck, fuck, fuck, **fuck**-*

"You can't mess with the heating system." George sounds imperious as he talks, every bit the ~~adorable~~ *infuriatingly* spoiled hybrid Dream is coming to realise he is. Quackity had mentioned George could be difficult, but Dream hadn't anticipated *this* level of bossiness. "Understood, moron?"

**Moron?** A whistle rattles through Dream's teeth at the audacity, the heat in his body that had gone *elsewhere* returning with a rush to his head. Dream may have decided to be patient with George, but he was no push over. He'd been hoping to avoid being confrontational for George's sake, but George's feline nerviness didn't excuse him being an *asshole*, and Dream wasn't about to be ridiculed and demeaned for the rest of his stay here, especially when he was doing Quackity (and George) a favour (unpaid, might he add!) "I don't know how you were raised, George," Dream starts slowly, turning around to fully face the hybrid. He crosses his arms, noticing how George's eyes flick at the movement. *Interesting*. "But in my experience it's rude to address your guests in that manner." Dream sounds *far* too much like a schoolteacher for his taste, or even worse, some snobby parent, but-

"Well your guests must be less annoying than you."

Dream gritted his teeth. *The **mouth** on this-*

"And don't talk to me like I'm some kind of child. You're not in charge of me, despite what my brother seems to have told you."

**Oh**, Dream realises, *oh*. He could work with this. Clearly George's pride was still stung, and he was lashing out and trying to talk down to Dream to make himself feel better. "I'm not trying to boss you around, George. If anything the opposite has been happening here."

"But I know people like you, Dream," George says, licking another stripe up his palm casually, as if he isn't sitting there *insulting* his new houseguest "I can smell the narcissism wafting off of you from a mile away. And the cheap deodorant. You should really invest in a nice cologne."

"I have cologne!" He just...hadn't worn it that day, not deeming going to Quackity's important enough to warrant it. "And my deodorant isn't 'cheap!'" He'd never heard complaints about his

scent before, he'd even been complimented once or twice! "Dude, you are being a huge jerk right now--"

"And I can. Because this is *my* apartment." George's prissy little accent had been cute before, but currently it was grating on Dream's ears. "You can't tell me what to do."

"You know what George?" Dream took a step forward, slamming his hands down on the counter. It was enough to make the smaller man jolt in surprise, although he held his ground, glaring upwards. "You keep telling me you don't need looking after, and that you aren't a child, but--"

"Because I'm not. Is that so hard for you to comprehend?"

"-but then you act like a snotty little *brat*, so I'm not sure whether I should take you seriously, or put you down for a *nap*." Dream's sharp words have a splendid effect on George, who steadily begins to flush, plump lips opening and closing wordlessly. "I know this is your apartment, as you've *so courteously* reminded me, I'm not about to trash the place. I'll be the *model* houseguest, so long as you treat me with a little respect. Because I tell you what, *kitten*, you're *really* testing my fucking patience."

George *hisses*, fur standing on end, and Dream can't help but admire those perfectly straight teeth, and those sharp little canines. He wonders how they would feel, scraping against his- "You can't call me *that!*"

"And why not?"

"Because, because," George splutters, skin more the shade of a tomato at this point "because it's, it's *degrading!*"

Dream arches an eyebrow. "You mean like how you called me a '*moron*' not that long ago? Wow, it really fucking sucks when people call you names, doesn't it, *kitten?*"

"*Stop!*"

Dream couldn't deny that something stirred in him at hearing George sound so frustrated. He looked pretty all flushed as he was, pink spreading to even the tips of his human ears. His voice had risen in pitch as well, almost a whine. The best thing though was the sheer *satisfaction* he felt at reducing this haughty little brat to this pleading state, *especially* after he'd been so horrible to deal with all day. It was...invigorating. "Stop, *what?*" He's drunk on this feeling of power, wanting to teach George some manners. He hadn't heard him say the word '*please*' once all day, and although Dream wasn't uptight, he still had *standards*.

"Stop, *sir!*"

It takes a few moments for what George has let slip to sink in, and when it does, all Dream can do is gape, now feeling his own face ~~and other areas~~ beginning to heat up. His jaw drops, and he can only watch as George's feline ears fold back again, his furious expression morphing into mortification. It only takes one blink on his behalf for the hybrid to be gone, the tip of George's tail briefly visible as he scurries off, clearly intending to hide somewhere.

Dream inhales and exhales deeply a few times, hands still fisted on the counter, before he turns back to the sink, running his hands under cold water to try and calm down. Whatever that had been, it had been *intense*. Intense enough for him to clearly push some boundaries with George he hadn't even known the other man *had*. Dream had really fucked up this time...

Or had he?

If George wanted to, he could have easily requested that Dream leave, and Dream would have done so. Instead he'd merely fled from the situation, overwhelmed but not *overly* distressed. George had had no problem expressing his opinion thus far, so if he *really* wanted Dream gone-

Dream hears his phone buzz. There's a text from Quackity on the screen.

Hey dude. You taking good care of my bro? I know he can be a pain in the ass, but once you get to know him he's tolerable.

Dream grins, even as he composes a reassuring text for his friend, and sends it off. He returns to his task of preparing dinner, no less determined to cook something suitable for George than before. He thinks back to Quackity's quip about hand-feeding, and wonders if, even in a non-sexual context, he can convince George to take food from his fingers. Either way...

*George, I think I'm going to take **very** good care of you.*

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## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Dream is determined to be a good 'carer' for George.

He's also completely fascinated by him.

Meanwhile, a half-naked encounter with Dream leads George to consider how the next two weeks will play out.

### Chapter Notes

Sup! Ngl the kudos and comments got me writing again, it's awesome when people actually enjoy what you're writing, even if it's complete trash, lol

Short chapter but I wanted to get it out, enjoy this garbage ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Dream doesn't need a guidebook or online instruction to know that the best method for dealing with a skittish feline is giving it space.

So even though he can feel his annoyance steadily mounting when George refuses to come out from wherever he must be hiding (he'd resisted looking with no small amount of difficulty) for dinner, he doesn't go searching. He takes a deep breath, elects to be mature (*somebody* had to) and only *slightly* stomps his feet when he returns back to the kitchen, pushing George's plate into the oven to keep it warm. He'll give a wide berth of the area for now, and allow the pissy hybrid to venture inside once he knew Dream wasn't lingering.

He takes his own plate to the spare bedroom Quackity had delegated him earlier. It's the only spare room in the apartment, more of an extra storage space than a place for guests. Dream was well aware that Quackity didn't often have guests over, what with how George reacted to strangers in his home, so he isn't surprised that there's no spare bed. Instead a futon has been rolled out, made up with cotton sheets and a duvet that smells too *new* to be anything other than recently purchased.

At least it wasn't a sleeping bag on the ground, or a blanket on the couch. Sure, it wasn't his cosy bed back in his own apartment, but Dream could make do. He's slept in worse places, and there was even a socket for his phone and laptop charger...

He sits cross-legged on the futon as he eats, scooping salmon and vegetables at a near sickening speed. Dream had been *hungry*, having skipped lunch in lieu of exploring the apartment earlier, and the time and effort he'd spent creating the dish had more than worked up his appetite. His

replication of the recipe hadn't been perfect (he may have singed the vegetables a little) but it was still *damned good*, and Dream can't resist posting a picture he'd snapped onto Instagram. He gets a few responses near instantly, one being Quackity himself, who private messages him asking:

There was no garlic on that, was there? Trust me dude, you don't wanna deal with a food-poisoned George.

Dream thumbs out a reply immediately, not wanting Quackity to worry. Sapnap would *kill* him if he ruined the group's vacation by sending Quackity into a concerned spiral. No garlic, don't worry :) get back to your holiday time! He hums in approval when Quackity goes dark, reassured in the knowledge that all of his effort watching George wasn't being wasted. He was doing it as a favour to his friends, after all.

Not because he loved cat hybrids, and thought they were fascinating.

Not because he found George, with those cute little paw prints and soft looking ears *precious*.

He keeps an ear out over the next hour or so, scrolling mindlessly through social media to entertain himself. Prior to meeting George, he'd envisioned an evening spent getting to know one another, becoming friends. Maybe watching a movie, or playing some games. Sure, he'd known that that would require some coaxing and patience on his part, but he'd been expecting a timid but *grudgingly friendly* hybrid, not a caustic, sarcastic little shit.

He grins when he hears the tell-tale sound of the oven door opening and closing, and the cutlery draw scraping open. He doesn't risk spooking George by leaving his temporary dwellings, instead resolving himself to feel smugly satisfied as he imagines the hybrid consuming the home-cooked meal. Wrapping his tongue around a fork, closing his eyes in relish at the superb taste, maybe even giving a cute little appreciative moan-

*Okay, calm down.* Dream had always had a good imagination, which could be both a blessing and a curse. It was the latter this time, as his mind conjured up lightly erotic images, *torturing* him with a sight he was missing. He can feel his jeans tightening as the image (cropping up, *unwanted*) of George *purring* presents itself, the highest praise one can receive from a cat hybrid, *especially* one as finicky as George-

*Shit.*

Dream adjusts his seating to alleviate the restrictive sensation, putting aside his empty plate to search through his suitcase for some tracksuit pants. There was *zero chance* of him suffering through boners in uncomfortable denim. If his cock was going to betray him, it would at least occur in baggy pants.

*Fuck.* He hadn't even been in this apartment for a *day* and already he had the hots for his housemate. Perhaps it was inevitable, considering George's good-looks. He was a little immaculate for Dream's tastes, with his perfectly combed hair and ironed loungewear, but that was only fodder for his overactive imagination. It only tantalised him with visions of George being *ruffled*, preferably by Dream's hand-

*I need a cold shower. Now.* Differences aside, Dream was supposed to be being a *responsible babysitter*-temporary carer. It was almost easy to forget, what with George's intelligence and sharp tongue, but he was *still* a particularly sensitive hybrid. He'd proven numerous times in the past that he fell prey to his more baser instincts, and Dream couldn't just forget that because his cock had suddenly reverted to adolescence.

George had his own bathroom attached to his room, so Quackity had given Dream permission to use 'his', which was located more central in the apartment, but was considered Quackity's 'personal bathroom' due to the pair living alone. Dream waits until he hears George place the plate in the sink to leave his room, being careful to keep his footsteps as quiet as possible. With how quiet cat hybrids could slink around, George could be lurking around any corner...

Fortunately, he isn't in the bathroom, and Dream steps into the cold spray of the shower, shuddering at the icy temperature. It works though, and his misbehaving cock turns flaccid. Not wanting to waste water (he'd never hear the end of it, if George got a higher water bill this month) Dream undergoes his usual shower routine, using the bodywash he'd brought and giving his hair a quick rinse.

The towel that had been set out for him is far plusher than the ones in his own apartment, and Dream takes his time ruffling his hair dry, spraying some of his *cheap* (in George's opinion, Dream happened to think it was perfectly fine) deodorant on, and taking the time to set up his toothbrush and mouthwash for later, as well as arranging his other grooming supplies. He'd need to shave tomorrow...

He hadn't brought any pyjamas into the bathroom, more out of routine than anything (his bathroom in his and Sapnap's apartment was kind of small, and there wasn't much additional space) so he doesn't feel odd strolling back out of the bathroom with only a towel secured around his waist, keen to get changed into something *warm* after that fucking frigid shower...

He doesn't exactly collide with George, but it's a close call. The hybrid was obviously just passing by, a glass of juice in hand, which is nearly sloshed onto the floor by how hard George recoils at Dream's sudden appearance. "Watch it!" He hisses, stepping back with a glare. His lips promptly drop open at the sight of Dream's naked torso, and Dream is treated to the pretty sight of George's cheeks pinkening, his dual-coloured eyes averting, as if he's a medieval gentleman and Dream is an indecent harlot exposing his ankles, or something. He splutters for a moment, tail swishing in discontent. "What are you doing-"

"Sorry." Dream interjects, because he knows George won't take anything *less* than an apology. He wants to sooth any ruffled feathers (or in this case, fur) as soon as possible. He pushes a few damp strands of hair out of his eyes, smiling genially. "I left my stuff in my room, and we're both dudes here, so-"

"Of course you did. Why should I be surprised, a brain as small as yours *clearly* doesn't have the capacity to remember such simple things." George recovers his aloof demeanour quickly, but Dream has always been observant. He hadn't missed the flash of interest in George's eyes, nor could he overlook the way his cheeks were still turning red. "In the future, please refrain from *parading* around here like some kind of half-naked peacock."

"I was hardly parading-"

"I'm sure you *love* flaunting those looks of yours."

"Those looks of mine?" Dream's customer-service smile morphs into something a little more cocky, and he arches a brow, enjoying the sensation of looking *down* at George, who seems so *small* from this angle. The other man is nearly around average height, but Dream is *tall*. "George, you're so kind."

"Excuse me?"

Dream's skin is still faintly glistening with a thin sheen of moisture, and he crosses his arms,

making a show of flexing the muscles there. He isn't the biggest guy, but he's certainly toned, and his broad shoulders would be *more* than capable of boxing George in. "You think I'm handsome."

"No." George blurts, too quickly to be convincing. He knows it, too, from the faint wince he lets show for a brief moment, before regaining his imperious look. "Jesus, Quackity wasn't lying about you being arrogant. How can you even enter buildings with that massive ego of yours?"

Dream shrugs lazily, relaxing his arms to his sides again, and bringing one of his broad palms to edge along the white line of his towel, where the V shaped muscle leading downwards juts out, pronounced and well-defined. His motion is almost embarrassingly obvious, not subtle in the least, but Dream has never been afraid to be bold, and George's keenly following eyes was reward enough. "There's nothing to be ashamed of, George. If it makes you feel any better, I think you're cute."

"Cute." George's voice is flat, and entirely unimpressed. "You think I'm- you know what? Never mind. I don't *care*. Just put some bloody clothes on, I don't want to see *that*-"

"Are you sure? You didn't seem disgusted, George." Dream is, of course, teasing. He may have enjoyed flustering George, but if this truly made George uncomfortable, he'd cease in the future. He may have been, as Quackity had previously said, 'a cocky asshole', but he wasn't an *overall* asshole. He wouldn't distress George unduly just for his own benefit.

George huffs, and storms off, retractable claws scratching lightly at his glass of juice. Dream watches him make his retreat curiously, his grin goofy as he realises George hadn't entirely turned him down. *This is fun.*

He whistles cheerfully as he strides back to his room, and if there's a faint skip in his step, nobody has to know. The iciness from the shower has entirely abated now.

---

Stupid Dream.

Stupid Dream, and his sun-kissed skin. Stupid Dream, with his broad shoulders and big hands. Stupid Dream, with that perfectly mussed sandy hair and perfectly pronounced jaw. Stupid Dream, and that *infuriatingly* handsome crooked grin, those gleaming green eyes and those *cute* little freckles that littered his nose like a scattered galaxy of little brown stars-

Stupid Dream, and his deep, *dominating* voice, that intense gaze he got when he became serious, that playful gleam when he *knew* he had George where he wanted him, when he was assured in his victory-

Stupid *fucking* Dream.

George bats at the feathered cat toy propped on his desk irritably, claws extended. He was sitting at his desk chair, legs curled up underneath him, feeling well and *properly* idiotic. Not only had he called the *stupid* moron 'sir' earlier like some meek little hybrid, he'd also humiliated himself with his blatant display of interest in Dream's body.

When Quackity had told him (this morning, springing it on George when he was drinking some cat-friendly milk like an *asshole*) that his friend Dream would be staying with George for two weeks whilst he went away on his scheduled holiday, George had expected some shy, subservient

servant, not a smouldering, well-informed man who knew how to balance patience with sternness. George hated to admit it, but so far Dream hadn't committed any hideous faux pas, allowing him space and catering to his dietary requirements without any input on his behalf, although Dream hadn't hesitated to scold George for his apparently 'bratty' behaviour earlier. He seemed like a perfectly adequate temporary 'carer', as much as George loathed the word. Dream was almost like one of those annoying dog hybrids, friendly and accommodating. If he had a tail, George had no doubt it would always be wagging. He'd probably slobber, as well. *Repulsive*.

Yes, George tended to have...*issues* with other hybrids. It wasn't due to any misdemeanour on their parts, it was merely a part of the overwhelming feline instincts he couldn't seem to entirely override. He'd spent his whole life battling them, and after failure after failure, he'd come to realise fighting them was pointless. He just had to accept them, no matter how...bothersome it could be.

Don't get him wrong, he had no issue being a pampered house cat. He loved staying home and being spoiled, and he had no true desire to work in a conventional job, but it was *embarrassing* how reliant he was on Quackity, and although he made up for this reliance in other ways, he still worried his brother might...*resent* him. Most college students were living it up, partying and enjoying the prime of their youth, but Quackity was nearly always home before ten PM, providing him with (or cooking him) dinner, and spending a lot of his free time just hanging out with George, keeping him company and performing the tasks George just...just *couldn't* do. He didn't seem resentful, but George dreaded the day Quackity woke up and realised how much of a drain George was on his social life. It was one of the reasons he'd encouraged Quackity to go away on holiday, even if the mere idea had been giving him anxiety attacks for *weeks*...

He hadn't wanted a babysitter, but Dream was here regardless, and he didn't seem like he was leaving. He was interesting for a full-human, George would give him that much, and had more than enough...*charisma* to peek some of George's interests...

And now he was sulking, every bit the child he'd told Dream he wasn't. Usually after a meal he laid down for one of his naps, but for some reason the familiar (and comforting) sensation of a full stomach wasn't enough to lull him off to sleep like normal. He felt too...wired.

He refused to admit it was because of his short-lived encounter with Dream in the hallway, but deep down he knew it was that very interaction that was causing him strife now. His mind kept flashing to Dream's bare torso, the way his teeth had sat so straight when he flashed a grin...

"Oh Dream, your muscles look so *firm*, can I squeeze them?" George scoffed in a high-pitched sort of coo, spinning around on his chair in frustration. "Oh Dream, you're so *perfect*. The epitome of a big strong man, I just want to fall into your arms like a good little hybrid!" As if performing for some unseen audience, George fake gagged at his own words. "God..."

Well, a part of him had been tempted. Dream *was* charming, and George hadn't let 'sir' slip for no reason. There *was* something about him that was different, something so simultaneously respectful but roughish...

But George wasn't about to lose this 'game' they had clearly started playing so easily. Even if he could see himself inevitably conceding in the future, it wouldn't be in some helpless puddle of tears. If Dream wanted to win...

He'd have to *work for it*.

And George wasn't known for being spoiled without reason.

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## Chapter End Notes

Some insight into how George is feeling. in any future chapters the POV will likely alternate depending on what I write.

Are they moving too fast? maybe. Is George about to roll over for Dream without a fight? hell no. I love writing sassy George. next chapter should be getting more into some fun stuff I have planned!

Thanks for your kudos and comments. You guys are literally the reason I decided to continue, so thanks and ily all <3

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

Let the games begin.

### Chapter Notes

New chapter! Fyi this one starts off a little bit spicy, so sorry for that :) hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Unsurprisingly, but still much to Dream's shame, he finds himself pumping his cock in the shower the next morning, unable to brave a freezing spray, and wanting to release some pent up tension. He tries to imagine the callouses on his palm are George's tongue, feline rough and *so accustomed* to sucking on things. He keeps his eyes clenched tight, envisioning pretty plump lips stretching over his cock, unblemished cheeks hollowing out as George takes him fully down his throat, Dream's hands grasping his dark hair, fingers grazing over one of his cat ears-

Dream comes, that fantasy imprinted in his mind, gasping a little too hard for what should have been a standard jerking-off session.

*Well*, he thinks, watching as the warm water washed the evidence down the drain, *this has escalated quickly*.

Dream has met people he's found attractive before, but he doesn't often masturbate to such vivid thoughts of them. Honestly, it's usually just porn, or he gets laid. Pretty standard. George though...

Well, he made Dream feel like a horny teenager discovering his body for the first time, spontaneous erections and everything. He could only be grateful he hadn't woken up with sticky boxers, George would have been suspicious if he used the washing machine so early into his stay...

'Maintenance' effectively completed, Dream undergoes the rest of his morning schedule, cleaning off his body and getting changed (he'd brought his clothes to the bathroom this time, not wanting to push his luck with George so soon). He's elected to dress casual in case he needs to pop out for any errands, and it's with a sense of determination that he splashes on some of his expensive cologne, pride still stung from George's earlier comment about him 'smelling cheap'. There was *no way* he'd be able to make a similar remark today...

He cleans his teeth methodically, left to right, and gargles some mouthwash. Steam wafts out in a

heated puff when he leaves the bathroom, keeping the door slightly open to air the moisture out. The apartment is eerily quiet, evidence that George is still asleep. Not a surprise, considering how much cats liked their rest...

Dream decides to keep breakfast simple. George may have been plagued by feline dietary restraints, but part of him was still human, and could consume regular food. Quackity had expressed in the list he'd sent that George could eat most breakfast foods, with the exception of raisins and dairy milk. There was a substitute for the milk in the fridge, clearly marked. Hybrid friendly. Most produce companies tended to cater for hybrids, much like they did for vegetarians and people who couldn't consume gluten. All the more chance to make money. Of course they charged the 'speciality' products at exorbitant prices, but fortunately George had enough money to afford what he liked, which couldn't always be said for other hybrids.

He slices up some fruits, and toasts some bread. Dream prefers to eat a light breakfast most mornings, although he wasn't above consuming a revoltingly greasy breakfast when he was badly hungover. He's munching on a piece of toast when George comes padding into the kitchen, bleary-eyed, small incisors revealed as his mouth stretches in a yawn.

Those pink lips parting is a vivid reminder of Dream's earlier fantasy, and he averts his eyes immediately, pushing forward a plate. He is *not* going to pop another fucking boner now. "I wasn't sure what you felt like, so I made a couple of options. Do you prefer milk or juice in the mornings?" Both were sitting on the kitchen island, a glass poised for filling.

George's nose twitches as he blinks dazedly at the plate, an indication that the scent of food had woken him. Dream takes a moment to observe George whilst he's still groggy, knowing the hybrid was likely pissy in the mornings and wouldn't take well to being ogled.

Dream is a little disappointed but not surprised that George doesn't sleep shirtless. His sleep-shirt, sleeved and baggy, is crumpled, falling past his wrists but stopping short of his fingers. His pyjama pants hang baggy and slightly loose from his hips, revealing a slim waist and pale skin. George is somehow so *immaculate* in his messy state. It would be annoying, if it wasn't so fucking *precious*.

George grunts, foregoing answering and instead reaching out to grab the milk carton. Dream tries *very* hard not to roll his eyes, but can't resist chirping "Good morning to you too, sunshine" which earns an instant flipping off from the drowsy feline.

"Bowl." The order is short, George's voice slightly deepened by sleep. He wiggles his fingers impatiently, and Dream obeys the demand, opening the cupboard and pulling a porcelain bowl out. George snatches it from his hand without any thanks, and Dream-

"Some gratitude would be nice, cranky pants."

George blinks again, finally looking Dream in the face. His eyes have sleep crust in the corners, and Dream wants *so badly* to reach out a hand and brush it away. "Don't call me that. Ever."

Not wanting to get into an argument so early (but still unable to resist feeling amused at getting a reaction out of teasing George) Dream raises his hands, smile reconciliatory. "Sorry, George. You just look cute when you pout."

"M'not." George denies, and it's almost comical how quickly he sucks his slightly jutted lower lip back into his mouth, white teeth biting down lightly. He misses how fixated Dream is on the action, unscrewing the lid of the milk and pouring some in the bowl.

Dream prepares to be asked (see: ordered) to fetch some cereal from the cupboard, and is left



entirely taken-aback when instead George lowers his head to the bowl, nose near grazing the liquid as he pokes out his tongue and *laps*, the pink organ consuming the white (why did it have to be *white*) liquid at a sluggish pace. The slow ministrations of that tongue seem ridiculously erotic to Dream, and if George wasn't so clearly half-asleep right now he'd say the hybrid is doing this *on purpose*.

Hybrid-friendly milk is less thick than regular milk, but it still dots at the edges of George's full lower lip, a few drops dribbling down, caught by a suddenly raised hand, which is then brought to George's mouth, the hybrid taking a moment to clean his 'paws' before commencing his drinking.

It's captivating. It's cute. It's *hot* without needing to be, endearing even if Dream disregards the sexual appeal. George is the very image of innocence here, and Dream isn't sure whether he wants to be a demon corrupting him, or a saint wrapping him up in cotton wool. Perhaps he could be a mixture of both...

George's nose eventually bumps on the bottom of the bowl as he licks up the remaining dregs of milk, and he seems *content*, Dream half-expects him to start purring-

"Are you just going to stare all day like a creep, or finish eating?"

And there goes the innocent façade.

Pointedly, Dream takes a bite out of his now cold toast, the bread unpleasant in his suddenly dry mouth. He tries to act casual as he washes it down with some water, but George seems sceptical, withdrawing from the bowl with a flicker of self-consciousness in his eyes. Dream feels bad for making him insecure, knowing hybrids are often shamed for their more animalistic instincts.

Despite knowing he'll look stupid, Dream takes a larger bite of the toast, chewing just loudly enough to warrant George crinkling his nose in distaste. "Disgusting. Are you sure you aren't part-pig?"

*It worked.* "I happen to know a pig hybrid who would detest that statement."

"I suppose pigs attract pigs."

*And that I wasn't lying about socialising with hybrids, even if Techno and I aren't friendly all of the time.* "Shouldn't you be nicer when you talk about other hybrids? I mean, you share some of the same issues in common-"

"I don't know if anyone has ever told you this Dream, but hybrids are actually a lot like normal humans. Sometimes we just don't get along with certain people." George sounds haughty as he speaks, rolling his eyes as he reaches out and swipes an apple slice, nibbling at the red flesh of the fruit. He has the air of a perturbed adult dealing with a naïve child, and Dream *doesn't* appreciate it.

"Fair enough." Dream's voice is slightly strained. "I always try to get along with everyone, so-"

"And how does that usually work out for you?" George *crunches* into the crisp apple, and the sight of his white teeth sinking into the pale fruit makes Dream take another gulp of water, swishing the liquid around in his mouth to distract himself from the way a bit of juice dribbles down George's lips. He wants to plunge his tongue inside George's mouth to chase the taste, to *bite* into those teasing lips and leave them red and swollen- "Do you have a long list of admirers? Or can they see past your desperate need for constant validation and approval? No offense Dream, but you seem like the kind of guy who can't tolerate being disliked."

Okay, *ouch*. “I guess,” Dream replies, keeping his voice calm, because George *obviously* woke up in a mood and was clearly fishing for a reaction “I’m just not used to being disliked. I’m guessing you have more experience with that than me?” Petty. Very petty. But George couldn’t just talk shit about him and expect to get away with it unchallenged. “And not in a, y’know, hybrid way,” he added, before George could find a way to misconstrue his statement and warp it into something it wasn’t “more from a personality standpoint.”

The fur on George’s ears and tail stand on end, but he doesn’t hiss. It’s a close thing though, his jaw clenching shut as he forcibly holds the instinctive response back. He’s looking less tired now, but no less irritable. If anything, his bad mood has only increased. “I have a bad personality?”

“To be honest George, I don’t know you well enough to say that’s completely true,” Dream shrugged “but you certainly have a bad attitude. A thank you for the dinner last night and breakfast this morning might be nice.”

“Why should I thank you for doing your job? The whole reason you’re here is to feed me.” George checks his nails as he speaks, entirely (and almost excessively) rude.

*Hm*. “I’m actually here because Quackity asked me, and because I think he, Sapnap and Karl deserve to have a good vacation.”

“Oh, you’re such a saint.”

“It’s called being a good friend.”

George cocked his head, and the manner in which he batted his long eyelashes was *entirely* too practiced to be anything other than deliberate. Dream would be damned if the sight of those beautiful eyes didn’t make his heart thunder in his chest though...

George reaches out a hand. The palm is smooth, and Dream can imagine how soft his skin must be. It’s the hand of a man who’s never worked a day in his life, long fingers with immaculately maintained nailbeds, never having been lifted for anything more strenuous than computer coding.

Dream watches the movement warily, knowing better than to assume George is reaching out to shake his hand or something. He’s proven correct when George swipes his hand at a carton of orange juice, the cardboard container immediately slanting to the side, falling off the kitchen island and clattering onto the floor. Fortunately, the lid had still been fastened, but Dream sees the gesture for what it is, and doesn’t immediately lean down to scoop the slightly-dented container up.

“It’s called cleaning up, Dream.” George says, so sweet it’s *sickly*, his still extended hand now batting playfully at the plate of toast, crumbs flying this way and that from the force. Unlike the orange juice, Dream doesn’t think this decision is entirely conscious. His ears are facing forward again, he seems to be playing. *Pleased*. Ordinarily it would be cute, but- “Since you’re being *such* a good friend to my brother and taking care of me, you won’t mind doing some housework, will you?”

*Oh, it is on*. Dream grins widely. It’s more a baring of teeth than anything, an acceptance of a challenge George is too coy to state openly. He feels a surge of excitement despite his annoyance at being demeaned, assured in the knowledge that George is, just in his current ministrations with the plate, *playing*, if not in a less innocent way. “Of course, sweetheart. Wouldn’t want you to get your dainty little paws dirty, now would we?”

George’s eyes are dilated. His ears are facing forward. He isn’t shying away, or making himself smaller in discomfort. Dream is, as always, faultlessly observant, and he knows an excited cat

when he sees one. The tail isn't quivering quite yet, but Dream thinks he can get it there, *eventually*. Whether it will be in a sexual or non-sexual context, he doesn't quite know (or have a preference). He just wants to see George *tamed*. He wants to see this brat *purring* on his lap. And if he has to play games (and potentially punish George) to get to that point, well Dream guesses it's a good thing he's a stubborn man. "I'm not *dainty*."

Dream wanted to trace George's collarbone with his tongue, from where it peeked out from his oversized sleep shirt. He wanted to suck bruises onto that elegant neck. He wanted to thread his hands through that soft looking hair, to press affectionate kisses to those adorable cat ears, before dipping lower to his human ones and nibbling on the sensitive lobes-

"You look flushed, Dream." George's transition back to confidence is jarring, his somewhat arched posture relaxing. His slitted pupils return to their normal state, and he's batting those *fucking* eyelashes again. This time in slower blinks. "Can't handle the heat in the kitchen?"

"You're so lame." Dream says, trying to will the rising heat of his body to abate. With how focused George is on him, he'd notice if Dream popped a boner *immediately*, and he'd probably find some non-direct way to be snide about it. George seemed to enjoy being mean. "Anyway, don't you have some work to do today or something?" Not the most seamless of subject changes, but it seems to work, because George sighs, put-upon.

"I have a contractual obligation to fulfil for my current freelancing job. The coding is easy, but tedious. I suppose I should try and complete the bulk of it today." George slides off of his chair, landing nimbly on his feet. His footsteps are practically silent as he turns to leave, directing a command over his shoulder "I want steak tartare for lunch."

Salmon was one thing, steak tartare is something else entirely. Dream had learned how to cook a decent amount of meals (Sapnap and he had actually taken lessons together, since they had been going broke from take-out) but he was far from a chef, and wouldn't be able to make such a dish easily. "I think you'll have to settle for something simpler, George."

"No." George shakes his head, tone light. "I like to eat what I crave. If you can't cook it, I'll order it from one of the restaurants that deliver. I'm not paying for you, though."

"That's fine. I'm not as fussy as you are, princess. I can settle with a sandwich." It would probably be better for Dream to take a break from cooking, anyway. George wasn't the only one with work to do, and so long as he remained attentive and fetched the lunch delivery when it arrived (he knew George was severely anxious around strangers, and wouldn't answer the door himself) the morning should proceed smoothly. "Lemme know if you need anything." Dream isn't being sarcastic when he says this. He does, after all, want to take good care of George. Their 'game' wouldn't impact on that.

"I'm not a baby." George doesn't sound overly offended. A good sign. "I don't need hand-holding."

"George if you needed it, I'd happily hold your hand. Don't be afraid to ask for help." Dream had read articles about the difficulties hybrids faced without support. Even ones in good residential situations could suffer if they didn't communicate their needs properly. It was why kind families and consistent friendships could be so vital. Cats could be private and stubborn creatures, and *cat hybrids* could be no different. "I want to take care of you."

Dream tries *very hard* (and fails) not to watch George's ass as the hybrid departs the kitchen, his backside visibly rounded even underneath the baggy pyjama pants. He envisions cupping one of George's cheeks in his hand, or squeezing the flesh. Even more tantalising, watching his ass jiggle

if Dream spanked him for his sass...

A lot of potential there, really. Especially if George continued to so obviously brat.

---

George stifles a moan into his fist as the plug in his ass vibrates, brushing teasingly against his prostate as he drags his crotch over a propped pillow. He clutches the remote in his other hand, flicking the switch up and down erratically to build his orgasm. It's been a while since he's bothered with so much effort (what need has he ordinarily, to forego getting off quick and easy?) and lube drips cool and slick from his hole, well-stretched from his fingers earlier. His cock, throbbing in frustration, *tingles* as it's drawn over the silk of the pillow-case, pre-cum beading the pink head.

The door to his room was firmly locked, his Bluetooth speakers blasting some music to disguise any slip-ups of sound. He'd be forever humiliated if Dream heard him whimpering like some pathetic hybrid. No, if he was going to come undone for the sandy blond, it would be on *his terms*.

When he comes, he spends into his fist, remote disregarded as the vibrator buzzes fully against that bundle of nerves inside of him. He'd only needed to stroke himself messily a couple of times before cum was spurting out, sticking to his skin and dirtying his pillow. George regrets not being more careful, realising the pillow-case will need to be washed immediately.

Laundry. Boring. And he could hardly make Dream do it, what considering the...*questionable* white stain.

He shudders for a moment, allowing himself to fully enjoy the satisfaction of a particularly intense wanking session, before rolling out of bed and slumping into his bathroom. As tempted as he was to nap immediately, he disliked waking up unclean. He'd sleep much more comfortably knowing the evidence of his lapse was removed.

When he emerges, skin pink from his short bath (perhaps a waste of water, but George disliked the harsh spray of a shower) he collapses back onto his bed, tossing away the soiled pillow and snuggling underneath his covers. He tends to nap at his own discretion, but he usually always sleeps at certain times of the day. Cats enjoyed their rest, after all.

If Dream had been in the forefront of his mind when he'd been pleasuring himself earlier, hands rough in his imagination, voice both reverent and teasing as he grunted out praises of '*good kitty, good kitty*' as he thrustured inside of him, George need not acknowledge it, even in the privacy of his own mind.

He need not think about how aroused he'd felt, not only hearing the silly pet-names and seeing that heated stare, but at being on the receiving end of such ridiculous...*consideration*. Dream wanted to care for him. Wanted to spoil him, even. That was...*appealing*. And somehow absurdly attractive even in its sappiness.

Dream was...he was different. Enthralling.

And George knew he'd ensnared him. After all, cats were predators, and although Dream wasn't a mouse fit for consumption, he was still very present to give George the attention he wanted. He seemed eager to give it, as well.

And this was only the second day after they'd been introduced.

George couldn't wait to push Dream's buttons again. He was curious to know how long he could get away with being a brat before Dream snapped.

---

## Chapter End Notes

I did warn this chapter was going to be a little bit spicier :) sorry if those two scenes seemed a bit too sudden, I'm really just winging it with my writing at this point

Ty so much to everyone who has left kudos and comments so far on my story, your encouragement and feedback really means a lot <3

Next few chapters should have some fun stuff, once I get around to writing them :)

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

Slow and steady wins the race.

## Chapter Notes

Hi everyone :) first of all I want to thank you all for your patience with updating this fic! I know it's been a hot minute but I've been busy with irl obligations :D thankfully I have time this weekend to post (and to watch MCC as well!)

Hope you are all doing well, and that you enjoy the new chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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*“So he’s treating you well?”*

George rolled his eyes at Quackity’s concerned question, batting idly at a toy mouse, bored already with the conversation. It was only the third day of his brother being gone, and it seemed Quackity had been unable to resist calling. They’d been texting, of course, Quackity updating him on his holiday and sending him Snapchats of Karl and Sapnap. It was all so sickeningly *sweet*, and George always had to push down an insidious feeling of *envy* whenever he saw them all being so domestic together. “Quackity, if he wasn’t treating me well I would have scratched his eyes out by now. He’s annoying, but not intolerable.”

*“Wow. That’s practically high-praise from you, bro. I saw he made you some chicken and rice recipe last night, you’re living it up.”*

Ah yes, last night. After waking up from his impromptu...*self-care* session, George had spent the rest of the day and much of the evening completing the work he’d been procrastinating on, realising the deadline had been fast approaching (as in, the next day) and that he’d certainly be refused pay even for the portion of code he’d created.

So he’d taken both lunch and dinner in his room, and by the time he’d taken a couple more naps (short, since he’d had to complete his work so speedily) the time had been pushing eleven thirty, and he’d heard Dream’s light snoring when he’d went to the kitchen for a glass of water.

Essentially, they hadn’t spoken since yesterday morning, asides from the brisk ‘*thanks*’ George had given when Dream had delivered George’s ordered lunch to his door. And now well-rested with his coding assignment complete, George was happily anticipating a whole free day of driving Dream *crazy*.

Hopefully in a healthy mixture of both the good *and* bad way.

“Your cooking is better.” George says aloofly, because he doesn’t want Quackity to pick up on any interest on his behalf. If his brother found out he was ‘interested’ in Dream, he’d never let him hear the end of it. “So, how’s the holiday going? I saw those pictures Karl posted on Instagram.” They’d been soaking up the sun at the beach, Karl’s skin a concerning shade of pink.

*“Asides from the horrible sunburn, him and Sapnap are doing fine. I had to rub aloe vera all over their stupid asses, though. And they call me irresponsible. Those two morons don’t even know how to apply sunscreen. They’re lucky I didn’t draw dicks on them.”*

George knew that must have been tempting. Quackity was notoriously mischievous. They often pulled practical jokes against one another in the apartment, although Quackity never overstepped any boundaries that would severely spook George’s feline side. He actually had an admirable amount of self-control in that regard. With his boyfriends, not so much. “It would have served them right. Skin cancer is no joke.”

*“You live you learn. Anyways, are you sure everything is all good? I will follow through on my promise to kick Dream’s ass if he hurts you.”*

“As touching as that is to hear, I can handle it myself.” How many times would George have to repeat this? His feline DNA may have been a hindrance at times, but it had also blessed him with excellent flexibility and sharp claws. At the very least, he could climb up somewhere unreachable and hide from Dream if the need arose, although George was more the type to scratch if feeling physically threatened. “And Dream isn’t the type of man to hurt people. You wouldn’t have left me with him if he was.”

*“True. I just worry about you, bro.”*

“Well don’t. Enjoy your holiday, because when you come back I’m expecting a feast and a lot of gifts to make up for you leaving me with a babysitter.” George says this in good humour, although his tone is firm. He knows Quackity will be able to read between the lines, and even if he couldn’t, he wasn’t easily offended. “Now if you don’t mind, I’m going to have my breakfast.”

Their farewell is brisk after that, George being roped into sharing a short conversation with a chatty Karl before he can hang-up. It wasn’t that George disliked Karl (as a matter of fact, he was fond of him, and appreciated his ability to blend in well with any crowd) but he was a *cautious* cat, and it took him a while to warm up to people, even if the human side of his brain liked them.

Dream is in the kitchen again, and George can smell cooking batter. Pancakes. He peeks around the corner carefully before stepping inside, and is grateful that Dream pretends not to see him, flicking his eyes away from George with a stupidly obvious whistle. George clambers up onto the counter as he commonly does, following Dream’s movements keenly, ears pressed forward and alert.

“Good morning.” Dream sounds perfectly pleasant, and George can’t resist rolling his eyes. The man always seemed so *perfect*, it only made George more determined to make him snap. “Sleep well?”

“I slept fine.” Cordial. George wanted to push Dream, but not antagonise him so much he wanted to leave. Still, he doesn’t go so far as to return the inquiry, reaching down and spearing a piece of banana with one of his retractable claws, popping it into his mouth and chewing with a hum. Ripe, but not overly so. Good, because George hated mushy fruit.

His tongue chases the remains of the flavour from his fingers, George having always felt somewhat

soothed by having something in his mouth. It wasn't a sexual fixation, although George would be lying if he said he hadn't fantasied about sucking Dream's cock down his throat the night previous. In that dream he'd warmed Dream for *hours*, cheeks aching from the strain and mouth tasting of pre-cum. In it he'd been waiting patiently for Dream to give him permission to touch himself-

"I have a few errands to run in town today. Think you'll be okay without me for a few hours?"

"You do know I survive perfectly fine when Quackity goes to his classes, right?" George's tone is disdainful, and he relishes the way Dream's jaw tenses, his eyes flashing with annoyance he immediately suppresses.

"Just checking, George. Do you want me to pick up anything specific for you? I can try and find some catnip if you want." Dream sounds cheerful, but George knows he's teasing him. Pushing back against George's stropmy behaviour. Ordinarily George would find such a comment degrading, but in this context he doesn't have a problem with it. He'll even fire back with one of his own.

"Maybe you should buy a frisbee to entertain yourself with. I know you're adamant you aren't part dog, but I get a desperate sort of vibe from you. If I pulled down your trousers, would I see a tail?" Oh, perhaps that was a bit *too* flirtatious. No going back now though, George supposed. "Or maybe not, you'd probably be wagging it all of the time."

"George if you wanted to pull down my 'trousers'," Dream attempts to mimic George's accent, and its grating to the ears "you could just ask. You don't need to construct some sort of convoluted scenario to justify it." He flips a pancake expertly in the pan, grinning smugly as George narrows his eyes. "I mean, you wouldn't be the first person to want that."

"But I would be the last," George says, deceptively innocent "you know why, Dream?"

"Because you'd be so good for me that I'd have no choice but to keep you?"

*Yes, but-* "Because if you dared to mention someone else in that kind of scenario with me, I'd claw you up so bad that the memories of those scratches would prevent you from even *thinking* of putting a hand on another person." Dramatic, a little petty, probably too desperate. But, Dream was gulping, Addams apple stark underneath tanned skin, ripe for nibbling. *Mission accomplished.* "Or maybe I wouldn't care." George switches from intensity to indifference seamlessly, and judging from Dream's blink, he'd given him emotional whiplash. Cats could be hot and cold, and George was an expert. "You might just disappoint me." He dips his eyes downwards to Dream's crotch, biting back a smirk when the other man bristles. Riling Dream up was just *too much fun*.

"Well princess, just let me know when you want a show. Judging by how you reacted to seeing me in a towel, I doubt you'll be disappointed." Dream returns George's snark with just as much bite, and George's mood sours slightly, even as his stomach dips slightly at the pet-name.

*Arse.* "I want Nutella." He demands, just to change the subject, jutting out his lower lip in a deliberate pout for emphasis. He knows he can't eat chocolate (stupid cat genes) but that doesn't stop him from craving it. He knows how it tastes, having sampled it during his weaker moments. He always regretted it after, and even now he understands it would be a bad idea (not only from a health standpoint, but because, well...) but that doesn't stop him from being unreasonable about it. He knows it will push Dream's buttons.

Expectedly, Dream shakes his head. "No way. Quackity would have my head if I needed to take you to the emergency room."



True, and hybrid specific doctors weren't always on call. It would be disastrous.

But that doesn't matter, because George is only playing pretend. "It would only be a little bit. I know my limits."

"Cats are much like humans. They can be greedy, especially when they eat something they like." This was true. George could be fussy, but when he found something he truly enjoyed, he tended to consume a lot of it. "They aren't known for self-control when it comes to food."

"Are you some kind of cat psychologist? Ugh, what does it even matter. I'm not asking for permission." The jar is sitting out, tantalisingly tempting. Dream had probably assumed George was used to Quackity eating it before him. George was, because even if it sucked, he wouldn't stop Quackity from eating something he enjoyed, but Dream didn't need to know that. "I can do whatever I want." Daringly, he reaches out his left hand, the squishy padding on his palm impacting on the smooth label. He begins to slide the jar across the counter, only for Dream to intercept the movement, snatching it away with a stony look, and placing it back in the high cabinet it was ordinarily kept in.

"George, *no*." His voice is firm. No-nonsense.

*Perfect.* "You don't have the right to tell me no."

"I'm not doing it to be an asshole. I'm just looking out for you. Do you really wanna get seriously sick just to satisfy a quick craving?"

Hm. Dream was beginning to sound a little concerned. Perhaps it was time to withdraw for a bit, if only so George could show Dream that the man wasn't overstepping any boundaries. It was irritating that Dream was so controlling, but it was true that he *did* have George's best interests at heart. The game would end prematurely if Dream honestly thought he was degrading George in a manner he couldn't tolerate. "I want lemon and sugar." George concedes, flicking his tail in a friendly display. He bites back a smile at Dream's evident relief.

"Do you want some milk before the pancakes are finished?"

*He learns quickly.* "Yes."

"Yes...?" The unwavering expectancy in Dream's voice makes George shift slightly, his insides squirmy.

"Yes," he pauses, just long enough for Dream to speculate ~~even hope~~, before finishing his sentence with "*please, Dream.*" Dream almost seems a little disappointed, but he conceals it well, opening the fridge and rummaging for the milk.

Once the milk is poured into a clean bowl, George decides to show gratitude again. He bats his eyelashes when Dream catches his eye, smile perfectly sweet. *Deceptively* sweet. "Thanks, Dream."

Dream watches in silence as George dips a finger into the milk, bringing it to his mouth and sucking off the liquid with a hum. Never one to be undone, Dream grins back. "Aw, I knew you could do it, George."

"Do what?" George replied, words smothered around the pad of his index finger.

"Be polite. Good boy."

**Good boy.** George would never accept such phrasing from anyone else, but when Dream says it, he can only feel intrigued. He isn't being treated like a lesser being. And it's...it's *hot*.

Even though George's breath visibly hitches and he bites back another smile, Dream still seeks reassurance. Perhaps with another person, it wouldn't be necessary, but Dream never wanted George to feel like some kind of pet, even if he *was* a self-confessed spoiled housecat. "Is that...?"

Feeling a little abashed about admitting to liking it, George gives a nod, and Dream returns it, respecting his wish to confirm to the question non-verbally. He smirks a little after, keenly anticipating having a lot more fun with George. "If you're well behaved this morning, I might bring you a treat home from the store."

"Don't you trust me to be good without incentive?"

Dream's smirk slants slightly to the side "Not at *all*."

George makes a show of widening his eyes in faux hurt, even as he's unable to stop his tail from swishing in amusement. He'd never been able to control the damned thing well. "Dream, that's *messed up*. I never knew you could be so mean..."

"Oh, I could be *much* worse." Dream's green eyes are glimmering with promise, and George's responding smile is just as eager.

*I'm counting on it.*

---

Because George is a prick, he yanks out that jar of Nutella when Dream leaves to run his errands, unscrewing the lid, and using a spoon to scoop out a hefty portion of the spread. Loath as he was to waste food, he washes it down the sink, giving his normal instinctive hiss at the spray of the water. He may have always foregone a shower over a bath, but braving a tap was necessary at times. He couldn't exactly skip washing his hands...

Still, he drains the sink of the Nutella as quick as he can manage, erasing the evidence. He leaves the spoon though, Dream can put it in the dishwasher for him later. He was there to caretake, after all, George may as well put him to work.

Now, what to do? Dream would be gone for at least a couple of hours, so he had time to kill...

George's jaw cracked around a yawn, and he slunk into the lounge room, electing to curl up on the lounge and take a well-deserved nap until his 'caretaker' returned home. For authenticity's sake, he leaves the Nutella jar sitting in full view on the kitchen counter, easily noticeable from where Dream would carry in the groceries.

George's claws come out as he kneads a soft cushion, his dark tail coming to wrap around his body as he curls up comfortably. He's *cosy*.

He's smug, and self-satisfied. He can hardly wait to witness Dream's inevitable freak-out.

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Dream had joked about getting George catnip, but when it comes time for him to purchase the man a ‘treat’ at the store, he gravitates towards the hybrid-friendly section, and eventually settles on a container of dried leaves. He was sorely tempted by some of the cute toys, (many hybrids enjoyed playing, and Dream was sure one of George’s nature was not immune to this trait) but having yet to spot one laying around the apartment, he doesn’t want to risk offending the other man by presenting him with something he might find...demeaning.

Descriptions of hybrid ‘enrichment’ could only be taken so well when a *human* was the one encouraging a hybrid to play. Never-mind it being somewhat similar to an adult with a fidget toy, Dream didn’t want to be the type of guy accused of ‘babying’ a hybrid, and catnip was decidedly more ‘mature’ as a choice.

So he buys the highest-priced jar, and hefts his heavy ass grocery bags back to the apartment. Never a pleasant task, but since he had yet to muster up enough money for a new car (his having broken down and been deemed ‘irreparable’ recently) not one unfamiliar to him.

He assumes George is sleeping when he enters the apartment and it’s deathly quiet (Quackity had mentioned in one of his texts that George slept a lot, go figure) and he spares a glance into the lounge area before he goes into the kitchen, his heart melting at the frankly *adorable* sight of George curled up on the lounge, tail wrapped around his body and ears twitching slightly in sleep. His chest rises and falls with soft huffy snores, and damn if George isn’t so *cute* when he isn’t awake and getting on Dream’s last nerve...

He takes a quick photo on his phone, and sends it off to Quackity. He’s unable to resist saving it to his camera roll, deciding to keep the image otherwise private from anyone else. This is George at his most vulnerable, and cats were *selective* creatures. He wouldn’t be comfortable with it being distributed elsewhere.

The idea of keeping this part of George just for himself makes Dream feel...happy, in a jealous, hoarding kind of way. He can’t help but beam when Quackity replies quickly, the message affirming Dream’s tactics with George so far.

*dude, you must be doing something right if he’s napping out in the open like that. what’s your secret?*

‘Something right.’ Dream wasn’t over-stepping. If anything, this game with George had broken the ice between them and was making their interactions less forced and awkward. Not that Dream could reveal that to Quackity. He had a feeling his friend wouldn’t react well if he realised what they were doing. Sure, him and George were grown ass men, but the position Dream was in could be considered... *exploitative*, especially if not discussed properly in person. He didn’t want to put a strain on their friendship or make Quackity return from his holiday.

**Patience.** Not a lie. Dream *had* been patient.

**Respecting his boundaries.** Also true, Dream wasn’t an asshole.

**Going at his pace.** George’s pace was absurdly fast, but he trusted the other man to indicate if it was going *too* fast.

***I like him.*** Dream is being genuine. Asides from the obvious attraction and amusement, Dream found George *fascinating*. George was a multifaceted personality, and Dream wanted to explore all of it. The non-sexual side, as well as...

*okay. what did he blackmail you with?*

Dream snorted. *Nothing, man.*

*uh-huh. sure. well, here's a picture of sarnap and karl. we're waiting in line for some huge-ass rollercoaster.*

Sarnap looks (predictably) pissed in the picture, but Karl has his arm wrapped around him, grinning widely despite the absurdly long line Dream can glimpse over their shoulders. No doubt he's cracking jokes, trying to keep the energy high as the other two slowly become fed-up.

It doesn't make Dream envious. Why should it, when he has *George*? Even if they switched positions, he doubted the hybrid would cope in such an environment. Too over-stimulating.

*Have fun. I've got this.*

Arms straining under the weight of the grocery bags, Dream finally heads into the kitchen, popping them on the counter and stretching out his limbs. He's turning to the sink to pour himself a glass of water when he spots it, previously overlooked in his haste to rid himself of the burdensome groceries. It's the Nutella jar. It would seem so *innocuous*, if not for the visible difference in the lining around the lid. Dream *knew* how much had been inside, and there was *clearly* some missing. There's a spoon glimmering in the sink as well, so bold that it's nothing less than a provocation. George had done this *on purpose*.

George isn't stupid. His refusal to eat garlic the other night had been evidence of his mindfulness around his cat allergies. He might have played up a half-tantrum that morning, but Dream had realised fairly quickly that the other man wouldn't actually risk his health for the short-termed satisfaction of spite. Food poisoning wasn't pleasant, or dignified, and George was too prideful to accept the indignity of being taken to the emergency room like some misbehaving child.

Despite Dream's common sense kicking in, he can't help but feel a sense of panic, regardless. Images of George deathly ill floods his mind, and he reacts on instinct more than reason, storming into the lounge, brandishing the Nutella jar like it's diseased.

His footsteps rouse George, his ears facing forward, and he blinks his eyes open slowly, mouth circling in a *not* (Dream refuses to be charmed right now) cute yawn as he sits up, stretching his arms over his head, hoodie drifting up slightly to reveal his smooth stomach. He's leisurely, completely unconcerned, and it *infuriates* Dream rather than reassures him. "God, Dream. Must you stomp around like some kind of elephant?" His lips are twitching as his dual-coloured eyes sweep to the Nutella jar, and then back to Dream's thunderous expression. "Very inconsiderate of you."

He's baiting him. He's baiting him, *he's baiting him*- "Did you eat this!?" Dream demands, because he needs absolute assurance. He won't be able to relax otherwise. "George, I swear to god if you aren't fucking with me right now--"

"Maybe I did," George shrugs "maybe I didn't. Either way, it doesn't concern you. Can I go back to my nap now?"

He's succeeded.

Dream's aware of his face heating up in anger, that his teeth are clenched. His fingers are tense around the Nutella jar, which he's barely holding back from hurling. Because- "George, your health isn't something to be joking about. I know it might be hard for an icy bitch like you to

understand, but some people *care* about others.”

“Oh, don’t be such a child, Dream.” George is utterly unabashed, having the audacity to *smirk* at riling Dream up. His tail is swishing again. “And if anyone’s being a bitch right now, it’s you with your petulant whining. Take a time-out and come back when you know how to take a joke.”

“If anyone’s being childish it’s you!” Dream shoots back, never one to take an insult lying down. “Playing juvenile pranks, vying for my attention like some spoiled kid. There’s ways to do that without scaring the shit out of me!”

There’s a glimmer of guilt for a moment, before it’s shut down, replaced by another aloof expression. George hasn’t gotten what he wants, yet, so he’ll keep pushing. “I don’t want to humour your tantrum right now-“

**“Brat.”** Dream spits it like it’s an insult, emerald eyes *blazing*. **“Bratty boy.”**

*There.* George bites down on his lip, and has to look away for a moment. The warmth in his belly is back, his cock twitching in the confines of his sweatpants. Dream’s words are something so small, but *so impactful*. Dream’s scratching an itch George didn’t know he had until recently, and it’s *so good*. But just like a mosquito bite, the more this scratch is itched the worse it becomes, and George wants *more*. “Well, what are you going to do about it?” He goads, forcing himself to look Dream in the face, eyebrows raised challengingly. “*Punish me?*”

Dream seems to go through a period of realisation, but George is diligent. He watches as Dream’s face twitches, and waits for clarity to come back into his eyes. He squirms slightly when Dream’s expression becomes stern, when his voice deepens. “Oh, you’d *like* that, wouldn’t you?”

That...wasn’t what George had expected. He hadn’t wanted the attention turned back to him. Hadn’t wanted to admit to his desires in such an open manner. He preferred being coy. He was a cat-hybrid, after all. Selective. But maybe there’s more to this than Dream being assertive. Now that George thinks about it, there’s probably a hidden layer to the question. Dream wants to make certain he’s confident before they proceed with whatever...*this* is. Cringeworthy, but necessary. **“Yes.”** Forcing the word out is like coughing up a hairball (yes, it happened occasionally, George was a diligent groomer, and his ears and tail were no exception) but the immediate relief Dream displays is worth it. He nods at George in return. In understanding, and he doesn’t hold back.

“How would you like me to punish you, George?” Dream questions, and George is suddenly finding it harder to sit still. “Would you like me to ignore you completely, devoid you of the attention you so clearly desire? I hear that works on naughty little kittens.”

George feels his cock begin to harden, his blood seemingly beginning to go south. But at the moment it’s more of an ebb, and George is greedy. He wants a *flood*. So he cocks his head to the side, expression oozing *‘you can do better than that’*.

Dream takes it as the challenge it is, his own cock beginning to swell slightly at the sight of George. His pupils are slightly dilated, and he’s clearly beginning to become uncomfortable in the constraints of his pants, cheeks and neck beginning to flush. *Beautiful*. “Or maybe...” he draws it out, watches as George wriggles “*maybe* I should pull you over my knee and spank that ass of yours red.” Dream wants to say more, but he doesn’t. This is happening fast, and although George seems eager now, Dream doesn’t want to push too hard too quickly. They will need to have a discussion before he adds anything more...explicit to their game. *Maybe you could rut against my knee like a cat in heat*, he thinks *maybe I could spread open those cheeks of yours and eat you out until you’re begging for my cock*.

George doesn't complain. He's content with what he has now. He'd been covetous enough. "I'd like to see you try." George had never been spanked before, and from a submissive standpoint, the idea of it being done in both a sexual and non-sexual context appealed to him. He's craving it now, but he knows Dream will be so infuriatingly *respectful* about it, and won't go ahead unless they've spoken about it beforehand. It was easy to get carried away when they were both already aroused.

"You ever hear that age old adage about curiosity and cats, George?"

George scoffs. "Of course." He'd heard it quipped many times over the years. It was irritating. People really thought they were *doing something* when they said it.

"You might want to reflect on it a little more." Dream intones.

George abruptly stands, the movement smooth and silent. It's time for a tactful retreat, and a tactful *wanking session* to relieve his straining cock. Not exactly subtle, but from the way Dream is looking at him, he won't be the only one fisting his cock in the next five minutes or so. It's almost beginning to *ache*. "Thanks, but no thanks. I know what I want."

And George wasn't about to be denied.

"Well, so long as you know, and you can tell me."

So fucking *respectful*. Endearing, if not infuriating.

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## Chapter End Notes

Sorry if the pacing is too slow for anyone! Dream doesn't want to abuse his position over George so they need to have a little chat before it gets any spicier ;)

also this chapter was partially inspired by my friend's cat which tried to eat peanut butter out of a jar the other day lol

Thanks again sm to everyone who has read, commented, and left kudos! I'm stoked with all of the feedback and encouragement I've received so far :) you guys really brighten my day and I hope you're all doing well <3

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Summary

Time for a chat.

### Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! First up, I want to apologise for the extended absence. I don't like to talk about my personal life here, but for the sake of explaining why this chapter has taken so long and why I haven't replied to your lovely comments quickly, a family member of mine recently passed away from illness and I've been very busy.

Due to this, this chapter is pretty short, basically just Dream and George chatting about consent. I wanted to add more after 'the chat' but I just haven't been able. Once again I'm sorry for the wait and if I have seemed rude for not replying to comments, it wasn't intentional and I hope to start writing more regularly soon <3

Also, to try and make it up to anyone interested in my other DSMP writing (since some of you have asked me to come off anon lol), I've made a collection you can look at to see the unrelated stories, so feel free to check it out if you want :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Truth be told, Dream's never done anything exactly of this nature before.

Sure, he'd had flings where his partners liked him to take the wheel. To get a little controlling, add in some dirty talk or light pain-play, a bit of spanking and degradation tossed in. All fairly standard as far as kink was concerned, things that didn't require much discussion before going ahead with. A heads up here and there, a nod and moan of affirmation, and they were on their way to a quick, sweaty release.

Because that's what most people wanted, with flings. Quick satisfaction, with a mutual agreement that feelings didn't get involved. It wasn't that Dream was a commitment-phobe (as a matter of fact, he actually had quite the romantic streak) but he just hadn't *met* anyone yet. Nobody who captured his attention after he let off some steam...

At the risk of sounding cocky (and to some extent he was) Dream was a popular guy. He'd always had an impressive amount of charisma, and a good amount of charm to back it up. He wasn't immune to volatile moods that kept him occasionally cooped up in his room playing video games for hours on end, but he also wasn't the type of guy to avoid social interaction out of shyness. He was a people person, and he enjoyed putting himself out there and challenging himself.

George truly had presented the perfect challenge.

And no, Dream didn't mean that in some creepy 'conquest' kind of way. George wasn't some test he wanted to ace, some conundrum he wanted to solve. He was a, albeit hybrid, *human*, and the challenge he presented was a dizzying mixture of both of those parts of him. Sure, Dream wanted to bend George over and fuck him senseless, but he also wanted to squeeze his cute little hands and stroke his ears. George was *enthraling*. Fascinating, beautiful, infuriating and so damn *sharp*-

So he didn't want to screw this (whatever *this* was) up. The boundaries were too ambiguous for Dream at this point, and if he truly wanted to go ahead and commit to giving George what he (and he himself) wanted, they needed to have a frank discussion so that neither of them went away feeling burned, or taken advantage of.

No matter how much he wanted to touch George, Dream would never lay a finger on him if it meant he could preserve his friendships. He didn't want to jeopardise George's wellbeing, either. As his current 'babysitter' he had a *duty of care* towards him. First and foremost, Dream was here to *care* for George. Quackity had entrusted him with George's welfare, and although George was far from helpless, his lifestyle was still severely impacted by his hybrid side. Social anxiety, overstimulation...it was enough of an issue that he required looking after at times. George's health (mental and physical) was more important than anything else. A priority.

Maybe it made Dream boring, that he wasn't sweeping George up and playing into an impulsive fantasy. Maybe it kind of put a dampener on all of the fun, that he needed so much reassurance.

But Dream would always err on the side of caution in regards to issues such as this. There was a certain thrill to danger, but he'd always believed safety could be just as sexy.

"We need to talk." Dream keeps his voice neutral as he peers at George. The hybrid was twirling his fork through his pasta idly, other hand occupied with his phone. Kind of rude, but Dream wasn't his *parent*. He wasn't going to scold him for using technology at the table. "We can do it now, or after dinner, if you'd prefer."

George takes a moment to look up from his scrolling, and his expression is utterly unconcerned when he does. Completely different from Dream's slight apprehension. "If this is about Quackity's little decorative figurines, they're hardy. They can handle being knocked onto the floor."

"Not what I was getting at, but okay." So George wasn't immune to that inherently feline tendency to swipe at things. Good to know, and *cute*. "I actually wanted to discuss something different." Dream knows George isn't stupid. He doesn't need any significant glances, or hinting. He'll realise immediately what Dream is getting at.

And indeed, his brown ears flick, his upper lip twitching in what might just be amusement. "Fine, but make it over dessert. You *did* make dessert, didn't you?"

Dream had spent a good portion of the evening labouring away in the kitchen to make George's favourite pasta dish for dinner. All premium ingredients, spirals boiled al dente. He'd even put together a simple entrée to pacify George's complaints about being hungry before the main course was ready, and now this *little shit* was demanding *dessert*? "Do I look like your personal chef?"

"Hmm, no. A personal chef would have had a fairer meat to vegetable ratio. You haven't forgotten that cats are primarily carnivores, have you?" George flashes his small canines for emphasis, eyes glimmering deviously "I mean, *surely* you haven't. I knew our conversation would have something to do with how I handle meat, but--"



Not wanting to give George the satisfaction of flustering him, Dream reaches out and flicks him on his slightly scrunched nose, smirking when the hybrid hisses at him in affront. “You’re getting a little ahead of yourself, George. Eat your dinner, I know you skipped out on lunch.”

“What are you, my mother?” George recovered his composure quickly, rolling his eyes insolently. He pushed his plate of pasta away, and Dream inwardly cursed himself for encouraging George to eat. He should have realised by now that telling George to do something would always have the opposite effect on the other man... “I’m not interested in this dumb pasta. I want dessert. *Now*.”

“Well, I’m still eating.” Dream shrugged, pointedly spearing a piece of spinach and bringing it to his mouth. He chewed the marinated vegetable slowly, holding back his amusement when George huffed in impatience. “I didn’t have time to make a homemade dessert, but we have ice cream in the freezer.” Hopefully it had refrozen after thawing on Dream’s earlier walk home.

George heaved a long-suffering sigh. “It hasn’t even been a week yet, and already you’re slacking off. Quackity should have chosen someone a little more diligent to be my housemate.” Despite his words, George’s airy complaint is all for show. Out of all of the people Quackity could have enlisted as a ‘babysitter’ (and there were many, his younger brother had always been popular) Dream had been a prime choice. Not only did he seem to have a good understanding of hybrids (or at least a willingness to learn) but he was a truly *decent* person. And from George’s experience, they weren’t all that common to come by.

Not...that he had a lot of experience with other people. His two sides had always warred with one another, hybrid senses and human intellect engaged in a seemingly endless game of tug-a-war over his brain. Most of the time his feline instincts emerged victorious, leading him to wonder in his more pensive periods whether people truly *were* as frightening and imposing as he believed, or if it was just his cat side screwing him over. Because sure, George would readily admit that the cat ears made him look *cute*, but nobody realised how on edge you could get with such enhanced hearing.

Nobody (unless you were a hybrid, of course) understood how overwhelming it was to hear, see, smell and even *sense* things other normal humans couldn’t. To be overstimulated, animalistic fight or flight instincts convincing you that *no* the pizza man was *not* just doing his job and delivering food *you* ordered, he was an *intruder*, and if George didn’t either open the door and hiss at him until he left (or alternatively, hide under his bed for a solid five hours) something *horrible* was going to happen...

But it seemed with Dream, there was a new instinct George was experiencing. Alongside his old companions flight or fight was something new, an urge George usually kept much better under control...

**Fuck.**

And Dream, with all of his *respect* and *consideration* and *patience* was well and truly triggering it. Just seeing him sitting there, tucking into yet another (delicious, not that George would admit it) meal he’d cooked for the pair of them, sleeves still rolled up from some of the dishwashing he’d done earlier, domestic and sweet and so *subservient*-

Cats liked to be worshipped, and George was no exception. Certainly, what he truly wanted from Dream was the likes of which he’d displayed (and shown promises of) in their earlier ‘squabbles’, but outside of the sexual (and non-sexual) fascination over domination, George truly enjoyed how obedient Dream was in catering to his whims. How willing he was to listen and take ~~orders~~ feedback. It demonstrated that Dream didn’t have a tyrannical sort of temperament, that George could *trust him* to listen and step-back if anything ever became too much. He had the ability to... ‘turn it off’ so to speak.

And right now George was *burning* for him to turn it on. Despite his coy mannerisms, he would have been completely fine to skip dinner entirely in lieu of having the discussion earlier. Waiting was only building the anticipation, and although Dream was being well-intentioned in allowing George time to think and fill his stomach, all George *really* wanted-

"I'll bake you a pie or something tomorrow for dessert. Would that satisfy you, princess?" Dream murmurs this around a mouthful of pasta, green eyes fixed on George, waiting for a reaction to the pet-name.

George flattens his ears, but doesn't protest the nickname, instead humming thoughtfully at the offer. "Partially." It would satisfy his sweet craving, but George wouldn't consider himself *truly* satisfied until he got what he wanted most: Dream

"You aren't easy to please." But Dream didn't mind so much. After all, it wouldn't be fun if George didn't act all difficult. It made impressing him all the more gratifying, even if George wasn't the type to praise people excessively. The slightest glimmer of approval on his handsome face was enough for Dream. Not to mention, his pretty tail betrayed him a lot of the time, swishing in amusement or satisfaction. "What type of fruit would you like? Apple? Cherry?"

George rolled his eyes at the absurd line of questioning. "You really want to talk about fruit pies right now?"

"Well, I know you'd prefer meat, but--"

"Oh very funny, using my own quip against me." Fed-up with the back and forth (and deeming Dream sufficiently full from the pasta he'd been eating) George reaches out and picks up his fork once more, stabbing it into a spiral before bringing it to his mouth, parting his lips to take the morsel in slowly, before swirling his pink tongue around the prongs with deliberate showiness. He holds back a smile at Dream's sudden dumbstruck look, the other man's mouth falling open at the not-so subtle display. George makes certain to slurp slightly as he does, making the whole scene more obscene.

"Cherry." Dream says, and George tries *very* hard not to inhale the fork in surprise at the relaxed reaction. Dream's eyes are still wide, but his mouth has lifted upwards into a crooked grin. "I'd like to see those pretty pink lips of yours glistening with juice. *Sticky*. I bet that whore tongue of yours could tie up a stem, as well."

*Woah*. George is lucky he chewed correctly, otherwise he'd be spitting that pasta back up in shock. He'd wanted to goad Dream, but he hadn't expected *that*. Pet-names and metaphorical talks of punishment aside, Dream had never spoken to him like *that* before. Even in sternness, he'd never used such a word in reference to George. It was...startling.

Seeing George's eyes widen nearly as large as Patches when she was surprised (usually whenever she saw a balloon) Dream immediately tried to backtrack, alarmed at the way George had sat up ramrod straight, his tail stilling. He was horrified with his own big mouth, which had blurted something so...so *crude* seemingly without his brain's permission. Dirty talk was something he'd wanted to discuss with George first, *especially* considering their position. "Oh fuck, George, I'm so sorry! I just, fuck..." he scratched the back of his neck sheepishly, feeling his stress mount when George didn't even *blink*. "That wasn't okay--"

"No, it wasn't." Dream cringes, but George doesn't sound angry when he speaks. He finally blinks a few times, tail thrashing. "We haven't even kissed yet and you're already calling me a whore. You could at least spring it on me when I've got my lips wrapped around your cock, not a fork."

*Is...is he joking with me?* Dream thought, unsurely. George's voice *seemed* teasing, but he didn't want to mis-read the situation and make an even further ass of himself. "George, if you want me--"

"I *do* want you." George interjected once more, this time more adamantly. "Do you think I'd put up with you calling me a 'whore' if I didn't want you? Jesus Dream, if you were anyone else, I would have scratched the shit out of you." And then hidden under his bed *shaking*, but Dream didn't need to know that. "You know what would stop you embarrassing yourself like this? Actually *discussing* what we both want instead of pussyfooting around it, pun unintended."

"You're right."

"*Obviously.*"

"Do you...want me to print something out? I had a look online earlier at some contracts and stuff--"

*Oh for the love of-* "Does it look like we're in fucking Fifty Shades of Grey?" George exclaimed, exasperated. "I don't need my limits in writing, Dream. I trust that you're a decent person who can listen to me without a contractual obligation. The thing wouldn't even be legally binding without a lawyer." When Dream shrinks under his harsh tone, George forces himself to take a calming breath, and be *considerate*. "Would *you* feel more secure with something on paper?" If Dream truly wanted to, George would suck it up, but if it was as George suspected and Dream was just being stupidly chivalrous again--

"I just thought it might help you, if you got a little overwhelmed." Dream's voice is small.

*Knew it.* "That's sweet of you Dream, but I don't need to mind-map this." George replied, dryly. "If I felt anxious about this conversation, I wouldn't be pushing so hard to have it. So now that it's established that *I want you* but *not* a BDSM contract, can we *please* get on with it?"

Dream's responding grin is gradual, and goofy.

"What *now*?"

"You just sound so adorable when you use your manners like a good boy."

George feels his cheeks flame. "Shut up."

Dream chuckles, but his face sobers somewhat. He moves his own plate to the side, leaning forward over the table attentively. "Let's talk, George. You wanna start, or should I?"

*Finally.* George didn't need Dream to hold his hand, so he launched their discussion confidently. "First off, I want to hear a little about your sexual history. We'll be using condoms, obviously. This is *non-negotiable*. Nothing personal against you Dream, but I prefer to be safe."

As much as Dream wanted to fuck George raw, he understood his point. Sexual health and safety was very important, and even though he'd been tested before and had a clean bill of health, it made sense to use protection for a casual relationship. If it ever became *exclusive*, they could reconsider then. "No complaints there. How much experience do you have with men?"

George arched a brow. "You really are pushing the 'George is a whore agenda' hard, aren't you?"

"No!" Dream blurted, horrified. "That wasn't what I meant--"

"I'm just kidding, Dream. I was going to ask you the same question." They needed to be on the same page with this, so that their expectations weren't too high. They didn't want Dream hurting

him, either. If he was inexperienced, he might be too rough. “Anal?”

“With men and women.”

*It sounds like he’s fairly experienced.* George himself had only had a few sexual encounters before, and the first time had been solely based on his desire to ‘not be a virgin’, which was rather stupid when considered in hindsight. His hybrid hypervigilance made it hard for him to relax around strangers, so even though he wasn’t searching for ‘the perfect person’ he still found it hard to trust someone to touch him.

Dream seemed to be a miraculous exception.

“Men. Are you alright with the traffic light system?” George changed the subject hastily, not wanting Dream to press him further on experience. He was worried if he said too much the other man would be even *more* cautious. “Green for proceed, yellow for reconsider or reaching limits, red for stop immediately?” George doubted he’d need to utilise ‘red’, but it was good to have it in place regardless. “Red can be our overall safe word.”

“I’m good with all that.” Dream seemed fine with George directing the conversation so far, but George knew he’d jump in if he heard something he disagreed with or wanted to alter. As things stood, now that the ‘safety’ questions had been answered, they could move on to the fun stuff. They weren’t discussing a full-blown BDSM partnership, so what would take the longest would probably be the boundaries they set in place after. They would be important, considering they were both sharing the same apartment, and Dream was technically ‘caring’ for him. George could see why Dream was feeling so responsible, even if it was a bit of ‘white knighting’ in his ~~impatient~~ opinion. “Keeping it simple.”

“Evidently.” Neither of them were hardcore BDSM *experts*. Needlessly complicating things would only lead to confusion in the act. “Now, as far as consent is concerned, I’ll let you know either verbally or by a clear gesture. You seem capable of reading body-language, so I doubt I’ll need to spell things out for you.” George *would* if it was necessary, but it might kill the mood a little if Dream kept constantly seeking clarification. Still, it was better to be safe than sorry.

“Agreed.” Dream bobs his head, and he’s so *dutiful* that George is resisting the urge to leap across the table and into his lap. He wants to nuzzle under his chin, and *purr* at the attentiveness. Dream is so *endearing* in his concentration, like a big golden retriever listening to their owner. Or a good friend. Or a loyal boyfriend. George didn’t really have much experience with any of those, but he *assumed* it was similar.

“Good. Shall we proceed with the rest?” George can feel his heartbeat quickening in his chest, see the reflection of his eyes fragmented in his water glass, pupils beginning to dilate in excitement. He inwardly pleads for his ridiculous tail to *behave itself*, and not start quivering. It will reveal his enthusiasm, and he wants to play it *cool*, if only to one-up Dream, who, had he possessed a tail of his own, surely would have started thumping it by now.

Dream’s smile is warm, accommodating. George’s eyes trace the movement of his large hands and long fingers, as he tucks them together. “At your own pace, George. This doesn’t need to be a race.”

*But I want you to touch me now.* George barely holds back from whining, clearing his throat instead. He only needs to be professional for a little while longer, and *then* he can continue causing chaos and having fun. It will all be worth it in the end, when he has those big hands on *him* “So…”

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## Chapter End Notes

If this seems at all fragmented it's because I've only been writing small amounts at a time recently. Hopefully other chapters will be smoother and more fun to read :) next chapter should pick up after the rest of this discussion has happened, as I think I've covered the most important parts!

Thank you to anyone reading, and also to everyone who has left kudos and commented! It really means a lot to me <3

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Summary

They're playing a game of cat and mouse, and Dream can't figure out who the mouse is.

### Chapter Notes

This chapter has been a long time coming, so I apologise for the delay. There's been a lot going on lately, and I kind of lost motivation to write. I've written this in instalments, so if it seems a bit all over the place, that is why. I hope you enjoy regardless!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Cats can be coy.

It's the only explanation Dream can come up with, to justify why George is suddenly behaving so icy.

Sure, he knew cats could play hard to get, but after the productive discussion they'd had the night previous, Dream had been certain George would be keen to immediately begin...*shenanigans*.

So when George pads into the kitchen the next morning, perfectly pleasant in greeting and sits down to politely drink his bowl of milk, Dream can only stare in surprise.

Where was the snarky, sharp as a whip *brat* he'd been dealing with each day so far? Dream was almost convinced he was asleep, or that George had been replaced by some clone, because the *courtesy* and the *genuinely sweet smiles* and the *offers to clean up* just seemed so *at odds* with what Dream had witnessed from George so far. Had he woken up in some kind of good mood, or was this just some other game George was playing?

Either way, Dream decides to go with the flow. It's surprisingly easy to cede control to George, if only because he knows he'll be seizing it back when the time inevitably came. They'd spoken about it in length the night before, after all. He knew what George wanted, and (thankfully) his desires seemed to align near *perfectly* with Dream's. The tension was thick enough to cut with a knife, the anticipation enough for Dream to feel as if he's holding his breath, just *waiting* for George to make the first-move, to give Dream the opportunity to commence their new...game. His skin feels tight, body bursting with harshly withheld impatience, but he manages, because it's all part of the game, and because although George has a smug sort of glimmer in his eyes as he plays the role of well-behaved housemate, Dream still knows he will have the last laugh, that George will

be on his knees all watery-eyed and desperate, mouth-stuffed, moaning around his cock.

They'd planned it, after all. Well, at least *partially*. Organising each 'act' beforehand would ruin the fun somewhat, so they just made a general outline of what was acceptable for now, agreeing to stick to the rules but otherwise let things progress naturally. It left room for spontaneity, and there was no 'script' they were adhering to. The whole arrangement was *rife* with potential, and all Dream wanted was to get started-

"I have some work to do now, but thanks for breakfast, Dream." Dream feels his breath catch in his throat when George turns from where he'd been placing dishes in the sink, *rubbing up against him* as he moves past. Dream would describe the movement as a 'squeeze', had there not been so much space for George to move around him.

The grazing of George's skin against his bare forearms is enough to make the hairs there rise, hyper-sensitive to even the smallest of touches. Dream's heart splutters in his chest as he notices how *warm* George feels in that fleeing moment, how pleasant the short whiff of his scent is, fresh soap and laundry powder, the sound he makes as he tries to keep his own breathing even, subtle, as he *blatantly* baits Dream. He fails in it, of course, but the teasing brush of his tail slapping Dream in the face is satisfying enough, especially when the man wrinkles his nose and lets out a sneeze. He snorts, unable to keep a straight face, and Dream rolls his eyes, retaliating by reaching out and tracing his fingers lightly over the brown fur of George's left ear. It twitches slightly under the attention, but (much to Dream's delight) George doesn't pull away.

He doesn't arch into his hand, either, but he tolerates it, brow furrowing slightly as he adjusts to the sensation of Dream's touch. Asides from Quackity, he didn't really allow others to touch his ears. His brother typically flicked them when he was trying to annoy him, but he also knew *just* where to scratch when George was feeling overwhelmed by his hybrid side. Now that George thought about it...he actually kind of missed Quackity. Kind of sad, considering he'd only been gone a few days.

"You're lucky your cute." Dream murmured, properly beginning to stroke the ear now that George had relaxed somewhat. The fur is soft, fitting for a 'house cat' like George, and he resists the urge to coo, realising that George might not appreciate such a reaction. The other man had said he was fine for Dream to touch his ears, so long as he was careful. It wasn't a sexual thing, but for some reason Dream couldn't help but feel like they'd gotten *closer* just from this small interaction. It was a display of trust, and from an individual as cagey as George, it truly was endearing. "Do you shampoo your ears? They're so soft..."

"Hybrid friendly shampoo and conditioner." George said, voice casual. He'd seem almost flippant, if his cheeks hadn't suddenly turned so pink. "Appropriate for hair as well as fur."

Dream twitched his index finger in a spot just behind the ear, and George pushed up, butting his head keenly into his hand. It seemed more of an instinctive reaction than anything else, since George grimaced afterwards, stilling like he'd made a grave error.

*He's self-conscious*, Dream realised. *Poor George. He has to be the saddest hybrid I've ever seen.* Dream wasn't an expert in hybrids, but the majority he'd met seemed to embrace their more 'cuddly' side, engaging in platonic affection much like normal humans did with their friends. Were George's issues solely rooted in trust for others? Or did he foster some kind of shame about his hybrid urges?

Either way, Dream was happy to help him work through them. He'd always been pretty open when it came to physical contact, happily cuddling with Sapnap on the couch and easily embracing others. He was, as Sapnap had once described...*touchy-feely*. Not to the point of making others uncomfortable, but he definitely enjoyed showing affection to those he cared about.

Dream clicked his tongue soothingly, observing keenly as George's face relaxed into something more neutral. He half-expected for George to snap, to scold him for attempting to 'gentle' him, but he was surprised (and relieved) when George kept his mouth shut, allowing Dream to continue petting him.

For a few seconds longer, at least.

George pulled away abruptly, and Dream allowed his hand to fall from his head without complaint, although he couldn't help but pout slightly at the withdrawal. He'd been *enjoying* petting George. His ears were soft and silky, easy to thread your fingers through for hours at a time, which Dream would have been completely content to do...

*Cats can be picky. They **choose** when they want affection.*

You'd think Dream would remember this. Patches was much the same, only seeking out attention when she desired it. Not that normal cats and hybrids were completely similar...

But they certainly shared more than a few things in common, especially in George's case. The caginess, the easy startling, the swiping...

"I should...do something." George sounds exceptionally awkward, his tail coming to wrap around his midsection as if to conceal itself. The hazy (non-sexual) look of pleasure in his eyes was now replaced with a guardedness, the hybrid taking a few fluid steps back to put some distance between them.

*One step forwards, two steps back. How is it he's so confident about wanting me to fuck him, but he's so shy about affection? Is Quackity the only person he usually allows to pet him?*

"Okay." Dream nodded. Sometimes, cats needed space. He knew to respect that. He didn't want to risk overwhelming George by being overly persistent. In matters such as this, he'd either wait for the man to come to him, or only make a move when he was sure George wouldn't be frightened. "I'm going to do some cleaning, and then I have some work to do. Come get me if you need anything, 'kay?"

"I want sushi for lunch." George requested, adopting his bossy tone of voice once more. Dream felt relieved at hearing it. It was an indication George wasn't feeling too off. "I know you probably can't make it, so order from one of the brochures on the fridge. I like tuna."

"I'm not ordering you raw tuna, George. Raw tuna isn't good for cats." Contrary to popular belief, most types of raw fish weren't suitable for cats. A little bit here and there wasn't bad, but most of the time it was better to be safe than sorry. Vet bills (or doctor ones) weren't cheap.

George rolled his eyes so hard that only the whites were visible for a moment, the man making it abundantly clear how imbecilic he believed the comment was. "You do know I'm not a *real* cat, right? I don't eat dried cat biscuits, and I don't eat canned food. My stomach can handle some tuna."

George *did* have a point there. He did have human DNA, which meant he was capable of properly digesting some foods cats couldn't. Obviously there were some exceptions (garlic and chocolate being two) but overall... "Fine. But if you get sick, don't blame me. *And* you're paying." Dream had forgotten to add that yesterday when George had ordered him to buy steak tartare, and the bill had been eye-wateringly expensive. He wasn't making *that* mistake again.

"There's money on the desk in your bedroom. Didn't Quackity tell you? There's enough there to



cover groceries and other supplies, plus take-out. All paid for by me, of course, so,” George’s lips tugged upwards into a cheeky smirk “treat yourself, *darling*. Buy whatever you want.”

“Oh ha ha, very funny. Make fun of my crippling student debt.” Dream’s face felt a little hot at the mocking use of the pet-name, and he felt...*itchy*. He knew he was technically doing George a favour here, and that it was only logical that the other man pay for such things, but another part of him...

*Oh no*, he realises, with abject horror as George laughs, before turning on his heel and striding away, clearly pleased with flustering Dream, *I’m in **dating** mode*. On every date Dream had gone on, he’d always footed the bill. That included with both men *and* women, not out of outdated courting norms, but because he just...wanted to. It was how he was. He always paid for meals (although if another person insisted, he *would* split the drinks) and the fact that a part of him wanted to do that *now*...

His phone vibrated on the kitchen counter, and Dream was grateful for the distraction. He picked it up and swiped across the screen, unsurprised to find that (like clockwork) Quackity had texted him, asking for an update on George.

*dude. are your eyes still intact? is your skin bleeding? how many scratches has he given you so far?*

Dream snorted at the melodrama. George’s history with other people truly wasn’t positive.

*He’s been well-behaved, Quackity. No clawing.* Well, there was the lounge, but Dream didn’t have to mention that. *He did swipe some of your figurines down tho.*

The reply doesn’t come for a little bit, Dream having moved on to continue fully cleaning up the kitchen from breakfast. George had helped somewhat but (like always) shied away from doing anything too strenuous or dirty.

*meh. it’ll be fine. i learned not to decorate with anything easily breakable after the first few times he smashed my shit up. dw if he does break anything. it happens from time to time and he can’t really help it.*

Quackity’s insight and understanding into George’s behaviour really was quite impressive. He’d make a great lawyer with that attention to detail.

*I won’t, and I know. Beginning to understand more about him.* Dream wanted to be honest with his friend, but not *entirely* honest. Most of what he’d learned had been in relation to George’s boundaries and desires, but he couldn’t exactly tell Quackity that, could he? The younger brother would probably hop into Sapnap’s car and zoom all of the way back home to sucker-punch him in the mouth. *We’re working towards becoming friends.*

Quackity sends him some laughing GIFS, and Dream takes that as his cue to put his phone back down, turning back towards the dish-laden sink. He’d do some tidying up in here, and then do some general housework around the rest of the apartment. That ought to keep him busy for the morning...

Hopefully later on he could convince George to come out and play. There was only so long the other man could play hard to get.

---

Hours later, George's ears were still receiving phantom-tingles. They'd always been hyper-sensitive, and Dream's gentle petting and stroking had soothed him so effectively that it had been a struggle to hold back a contented purr. Dream was *good* with his hands, and George wanted to test that promise in other areas...

But not yet.

George may have been putting himself (willingly) into a position of submission to Dream, but he was still intent on showing the man who was *truly* in charge. ~~Cats could be imperious, bossy, and fickle. George was no different.~~ If Dream wanted him, he'd have to jump through as many hoops as George desired, because that was how George wanted him. **Dedicated.** If he kept up his efforts, it meant he truly *did* want George. That he wanted George, even when it wasn't easy, because although George *was* being 'easy' in a sense, merely sharing your body with another person didn't indicate love or ownership.

Oh, and it was fun. The expression on Dream's face when he'd froze him out that morning had been hilarious. And really, what had Dream expected? For George to clamber atop the kitchen table, prop up his ass, and request Dream eat *him* for breakfast? George wouldn't lie and say the image wasn't tempting, but he wasn't about to 'open up' ~~pun intended~~ so quickly.

Even if the idea of Dream spreading his cheeks and ravishing his hole with licks and nips until he was *squirming* with desperation was...

*I should check my emails before I need to jack-off.*

George would try his utmost best for the rest of the day to distract himself. He didn't want to go crawling to Dream yet, so keeping busy was the best way to achieve that. What was that expression again... '*treat them mean, keep them keen?*'

A very feline philosophy, in George's opinion.

---

Because Dream didn't often get to consume such expensive sushi (the brochure George had mentioned was to a five-star Japanese restaurant) he does indeed 'treat' himself when he orders their lunch, and thoroughly enjoys devouring sushi that doesn't come pre-packaged from a gas station. He'd had to get over himself and his hang-ups about always paying the bill, but he could only be glad for swallowing his pride when the meal is spread before him, immaculately presented and tasting just as good. It's a sort of novelty to him, to eat sushi that doesn't just consist of chicken and avocado.

That being said, he had ordered a few pieces of that variety. Upon seeing it on the plate, George had crinkled his little nose with such revulsion that Dream had been unable to hold back from snickering, taking a large bite out of the sushi just to annoy him.

"I can't believe you'd sully the sushi by adding that green gunk to it." George comments, delicately dipping one of his own pieces into the provided soy-sauce, and bringing it to his lips. It dangles there for a moment, white rice filled with pink salmon only a few shades darker than George's lips. Dream stops chewing to watch as George carefully brings the morsel to his mouth,

lips parting to take it in. The way he works his jaw as he chews is so *polite*, other hand rising to cover his mouth, even though he's not *speaking*. His throat bobs when he swallows, Addams apple stark on his pale throat, and Dream *gulps* when the hand comes down and there's a bit of rice dotting George's upper lip.

"You've got some-" Dream cuts himself off when a few pieces of half-chewed rice come spurting out of his mouth when he speaks, forgetting he had been in the process of munching on his own food. George doesn't seem disgusted as he looks down at the grains on the table, cocking his head to the side for a moment with a blank expression. Dream feels *mortified*. *What is **wrong** with me? Where the hell did all of my **game** go?*

"You cleaned this table this morning, didn't you?" George sounds *far* too innocent, thick eyelashes batting over his eyes.

Dream nods, and the sushi sits stalled as mush in his mouth when George licks the pad of his finger, before reaching out and sweeping up the few grains. They get stuck easily enough, and George maintains eye contact as he pokes out his tongue, very *slowly* and *deliberately* licking a stripe from his knuckle to his fingernail, fitting his mouth around the tip of his finger and *sucking*.

If Dream hadn't seen George do this before, his mouth would have dropped open, the rest of his half-chewed sushi dropping out. As it was, George had played this trick on him in the past, and although it was still *ridiculously* erotic, Dream wasn't going to give him the big reaction he so clearly desired. Instead he swallows his mouthful (with some difficulty) immediately washing down the thick globs with some water. George maintains eye contact with him all the while, and when Dream sets his bottle aside a few seconds later, he *huffs*. It's a small, barely audible thing, but Dream hears regardless. It amuses him, but he holds back from grinning. If George was trying to tease him, he'd relish in *any* reaction, good or bad. "Thanks for the sushi, George," he says lightly instead "I *really* enjoyed it." *That, **and** the show.*

"I'm glad to know you enjoyed what you kept *inside* of your mouth."

*Wow. He really **is** a sore loser. Oh well, I may have made a fool of myself, but I didn't give him what he wanted, which means I'm **winning**.*

"You have chicken in between your teeth, by the way." George said, matter-of-fact as he stood from his chair and swept it back under the table. He doesn't pick up his plate, which means his generous streak has concluded.

Dream presses his tongue between his front teeth, dislodging the piece of chicken that had been resting there. He's even more glad he hadn't grinned, now.

When George goes to grab his phone, his elbow bumps one of the chopsticks. He huffs again, this time more exaggerated, when it clatters to the floor, and he's forced to lean down and pick it up.

The motion seems so natural, that Dream doesn't see it for what it is, immediately. Perhaps the first 'bump' had been accidental and George had just decided to be opportunistic and take his chance, but the *second* time is absolutely intentional, his well-manicured fingers 'accidentally' sweeping the chopsticks further underneath the table.

Dream rolls his eyes at the absurdly obvious "*oops*" George gives, deciding to move momentarily over to the sink to avoid falling prey to whatever 'conveniently bending over' ruse this was. Jesus, did George think he'd never seen Legally Blonde before? There was no *fucking way* he was getting sprung over some cheesy 'bend and snap'. Although George didn't seem like the sort of man to try something so cliché...

He must have knocked the chopsticks too far under, as well, because after Dream has wiped his face and crumpled his napkin he can only see George's tail extended from underneath the table, the rest of his body having disappeared. Why was it necessary for George and Quackity to have such a big table, again? It wasn't like they entertained often...

The image of George dressed in some frilly little apron emerges in Dream's mind, the hybrid all dolled-up for some stereotypical dinner party. Absurd, but kind of cute in a way. George was the type of guy to look good in anything, although it was more likely that *he'd* be wearing the apron in that scenario, since George had little experience cooking. That, or George would be hiding under his bed shivering in fear at all of the 'invaders' in his home.

George barely makes a sound in his movements. Quiet and nimble, hybrid instincts overriding any normal human clumsiness. If not for the swishing tail, Dream wouldn't have known he had crawled under the table at all...

The swishing tail should have been his first indication, George wriggling his hind-quarters in preparation to pounce. Another cat thing, and Dream often chuckled whenever Patches did it. Unfortunately (for him, at least) Dream overlooks the vaguely familiar movement, writing it off as just George's tail doing its own thing. It was harder to read his body language when so much of him was obscured, so he uses his heels to push his chair back, intending to finally head to the sink-

The claws don't *quite* puncture entire holes in his sweatpants, but they certainly sink in enough to leave little pinpricks. Dream hisses at the sharp stabbing in his upper thighs, instinctively dragging himself (and the chair) backwards to escape the sensation. George has already latched on though, claws firmly buried, and only retracting them fully will release Dream. This doesn't seem to be something George wants though, as he allows himself to be dragged out from under the table, the chair *screeching* against the floor as Dream tries (and fails) to pull himself away. He only ceases the movement when he realises George doesn't intend to pull back his claws, and that he'll bang into the kitchen counter at this rate.

"What the *fuck*, George!?" Dream demands, through gritted teeth. He lowers his hands to try and pry away George's fingers, but the hybrid's grip is unyielding. He's looking up at Dream with false naiveté, dual-coloured eyes sparkling, body extended on all-fours. The sight would do something to Dream, if he wasn't being *fucking clawed*. "Let go!"

George doesn't release him, but he does retract his claws enough for it to be comfortable, the tips instead snagging firmly on the material of Dream's sweatpants. The sting they leave behind on his thighs isn't pleasant at all, and it takes Dream a few moments of shock to calm his breathing. George observes him all the while, irises slitted.

"Why did you do that?" Dream scowls down at him, pushing away the ~~strong~~ urge to reach down and stroke his beautifully soft ears again. He wasn't going to *reward* George for being a prick, even if he did look deceptively sweet this way. "If you wanted to sit on my lap, you could have just told me." Was that why George had done it? Dream knew cats often kneaded places before they sat down. Perhaps George had just been a bit too rough-

"I didn't want that!" The roses of George's cheeks are gleaming a light pink, his eyebrows lowering faintly in displeasure. "Idiot."

*He sounds pissed, but judging by the way he's blushing he's definitely thought about it before, whether it be a comfort thing or a sex thing. Maybe both.* Dream would readily admit that he liked the idea of both. Whether it was George cuddling into his lap purring, or George bouncing up and down on his cock moaning, Dream would be happy with either. In *different ways*, of course. The image of George cuddling with him made his heart feel fuzzy and warm, the fantasy of George

riding him made his palms feel sweaty. “Then why are you using me as a pin-cushion, kitty? Don’t you have a scratching post in your room?” Like cat toys, scratching posts were considered ‘sensory items’ for hybrids. Scratching posts were also considered a health essential, since hybrids could use them to clean and maintain their claws. There was also the natural instinct to scratch, which George undoubtedly had... “I doubt a spoiled brat like you wouldn’t at least have *one*.”

“I’m not a brat.” George’s cheeks are steadily beginning to flush a deeper shade, his ears folding down. “And I don’t have to answer that.”

Dream raised his eyebrows in disbelief at the snide tone. “Dude, you just *scratched* me, unprovoked! I think I deserve a little explanation for that-“

“Do you want me to say sorry?” George sounds like he’s *daring* Dream. Challenging him, even as he softens his sharp glare into a soft sort of pout, full bottom lip extended, eyelashes lowered half-mast over his eyes. He looks so beautiful, like this. So *compliant*. If you looked up ‘obedient’ in the dictionary, George’s lovely face would be there, deceptively demure to whoever was privileged enough to behold it.

Obviously, Dream isn’t fooled for a second. Perhaps if he hadn’t been sharing the same space as George for the last few days, he might have fallen for it, but he’d spoken enough with George (and been dealing with his antics) enough to know this bastard can *fake cry* if he wants to. “No,” he says, rolling his eyes “I know you wouldn’t mean it, which kind of defeats the purpose of an apology. I’d rather you explained yourself instead of dicking around.”

“‘Dicking around’...” George repeats in a drawl, eyes lowering to Dream’s lap in an exaggeratedly slow motion, before trailing his eyes back up. “Interesting turn of phrase, Dream. Something on your mind?” The claws in his left hand suddenly retract, leaving only his thin fingers clutching Dream’s tracksuit bottoms. His nails tap out a little rhythm, before they slide slowly further up, stopping just shy of his crotch. The whole time George maintains eye contact, utterly unabashed. It baffles Dream, that the same person who became so shy and hesitant over simple affection could be so bold and sensual. It tended to be backwards for most. George was obviously a special case.

Dream can’t do more than breathe raggedly, for a moment, as those fingers creep further inwards, slowly, *excruciatingly*. His inner thigh tingles through the flimsy material of his pants, his cock stiffening within the suddenly *too-tight* constriction of his boxers. George’s eyes are heavy, half-mast, and Dream holds his breath when they graze, *feather-light*, along the edge of his-

In that graceful, *blink-and-you’ll-miss-it* manner cat hybrids seemed to have, George withdraws his hands, the phantom sensation of his fingers the only evidence they’d even been there in the first place. Oh, and the small pinpricks his claws left behind in his pants.

George is rocking back on his heels when Dream’s brain finally processes the abrupt change of position, and his reflexes are sharp enough that he manages to snag George’s shirt before he can stand up, yanking him back a little too roughly, judging by the way the hybrid’s teeth chatter in his mouth. Dream pauses for a brief moment after, scanning the hybrid’s body language for any fear. Cats don’t take well to being startled, but George is limp in his hold, unresisting. The fur on his ears and tail aren’t ruffled, and his mouth is curling ever so slightly at the edge, a smirk barely held back.

The atmosphere in the room is suffocating. A thick smog of sexual tension and smugness, and George is *blatantly goading*, eyes glimmering in self-satisfaction, excitement quivering his tail, something Dream is coming to realise he cannot control well. A blatant tell.

A rough tongue comes out to slowly wet George’s bottom lip, before a canine bites down on it

gently. He tilts his head to the side as if confused, all kittenish curiosity, sweet and unassuming. Pink lips contrasting against white teeth, brown and blue eyes *glowing*. He's *perfect*.

Dream's palms are sweaty where he holds George's shirt, soft and undoubtedly expensive. His nerves thrum with arousal, even as he narrows his eyes. George has the nerve to *speak*.

"Is there something the matter, Dream?" Dream inhales and exhales in sharp puffs, brain still trying to catch up with what is currently happening. ~~Averting attention from his dick.~~ "If there isn't, I actually kind of have something to do, so--"

"*Oh no*," Dream's voice comes out as more guttural than he expects, and he takes pleasure in the way George blinks, seemingly taken-aback for a moment "you are *an idiot* if you think I'm letting you get away with that, *kitten*." He spits the last word, shaking George gently for emphasis.

And just like that, George's razor-sharp gaze softens, his play-acting concluding as he leans into Dream's hold. He looks at him eagerly, as if awaiting instruction. He gives a short breath of impatience when Dream lets him stew for a moment, seemingly unable to keep his mouth shut for even a moment. "So what do you intend to do about it, *Dream?*"

The words '*what do you **want** me to do about it?*' nearly come out, but Dream stops himself. From their prior discussions, that wasn't really what George wanted right now. They had already discussed limitations and safety together, so there was no real reason to question him unless he used a 'yellow' or 'red' to represent any hesitancy. "You've been mouthing off to me all morning," he begins, a little awkwardly, because sure, Dream has done dirty-talk in the past, but for some reason this feels more...*intimate* "and then you have the audacity to claw me up like a scratching post."

"Oh, come off it. I hardly *clawed* you." George raises a hand, pointedly showing off his meticulously sharpened claws, before retracting them with a smirk. "Although I could have, if I wanted to. You might have even liked it."

"You know what I'm *really* going to like?" Dream keeps his voice soft, but even. For a moment, George *trembles*. "Putting you in your place." This comes out more smoothly, natural. It is, after all, what Dream intends to do, what he *aches* to do. ~~Or at least what his cock aches for.~~

"How?" George's own voice is strained in impatience, his ears flicker backwards in annoyance at Dream's slow pace. "You gonna fuck me?"

Even though he knows it will put a dampener on the electric atmosphere, Dream can't help but give a small, wheezing laugh. George sure was presumptuous. "Why the hell would I reward you for being a little brat all morning? You want my cock? Want me to fuck you so hard that you can barely walk? *Behave*, and I might consider it. But no, George," Dream shakes his head in a sort of disbelief at George's impertinence "I'm not going to fuck you. I'm not even going to *touch* you. You, however, are going to take me inside that bratty mouth of yours, and warm me until I'm satisfied you've learnt your lesson about mouthing off."

"You want me to do all of the work without any reciprocation?"

"The punishment has to fit the crime, Georgie. You wanted to get between my legs and open that loud mouth of yours, now you can keep it stretched around my cock until I think you've learned your lesson. If you do a good enough job, we might be done by dinner."

George scoffed. "There's *no way* you could last that long. It'll be five minutes, tops."

“Oh yeah?” Dream’s smirk is crooked, borderline conceited, he makes a show of spreading his legs apart, leaning back in the chair like it’s *a throne*. He taps a spot on his inner thigh, the same spot George had been teasing, an encouragement for George to get closer to *that* particular area. “I guess we’ll see, won’t we?” An open-ended question, a chance for George to back out.

But George accepts the challenge with a haughty eye-roll. “We will. I can only hope you won’t embarrass yourself, Dream. You talk a big game, lets see if you can deliver.”

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head about that, *kitten*.” George was about to quickly learn that Dream *wasn’t* all talk, and Dream couldn’t wait to prove it to him.

‘Until dinner’ was probably an overestimation on his part, but Dream had no doubt he could keep it up long enough to leave George squirming in desperation for his own release.

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## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the cliff-hanger, but the chapter was already kinda long for me, so I wanted to end it there. Also I haven’t written the rest. I just thought some update was better than nothing.

Thank you to everyone for your patience, and for your supportive comments. I know the DSMP/MCYT fandom cops a lot of flak, but you guys are honestly so lovely and I appreciate you all so much :) hopefully I can get the next chapter out soonish, you guys deserve it <3

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Summary

The cat finally gets the cream.

## Chapter Notes

Apologies for the cheesy chapter description, I just couldn't help myself. I also apologise for this coming out a little later than I mentioned in some replies, I like to edit a chapter at least once and I wasn't able to at the time I wanted, which held the update up.

A pre-warning: this chapter is mostly centred around a sexual scene. Please check the tags for specifics. If this kind of thing makes you uncomfortable please skip this chapter. The next one should be less focused on sex, but in the meantime, be mindful of the tags. Thank you! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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George feels his heartbeat accelerate, the fur on his ears and tail rising to stand on end. The reaction is purely instinctive, less to do with being threatened and more a startled reaction. Although he'd been hoping Dream would react in this manner, he hadn't quite expected it to proceed so smoothly. For Dream to be so...forceful.

And even as his back arches, and he angles his body ever so slightly away from Dream, he feels heat gathering in his navel, his cheeks warm as he peers up at Dream through slitted irises, eyelashes lowered half-mast.

Dream is an imposing sight, lounging on his chair as if it's a throne, legs parted, arms resting almost lazily on the armrests. George watches with sharp attention as he brings a broad palm to his forehead, idly pushing some sandy strands of hair out of his eyes. His gaze is firm, but observant, and when he notices George's posture, and his fluffed up fur, he immediately softens his posture into something non-threatening, expression concerned. "Was that too much?" The insecurity was as cute as it was infuriating, but it doesn't quite ruin the mood, even as inwardly George *clamours* to just get on with it. It's sweet how attentive Dream is, how he continuously checks in, even though they've already established a system for George to express any hesitancy or discomfort.

Quackity hadn't been lying when he said Dream was a good guy. It's this appreciation for the man's consideration that prevents George from haughtily rolling his eyes, and giving an exasperated 'yes'. *Clearly he's quite skilled at reading one's body language. That can only be good news for me, especially when it comes to sex. Too many people are merely focused on their*



*own completion.* “I’m fine, Dream.” There’s still a tinge of annoyance there, try as George might to contain it. Forcibly, he relaxes his own posture, scooting forward across the (immaculately) clean floor to be closer. He hesitates just for a moment, realising that he should probably return the question. “Why, was it too much for you?” It wouldn’t surprise him, considering how Dream had seemed wary of dirty-talking him previously.

“No,” Dream assured, quickly, as if George might change his mind if he hesitated for a second “it actually...” he seems a little abashed for a moment, averting his eyes, freckled cheeks flushing “I really liked it.”

George cocked his head to the side, curious. They’d discussed their past sexual history, and it didn’t seem like something Dream was entirely unfamiliar with. What was different here?

Maybe if George wasn’t so focused on getting his mouth around Dream, he might have pondered this a little more extensively. As it was, he could only wriggle a little in anticipation, tail swishing from side to side, as he emerged himself fully in the moment. It had been a long time since he’d done this with anyone else, and it was really *the first time* he was exploring something of this nature. He...

*Tell me what to do.* George’s eyes are urging, as he looks up at Dream. He isn’t scared to act, but he wants the instruction. The *order*. He wants Dream to tell him what to do. *Explicitly.*

Dream looks at him for a long moment, before nodding his head, leaning back, and adopting his former stance. He still seems a little nervous, but his voice is confident when he speaks “Come on then, kitty. Time to make that smart mouth of yours useful.”

George bites down on his lower lip to suppress a smile, a sharp canine puncturing the skin ever so slightly. He manages to paste on an aloof expression, even as his fingers shake ever so slightly when he reaches out, clutching onto Dream’s sweatpants.

Dream obligingly lifts his hips just enough for George to (without too much difficulty) shuck them down. They get a little snagged on the bottom of the chair, but George is in too much of a rush to really care, reasoning to himself that he’ll probably have to replace them later anyway, since he’d cut into them with his claws earlier. He wants to see Dream *bare*, and the sight of his toned legs parted before him, lean and tanned and so *tempting*...

George wants to press kisses to his inner thighs, to nose along the line of his pubic hair, to inhale deeply and then *nestle*. He wants to smell him, wants to inch out a tongue and *trace* him, lick along his length before Dream puts him in his place, and stuffs his mouth *full*...

Alas, Dream seems to have a different vision for the proceedings, and gently grasps George’s hands when they settle on the hem of his boxer briefs. They’re warm, calloused. George can feel the pads on his own palms and fingers squishing lightly against his skin. It’s a strange sensation. It had been a long time since he’d held hands with anyone. It was...nice.

Oblivious to George’s comfort, Dream’s eyes glimmer with a sort of sadistic amusement at George’s indignant expression, lips twitching up in a crooked grin. “This isn’t for you.” It serves as a cruel reminder, although it does nothing to lessen George’s mounting arousal. “You’ve been a petulant little brat, George. Bad kittens don’t get any heavy petting.”

The last sentence is a little cheesy, but George still feels his cock stiffening, the temperature in the room suddenly seeming *stifling*. “Then what do you-“

“Patience.” Dream sounds *infuriatingly* cheerful as he says this, instead gently guiding George’s

hands to settle on the dark cloth tightly enclosing his upper thighs. He doesn't let go until George buries his fingers in the thin fabric, resisting the (stupid) hybrid side of his brain that tells him to *knead*. "I wasn't lying when I said we were going to take our time."

George hates the cotton underneath his fingertips. The cursed fabric concealing the part of Dream he is most desperate to see. It's a complete tease. "Seriously?" He huffs.

"Consider it adequate revenge for your little show earlier." Dream borderline *chirps*, one of his hands reaching over George's right shoulder to press him closer. The brief touch *sears* through George's shirt, the arch of Dream's hand grazing lightly on the side of George's cheek when he pulls away. George holds back from chasing his hand. "Like this." Dream pats the inside of his thigh, and George sinks fully to his knees, resting his chin there. It isn't quite what he had in mind, but George's cock is still rising rapidly, his breathing slightly laboured as he tries to exhibit self-restraint. "We're going to take this slow. You can do that for me, right sweetheart?"

George rolls his eyes at the pet-name, unable to hold back from making a snide comment "I hope I don't get an allergic reaction from the cheap fabric of your boxers, Dream. Honestly, you're lucky I'm not shredding them off you for this." He gives a disdainful sniff for emphasis.

But Dream doesn't react the same way he might have normally, a soft chuckle rumbling from his chest. "It's adorable how you pretend to be in charge George. You're such a little bitch, even when you're kneeling here *whining* to suck me off."

George trembles at the edge of authority in his voice, at the way Dream's own cock is beginning to swell in the constraints of his boxers, very evident now that he's so close and...*acquainted* with the region. The outline is impressive, but it's still leaving too much to the imagination. George wants to survey the shades of flesh, the veining. Was Dream circumcised? He hadn't asked.

"You're quivering for it already," Dream is *smug*, and George marvels at the man's level of restraint "fucking *slut*."

The satisfaction that washes over George is intense, but short-lived. He wants to convince Dream to go faster, but the man *was* in control right now, so arguing would be pointless. Whining wouldn't get him anywhere either, Dream had already shown he wouldn't be swayed by it.

*Which only leaves...*

George could never be accused of being a slow learner. If being obedient is what it takes to get Dream moving, he needed to stop being coy and demonstrate what a *good kitty* he could be. It's not like he found it demeaning in this context, so it isn't hard for George to take in a few calming breaths, tilting his head so his cheek is resting on Dream's knee, the curve of his face directed towards his crotch. He blows out an exhale, and although Dream's cock is covered, he still sees it twitch. *Bingo*.

Hoping Dream can't feel his half-smile smile through the fabric, George noses his way along the outline of his cock, holding back a snigger at how *hard* Dream is, even when he's acting so tough. He can even feel a small wet patch forming, pre-cum beginning to leak through where the tip of his cock is poking outwards. *He really does like this. Control freak*. At this rate, Dream would come before George even got to taste him bare.

Seeking a consolation prize, George doesn't convene with Dream when he parts his lips and mouths at the tip, sucking lightly and giving little kitten nips, until the fabric is saturated with spit. He hums, and feels Dream jolt a little, breath strangled in a half-gasp.

He can smell the detergent Dream uses when he tilts his head to lick at the underside, thankfully fresh. The texture is all off though, George wants to feel him *throbbing* against his tongue...

Dream was either feeling lenient, or worried about embarrassing himself by coming earlier than stated, because he threads his fingers in George's hair, moving him away. His boxers have darkened considerably now, and George licks his lips, slobbery from built-up saliva. He's panting slightly, his own neglected cock straining in *his* pants. He's tempted to reach a hand down to stroke himself a few times, but holds back. *Dream* was in charge. He needed his permission.

How was it this small, clothed act was more arousing than anything else he's ever done?

Dream's fingers dance along the edges of his cat ears, and George flicks them back in surprise, immediately regretting the hasty withdrawal when Dream looks put-out. He'd told the man it was okay, but asides from Quackity, he wasn't accustomed to anyone else touching them. It would take conscious effort for him to allow it, since his feline side was naturally wary. "Dream--"

"Sorry." Dream apologised. "I should have warned you."

Exercising as much control as he had over his first (or second, George couldn't really tell) pair of ears, he moves them to face-forward again, eyes squinted slightly in concentration. Like his tail, the appendages seemed to have a mind of their own.

"May I?" Dream is as respectful as ever, even when sporting a raging hard-on and flushed cheeks.

"It's not a sexual thing for me," George forewarns. Unlike the base of his tail, his ears were not an erogenous zone "contrary to those cat boy fetish comics, I don't enjoy them being tugged on or jerked around. They're sensitive."

"Cat boy comics?" Dream repeated, bewildered. "I didn't expect you to be into those things."

"I'm not, but a lot of people want to fuck a cat boy," George replied, vulgarly honest "I like to know what I'm getting into in the future, what people could expect from me."

"This whole thing aside George, that is really fucked up."

"Yeah, it's a buzz-kill. Why do you want to touch them now, anyway?" Earlier that morning Dream had petted them, but it hadn't been in the midst of anything sexual.

"I need a moment to calm down," Dream says, sheepishly "didn't expect to get so turned on from that."

"You and me both. Can't we just keep going?" George widens his eyes, manipulative in his pleading "I *really* want to blow you."

"This isn't about you, George." Dream sounds more firm now, frustratingly adamant "we take this at my pace, or we stop entirely. Up to you."

George gives a long, exaggerated groan. "*Fine.*" When Dream doesn't move, he adds "you can touch them, by the way. Seriously, you're a fucking cock tease--" He's cut off by the feeling of Dream softly petting his ears, expertly scratching behind his left one after a few strokes. It's comforting, perhaps even more soothing than when Quackity does it, and he's been petting George's ears for *years*. "You have a cat," he says, accusingly, even as he unwittingly nudges his head into Dream's palm "traitor."

"You're jealous?" Dream sounds delighted, and George inwardly curses himself for being so

*ridiculous* as to be jealous of a *domestic pet*. There was that stupid hybrid side of him, making itself known, insisting that Dream was *his* human, even though they'd known one another less than a fucking week. "Don't worry George, I'd never do something like this with Patches."

"Oh, their name is *Patches*."

"*Her* name is Patches. She's the only girl in my life right now." Dream sounds unmistakably fond, and George holds back a pout, the non-hybrid side of his brain fighting back against the illogical envy. "You'd love her if you met her George, everyone does."

Properly done with this topic, George rolls his eyes. "Congrats on effectively killing the mood, Dream. A word of advice, next time you're in the midst of something sexual, don't start talking about your cat."

"No talking about pussy. Got it." Dream says, mock-seriously, then "don't be ashamed of your reactions. You shouldn't hate your hybrid side."

*He's...irritatingly insightful. No wonder Quackity is friends with him, they make a good match. I wonder if he's studying law as well.* For the first time since meeting Dream, George is actually interested in something other than his body. "Hmm." He doesn't like to admit to anything emotional, so he merely settles as Dream continues petting him, his flustered state muting to a degree. His arousal doesn't completely fade away, but it lessens into a linger, his anticipation for what will eventually come next keeping his cock half-hard. It's this anticipation that stops him from getting too sleepy, from his mind going blank and gooey in relaxation.

He nearly purrs once or twice, but he tenses his throat, brain urging his larynx to be *normal*. His eyes end up sliding shut, and his feline senses kick in, ears picking up Dream's rhythmic breathing, the slight hum of the fridge. His nose twitches, the scent of salty skin, Dream's cologne, the slight tinge of sweat emanating from his own body, where he's been hot and bothered. It all gives him a better understanding of the situation, and when Dream finally withdraws with a few final pets, he feels...*grateful*. His feline and human side tended to clash, causing overstimulation. But that had been...calming. In more ways than one.

"Are you ready to wrap that pretty mouth of yours around my cock?" The startling transition from soft to stern sends George reeling for a moment, but he nods eagerly, apprehension mounting. "Uh-uh," Dream tuts "use your words, baby."

"I'm ready." More ready than he's ever been.

"You're ready..." Dream trails off pointedly.

*Insufferable.* "I'm ready, *please*."

"Good boy."

Dream must be ready as well, because he wastes no time in pulling down his underwear. There's no teasing little show, no forcing George to pull his underwear down, inch by inch. One moment the material is clinging to his thighs, the next it's around his ankles, Dream kicking them off seemingly without any sense of shyness. It's almost blink-and-you'll-miss it, and George merely gapes for a moment, not having expected such abruptness.

He recovers quickly, eyes greedily taking in the sight he'd been pining for so desperately. He sweeps his eyes up and down with an embarrassing amount of keenness, his own cock rising at what he sees.

Dream *definitely* doesn't disappoint, and George's imagination hadn't really done him justice. It had filled his mind with a sort of generic vision, the kind of images one might develop from watching pornography. It wasn't unique, or personal.

And George commits every inch of Dream to memory, because he finds him, for lack of a better term, *sexy*. His cock, curved upwards in arousal, is larger than standard, but not too girthy. A little intimidating, just enough for George to muse on the importance of proper stretching and lubrication for future...*shenanigans*. It's a little flushed, and George has no doubt that the tone will darken, the closer Dream gets to orgasming. There's a prominent vein on the underside, a few freckles dotting the skin above dark blond pubic hair. He'd glimpsed the happy trail when he'd caught Dream in only a towel, but it's all the more satisfying when you see what it leads to.

There's the balls as well, of course, but George doesn't focus on them too long. They seem...well-proportioned? They certainly don't detract from the exceptional view at all...

"Get to it, then," Dream orders, when George continues gawking "I don't want to get cold."

"You're still wearing a shirt-oh," George blinks in realisation. The house wasn't freezing, but the air would still seem chilly on what *was* exposed. George supposed he should be grateful, that he could finally proceed without any further teasing. Although they'd agreed for Dream to use condoms when they had anal sex, they'd made a measured decision to forego them for oral. This wasn't entirely risk free, but George trusted Dream when he'd said he was clean. He just wouldn't feel completely comfortable fucking raw anally unless they were going it exclusively together.

A rough tongue comes out to moisten George's lips, before he licks over the palm of his hand. He makes a show of it, eyeing Dream from his peripherals, spitting as delicately as he can manage when he deems his hand wet enough. Then, he clutches Dream's cock, working over the area he won't be able to take fully in his mouth. It'll be easier for when he twists and jerks him...

"Presumptuous." Dream comments, but doesn't add anything further, even when George looks to him for clarification.

Dream's cock is hot in his hand, and warm on the tip of George's tongue when he moves back to lick at the reddening tip playfully. The slit is beading with pre-cum, and Dream jerks when George swipes his tongue there, the roughness unlike anything he's experienced before. He has to breathe deeply through his nose to hold back the temptation to shove his cock down George's throat in pursuit of a quick release. If he didn't want to come earlier than he wanted, he'd have to halt George's ministrations before they went any further. Cock-warming *wasn't* an outright blow-job, after all. It didn't even have to involve orgasming. "I know cats like to play with their food, but do you think you can take my cock without showing off?"

"Boring." George says, but he *does* listen, although not without smacking a wet kiss to the head of his cock with a loud *mwah*. It's Dream's turn to roll his eyes, but he doesn't seem angry at the disobedience. More fondly exasperated. "Just so you know, I'll be timing this," George glances at the microwave, noting the time displayed in green blocky letters "so when you come after five minutes, I'm fully justified in gloating."

"And when *I* prove you wrong and you're a drooling mess, I'll have bragging ri-" Dream grunts, clenching his teeth, when George opens his mouth as wide as he can manage, before sliding it down his length shockingly fast, the man relaxed enough to deep-throat him without difficulty. "No gag reflex?" He manages to get out, clenching his fists as George shrugs his shoulders, *humming* his response around Dream's cock. The reverberation and new warmth is *so* good, and he just wants to buck his hips like a desperate teenager, slam into the back of George's throat until his eyes water, until he cums, and George *swallows* him down...

Instead, he grasps George's hair, stilling him so he doesn't get any *ideas* and start bobbing up and down, or scraping his little canines along his skin. "You little filthy *cheater*." He snaps, not convinced for a moment when George's eyes widen in faux innocence. "Keep it up and once we're done here, I'll fucking spank you. And it won't be as fun as you're thinking, either." Dream would never go past George's pain threshold (that was what the traffic light system was for) but he had a feeling George wouldn't use it impulsively. "This isn't a fucking blow-job, you're *cock-warming*. That means you keep nice and still for me like a good boy, not wriggle around like a slutty *brat*." Dream sees the tent in George's pants, the man clearly enjoying the lecture far too much. "Let's see how defiant you are when your jaw is hurting like a bitch, and you're *begging* me to let you come."

George wants to ask how that will be possible, what with his mouth being full, but knows pulling off now to speak will put a dampener on the mood. Instead he keeps as still as he can, breathing deeply through his nose to compensate for the current...*obstruction*. A vein throbs on his tongue, Dream's cock well and truly stretching his mouth to its full capacity. He can see what Dream had meant about his jaw 'hurting like a bitch', it had barely been a couple of minutes, and he could already feel the strain. Saliva was steadily beginning to pool in his mouth, and he could only *hope* he was the type of person who still looked attractive with drool dripping down his chin, because that shit was going to *dribble out* around the edges...

As a feline hybrid, George can be rather talented at going still, and holding a certain position. He's flexible, as well, something that will undoubtedly come in handy in the future, but he finds it hard to settle like this. He's given (and received) blow-jobs before, but it had been hurried. Constant movement, made with the sole intention of getting off as quickly as possible. This is slow, *controlled*. Or rather, *Dream* is in control, and although George wants to obey, he is still inexperienced.

*How the hell is Dream going to keep this up without cumming? He's already hard enough to cut a diamond. It's not like we've started this with him flaccid.*

George's question is answered nearly as soon as he contemplates it, Dream reaching behind him to grab his iPhone. It's a bit of a stretch, but the man's absurdly long arm barely manages it without it clattering to the floor. Without thinking, George turns his head slightly to watch, the side of Dream's cock pressing more firmly into his cheek.

He feels Dream's thighs clench, his cock bumping the roof of his mouth. The man shudders in a few deep breaths, before unlocking his phone, angling it away from George as he seemingly browses through some social media or another, his other hand firmly correcting George's head.

George would muse on how unfair it was for Dream to distract himself, if he wasn't already so focused on keeping still and breathing steadily. The longer he sits with Dream fully engulfed in his mouth, the more his jaw begins to ache, and the more saliva gathers. Still, it's not entirely unpleasant, especially when Dream begins to stroke his hair idly. After a few more minutes or so George even begins to feel a little relaxed, brain hazy. There's something so...*satisfying* about tending to Dream this way. Of *servicing* him. Sure, he'd still ramp up the brat antics once this was over, but for now...

He's valiantly holding back from beginning to suck when Dream hisses, setting his phone aside again. At first George worries he's scraped him too hard with his canines when he re-adjusted or something, but...

"Gentle." Dream scolds, not unkindly, delicately hooking his fingers underneath George's claws and detaching them from where they'd impaled into his skin. George is embarrassed to realise that

his hybrid side has gotten the better of him, and he'd started to knead his 'paws' into Dream's lap, his way of getting comfortable. "I don't mind you doing that, Patches does it all of the time--"

George can't resist rolling his eyes at the mention. *Here he goes, talking about that **other** cat again.*

"But try not to scratch me up, yeah?" When George avoids looking him in the eye, still mortified with his loss of control, Dream runs a thumb down the soft skin of his cheek, rubbing at the corner of his wet lips. "So good for me," it isn't exactly a coo, but it's certainly praise, and George feels a sense of pride at how well he's doing, that *Dream* is appreciating him (the way he deserves, really, it has to have been at least twenty minutes by now, his jaw was going to be *numb* by the time they finished) that he's a *good boy* "fuck, if you could see yourself right now, George..." Dream trails off without further explanation, an indication that perhaps (and George vainly hopes so) Dream realises that focusing too much on the visuals right now will be his undoing...

Seeing Dream so close to losing control, seeing him *grit his teeth* when he looks down at George again, it feels *good*. Cats can be prideful, and to know that the mere sight of him, even with his mouth full and spit dribbling from where it can manage to escape at the edges, is *arousing*...

The surge of contentment and success he feels at reducing Dream to this state is immense, and George feels his tail straighten, a sign of his intensified confidence. Dream follows the movement with near desperation, trying to focus on anything other than the sight of George, and his watery eyes and pink lips...

"Can I?" Dream requests to touch one of his feline appendages for a second time, expression pinched in concentration. George barely stops himself from bobbing his head, instead humming out a small affirmative sound. He feels Dream shudder again, and he half expects the man to shoot his load down his throat there and then...

When Dream gingerly traces his hand over the tip of George's tail, it hooks around his hand gently. His hand is prone for a moment, seemingly in surprise at the show of trust and invitation, and George blushes, eyes clenching shut in embarrassment. If it wouldn't have been a form of self-mutilation, he would have had the thing surgically removed *years* ago. God, this was mortifying-

"Good boy, George." Despite the praise, Dream doesn't sound patronising. And although George usually craves more of the negative kind of attention, he has to admit that the praise is...sweet. Refreshing. It makes him feel proud, in a distinctly different way than being a brat does. "You're doing so well, baby..."

For it being his first time trying anything like this, George was inclined to agree with that. Maybe he wasn't as perfectly poised as he could have been, and he'd made a few mistakes, but there was nothing wrong with gaining experience, right? It just meant he'd be all the more prepared next time-

George's brain is so occupied with the concept of 'next time' that he barely notices when Dream starts to gently stroke down his tail, only realising that the man has (unwittingly) ventured into dangerous territory when it's far too late, George's sound of warning abruptly cut off as Dream unthinkingly pets over the base of his tail, lighting up the bundle of nerves that reside there. At the stimulation of this particular spot, George pushes his backside upwards, seeking more of the sensation, his mild-simmer of arousal blossoming into a full *blaze*.

Dream merely gives a small chuckle at first, clearly naïve as to what he has done. George is a little surprised. Dream was such a know-it-all, he'd automatically assumed the man already knew that that particular part of the tail was an erogenous zone for felines. George looks forward to gloating

over Dream's ignorance once this is over. *I'll have to show him a diagram late-HOLY **shit** that's good.*

Tingles shoot up the spine of George's tail, before travelling up his back. He can feel the thin hairs at his neck standing on end, and he feels Dream's caress all the way *down to his toes*. He can only rock back into Dream's grasp with a strangled sort of moan, which is enough to give Dream pause. "Geo-**fuck**."

George is so busy drowning in overstimulation that he doesn't feel the change in his larynx, the rapid movement in his diaphragm. The muscles there vibrate as he moans, breathy and moist around the cock *throbbing* in his mouth.

"Are you purring?" Dream is disbelieving, but clearly struggling to maintain his quickly splintering self-control. His own voice is a little high-pitched, and a vein begins to pulse on the side of his forehead. He's properly sweating now, face red, the cold clarity in his eyes beginning to wane. The reverberations of George's purring and the roughness of his tongue make an *unholy* combination, and Dream comes to the (unfortunate) conclusion that this cock-warming session will have to come to a premature end, because there was *no fucking way* he was lasting any longer when George's mouth was doing *that*.

It was a little frustrating, considering he'd wanted to be the one to decide when it was time to finish, but he reasoned with this new little weakness of George's exposed, he could at least get a little payback in return for it. Not that it was really George's fault...

*This is how it goes in real life*, Dream keeps one hand on George's tail, the other clenching George's hair, in preparation to start thrusting, *things don't always go perfectly according to plan, especially with sex. I can't beat myself up about it, or let George do that, either*. Dream had always been a perfectionist, but since he was new to this kind of thing as well, he supposed he could cut himself some slack. "You're going to swallow what I give you," it's a rough order, and he stops stroking George's tail to make certain he is listening, nearly giving his own whine of frustration when the purr abruptly cuts off "spit it out and I'll make you lick it off the floor. Not that I think you will, you're a thirsty little kitty, aren't you?" For a moment Dream wonders if he's gone a bit far with the whole degradation bit, but then George starts purring again, and he's reassured. "Keep your throat relaxed." George has been doing well so far, and although Dream likes the idea of him gagging on his cock, he's mindful of the time that has elapsed since they'd started. George's mouth was likely sore, and he didn't want to *really* hurt his jaw. "Tap three times if you want me to stop. Claw the shit out of me if I don't listen." It was easy to get caught up in these scenarios.

When George rolls his eyes at the reminder of their agreement, so bratty and *entitled*, Dream finally relinquishes. He squares his shoulders, hitches up his hips slightly, and *slams* forward. The friction George's tongue gives paired with the sinful image of George's drooling face, hazy irises peering upwards at him with such relief makes him groan gutturally, and he begins to buck, the tip of his cock hitting the back of George's throat, still purring so sweetly. George was so perfect like this, so obedient, so *beautiful*...

George hollows out his cheeks as he hears Dream begin to grunt out expletives mixed with praise, his purring growing louder when the man begins to stroke the base of his tail again. He's impressed the man is managing to be gentle with it, and hasn't just mistaken it for a furry cock. Still, it isn't *enough*. That part of his tail was an erogenous zone, and although it excited him, stimulating it alone wasn't enough to make him orgasm.

And George wanted to cum *so badly*. Seeing Dream so sloppy, so desperate for release, it *turned him on*. Because *he* did that. *He* made Dream desperate for release. And the fact that Dream was



*still* dominating him even now, *still* asserting his authority in ordering him to swallow his seed, still setting the pace...

And then there was still the checking in. The care. Dream was...

He was truly something else.

For the first time sex didn't feel like a required chore to George, and it was *intoxicating*.

And he needed *more*.

He hopes that by being subtle, he'll be able to inch his hand down the waistband of his own pants, but Dream manages to catch him even when he's still slamming back and forth, cock half-way out of George's mouth when he shoots him a dangerous look. "You sneaky little slut, don't you fucking *dare*."

Ordinarily George would push back, make a show of bratting, but this time he can only withdraw with a whimper, feeling like a naughty child caught trying to sneak sweets before dinner. Wanting to get back into Dream's favour, he bats his long eyelashes, wet and clumped together.

Dream doesn't soften.

*Fine*, George thinks, sitting pliant and pretty. He lets Dream fuck his throat raw for a few thrusts longer, waiting until the movement of his hips becomes erratic, when it's obvious he's *close*. *Have it your way*. He waits until Dream is fully sheathed in his mouth before gently allowing the tips of his canines to graze the sensitive skin of his throbbing, angry red cock. Dream's loud groan, echoing around the empty apartment, is music to George's ears, and he obediently swallows the cum that shoots down his throat, savouring the salty flavour as Dream rides out his orgasm.

He doesn't linger once he's done, George's purring clearly *too much* on his hypersensitive nerves, and he has to close his eyes at the sight George makes, a string of saliva stretching from his swollen lips to the tip of Dream's cock, mouth unmoving, a few traces of cum still dotting the corner of his mouth. George leans forward with a soft *slurp*, before pressing a chaste, *feather-light* kiss to the head of his cock, lapping gently with his tongue. He cleans Dream just like this, slow and methodical, soft and attentive. Dream continues to stroke his tail all the while, panting as he tries to regain his breath.

Once George deems Dream sufficiently clean (and it takes a moment, because like all cats, George can be particular about grooming) he sits back on his haunches, self-satisfied and perhaps a little smug. Even with his own sense of sexual frustration, he feels like the cat who's swallowed the canary. Or, if he was to use a more apt expression, the cat who *well and truly* got the cream.

He's half-contemplating making a grab for his crotch again when Dream releases his tail, stroking George's hair in consolation when the man makes a sound of complaint. "Don't pout," he says "I told you that you don't get rewarded for bad behaviour, and I meant it. Did you seriously think I'd go back on that?"

*No*. "Wasn't I good though?" George's voice comes out a little hoarse, jaw sore as his mouth works around the words. "Can't you take mercy on me, *Sir*?" He's hopeful adding the last word will convince Dream, but the man merely shakes his head.

"You *were* good for me, and I'm so proud of you for being so obedient, but I'm a man of my word, George. I'm not forbidding you from getting off now we're done, just telling you it won't be by my hand."

George can't help but look away from Dream at his sincere words, not used to people telling him they're 'proud' of him. His whole life has been filled with wasted potential and disappointment, people put-out by his inability to control his hybrid side. To hear such genuine words after such vulnerability... "Whatever." He harrumphs, deciding to hide how touched he is with indifference.

"Seriously George," of course Dream doesn't take the hint, stroking over his cheek tenderly "you did amazing. I'm honoured you trusted me--"

Sappiness. Disgusting. Embarrassing. *Unacceptable*. "You're making it sound like we conducted some kind of trust experiment, Dream. I just sucked you off."

"Well in a way this *is* an exercise of trust--"

"Stop." Although his chest felt oddly warm, all of this talk of 'trust' wasn't doing wonders for George's boner. If he wanted to get off, he needed to excuse himself quickly before the mood was ruined. He'd only be frustrated with himself if he passed up the opportunity, even *if* Dream wasn't going to 'help him out'. "I'm going to jack off, since *someone*," he shoots Dream a nasty look "is refusing to touch me."

"You can always stay here," Dream offered with a shrug, unaffected by George's irritation "rut against my thigh--"

"And give you a free show? I don't think so." George put an end to that suggestion *real quick*. Using his instinctual flexibility, he rose fluidly to his feet, tail thrashing from side to side in a displeased display. He was tempted to *hiss* at the infuriating man. "I need to brush my teeth as well, after swallowing all of that bitter shit."

"You weren't complaining earlier when you swallowed my cum like a greedy little slut," Dream remains unbothered, a dopey sort of grin on his face as he recalled the...*exchange* "if I remember, you drank it up like a saucer of milk. What a *sweet* kitten."

Cheeks burning, George attempted to counter him "Well, *well*--"

With less grace than George, Dream rises, his back audibly cracking from sitting prone in the same position for so long. He bends down to pull his boxers back on, tucking his softened cock back inside. When he rises, rolling his shoulders to relieve the tension there, he captures George's chin, leaning down to press a kiss to his mouth.

They're still for a moment, Dream giving George a chance to pull away, but when the hybrid only relaxes into the hold, opening his mouth slightly in invitation, Dream inches his tongue inside, mapping out the sides of George's cheeks, the tips of his teeth, and pressing up on the roof of his mouth. Sure enough he can still taste traces of his own release. Not exactly delicious (it is cum, after all, what could he expect?), but not foul, either. He pulls back after a few seconds, grinning into George's mouth, words a hot exhale on his lips when he speaks. "Doesn't taste that bad to me." He lets George pull away, holding back a sort of contented sigh at the realisation that he'd just shared his first kiss with George. Kind of late, considering what they'd just spent the last forty or so minutes doing. Dream takes a look at the microwave to ascertain how much time has passed, smug in the knowledge that he'd proven George wrong.

"I hate you." George sees the glance, but doesn't acknowledge it. He's a sore loser.

"Uh-huh." Dream drawls, picking up his discarded phone. There's a few notifications on the screen, a message from Sapnap being one of them. He thumbs in his passcode and opens it up, unsurprised to see his best friend is just talking shit again. Distance isn't enough to stop their

typical bantering. “Once you’re done come join me. We can watch a movie or something. Cuddle.” Aftercare was important, especially since George had just put himself in such a submissive position. It wasn’t just a perfunctory gesture for Dream though, he finds himself *wanting* to spend time with George. Maybe get him to purr in a non-sexual context this time...

“I’ll think about it.” It was the most George could promise. He wasn’t the most cuddly person on an ordinary basis, and unless his feline side was prompting him, he hardly ‘cuddled’ with anyone. The only person he normally showed affection to was Quackity, but it was...different. Familial. He didn’t know whether he could do that with someone he barely knew. The movie though...he could tolerate that. He didn’t have any work to do that afternoon, so he’d just be on the internet anyway. There was no need to strangle the internet connection with two devices streaming. “Cook me something with chicken for dinner.” George demands, trying to re-establish their usual dynamic. Dream was only allowed to be in charge when *he wanted it*. Otherwise he did what *George* wanted. “And don’t forget the dessert. Something with pineapple juice perhaps?”

“Ha ha.” Dream retorted flatly. “Should I take that to mean you want to blow me again so soon? Insatiable.”

“Dick.”

“Wow. It really *is* on your mind.”

George makes sure to smack the man in the face with his tail before he stalks from the kitchen, intent on hastily tending to his own cock while the image of Dream’s expression earlier is still fresh in his mind.

Dream watches him go, still grinning widely. Despite this ‘babysitting’ gig getting off to a rough start, he couldn’t complain about it being boring. Sure, it would have been nice to make a new friend to chill out with, but George...

He really was something.

And Dream *really* wanted to cuddle him. He was looking forward to a well-deserved aftercare session.

*But first, I really should start some meal prep for later. He **does** deserve a little compensation after what I put him through, not that I’d dare serve him anything sub-par regardless. Those claws of his are **sharp**.*

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## Chapter End Notes

Oof, this chapter is long for primarily being smut. I hope it lived up to expectations! If it didn’t, I’m sorry! I’m not usually used to writing this kind of stuff. I give major props to people who usually do, it’s a lot harder to put it into words.

I’m not sure how the next chapter will go. It will probably be some aftercare, maybe

some fluff :)

Thanks to all of the people who continue to leave Kudos and comments, you guys make me smile and motivate me to keep writing <3

(also I'm sure I don't need to say this, but irl wearing a condom or dental dam is important for casual oral sex, even if the chance of any kind of transmission is lower, better to be safe than sorry. Just wanted to mention so I'm not being irresponsible!)

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Summary

Dream and George try their hand at some aftercare. Meanwhile, a particular trio make an appearance.

### Chapter Notes

So this chapter is just mostly focused on some aftercare, because Dream and George need a little time to wind down :) hope you enjoy regardless!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Without question, George takes his time.

Unless it is of vital importance, he does not adhere to anyone's schedule but his own. He does what he wants, when he wants it, and if he was in the mood to grace you with his presence, then you truly *were* fortunate.

So it isn't really surprising that he emerges from his bedroom half-way through the movie Dream has selected, the man himself bundled up underneath a blanket, a half-eaten bowl of popcorn on his lap. He'd decided after an hour or so of waiting for George to go ahead and start watching himself, having an inkling that George would show up when he was ready. Patches was the same, only seeking company when she desired it. Must have been a cat thing.

Dream doesn't make a fuss about his presence, not wanting to spook him. He continues watching, sparing George a short grin to acknowledge him, just because he knows that if George thinks he's ignoring him, he'll take it as a challenge, and Dream is too relaxed right now to start anything.

Upon exploring the apartment after his arrival, Dream had noted the oddness of Quackity and George owning such an abnormally long couch. It was the type of design made to fit a very big family, or a large group of friends. It took up a decent chunk of space, as well, looking a little excessive in the living room. Kind of overkill for two guys, but Dream had reasoned that perhaps George had a problem being close to people.

The reason for the length of the couch becomes apparent when George practically *crawls* onto the thing, sinking his claws into the linen and kneading for a few moments, before fully curling up, tail wrapping around his body. Height and width wise George isn't exactly huge, but he *is* still a human man, and even petite as he was in some areas, he was still long enough to take up a decent portion of space.

Dream's a little put-out that George didn't want to sit closer to him, but doesn't scoot over or encroach in his space. Undoubtedly his feline side would get cagey, but that aside Dream still didn't want to make him feel uncomfortable. If George wanted to be close to him, he'd approach. Dream just needed to be patient, and he'd come to him eventually. He had before, after all.

Wordlessly, he offers the bowl of popcorn, but George shakes his head, and even in the dim lighting, Dream can see some sleep crust in the corners of his eyes. The man must have taken a nap, a tendency Quackity had mentioned to him already. Another dead giveaway is the fact that he's changed into a pair of fresh pyjamas, he'd probably felt more comfortable dozing in those.

The edges of his hair are also curled slightly, different from where Dream had tugged at them so erratically earlier. He must have had a bath as well. Maybe that was where he'd jacked-off. It would have been more convenient, and a good way to wind down.

"Why are you watching this?" George's voice is rough, and Dream can't tell if it's from sleep, or as a consequence of having Dream's cock shoved down his throat for so long earlier. "I didn't take you for the type of guy to sit and watch a child's film."

"Hey, a kids movie can be appreciated by all ages." Dream replied, unoffended. He's quickly learning that George's blunt manner of speaking isn't done with the intent of being rude ~~sometimes~~, just a part of his personality, and how he preferred to communicate. "And I wanted to watch something light, after all of that earlier." He needed a little aftercare as well. Although he'd enjoyed playing his dominant role immensely, it had still been taxing keeping it up, especially when he'd been so desperate for release. "Do you want me to change it? I've seen it before."

"No," George grumbled "it's fine."

That's that for now, and the pair continue to watch the film in a comfortable silence. Dream's mind begins to drift, focusing on the not-so-distant prospect of dinner, hoping that he'd prepared the chicken effectively enough for the crumbs to stick when he cooked it up...

But then George makes a surprised "oh!" at what he's seeing, and Dream realises that George actually hasn't *seen* the movie, which probably explained why he'd been so transfixed by the screen. This is bemusing to Dream, but perhaps George wasn't a big Disney or Pixar fan. Maybe he was like Karl, and preferred Studio Ghibli.

Not wanting to ruin the viewing experience, he continues to sit back and listen, valiantly holding back a few 'aws' at George's cute reactions. He waits until the credits are rolling to speak, turning down the volume somewhat so that the sound of his voice isn't too much for the hybrid's sensitive ears. "Have you never seen Brave, George?" He's confident in his conclusion, but doesn't say it outright, wary that George, once again, will take it as some kind of challenge.

"You sound surprised." George is licking the pads on his palm, bringing his hands up to his ears to groom them absent-mindedly.

It's so *adorable*, but once again, Dream dared not comment on it. "I just thought you might have seen it, what with you being from around that same part of Europe and all."

George blinked at him, nose crinkling in utter offense. "Are you seriously comparing England to *medieval Scotland*?"

"Isn't Scotland technically part of the United Kingdom?" Dream had a liking for Geography, or at least geographical games. He was also pretty sure he'd heard about the country's bid for independence from the UK some years ago, not that he was fully invested in European politics.

“Accents aside, there must be some similarities.”

“Travel across the pond and tell me how many people you meet who turn into bears.”

*Point taken. Still...* “Whilst we’re on the topic, have you seen Brother Bear?” It was one of Disney’s most underrated movies, in Dream’s opinion. “I usually like the ones with princesses best, but-“

A snort cuts him off. “*Of course* you do.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Dream isn’t upset, merely curious.

George gives a roll of his eyes, as if Dream is seeking the answer to an absurdly simple question. “Isn’t it obvious? You’re *clearly* a romantic. Disney probably helped you foster those unrealistic ideals of *true love*.”

“I won’t deny I’m passionate, but I’m not naïve,” Dream refuted “and there’s nothing wrong with wanting to fall in love, George.” *I’m actually kind of sad for you, if you think there is.* “I’m not ashamed to admit that I do want that for my future.”

“Well, don’t expect me to sweep you off your feet, *princess*.” George seems unaffected by his confident words, but Dream can see that his cheeks have turned a little pink.

“I would *never*,” Dream says, tone mocking “besides, you’re hardly some Disney prince, George. If anything you’re like one of the Dwarves from Snow White, expecting me to cook and clean for you.”

“Oh shut up.”

*Wow. He didn’t like that.* Because he can’t resist teasing George, Dream twists the knife a little further. “Grumpy as well, *and* short.”

“I am *not* short. I’m of perfectly average height. You’re just absurdly tall. Like, like...” George trails off, clearly wracking his brain for some kind of suitably insulting comparison “you’re like one of those dumb trees from The Wizard of Oz.” Judging by the slight cringe he gives after speaking, he realises how weak his retort is.

Dream gives a wheezing laugh. “Okay, Sleeping Beauty.” He pulls off his blanket, putting it aside, careful not to hit George’s tail or feet. “I’m going to start on dinner now. I know you drank a lot of my cum, but I doubt it constituted as a proper substitute for lunch. You must be a hungry little kitty.”

“I fucking hate you.”

“Sure you do, sweetheart. That’s why you were begging me to let you cum, right?” Dream barely manages to dodge the cushion that comes flying his way, eyes wide at just how *fast* George had reacted. His reflexes really were on a completely different scale. “Brat.”

George merely hums at the word, returning to licking at his hands methodically. He speaks between slurps, and Dream can only be glad he has an excuse to return to the kitchen, because those sounds are *sinful* “I hope you made dessert.”

Dream didn’t have a lot of experience cooking pineapple themed desserts, so he’d had no choice but to settle for something simple. “Pineapple pancakes.” George seemed to like pancakes, so hopefully it would be enough to placate him-

“Pancakes again?” He huffed. “Fine, whatever. Just make it *good*.”

“George-“ Dream’s reply is cut off by the sound of George’s phone vibrating, and he pulls it from the pocket of his pyjama pants. He gets a glimpse of a generic iPhone wallpaper, before George sits up to swipe it open. He gives another dramatic huff at what he finds.

“Quackity sending me another stupid meme again,” he murmured, thumbing out a (likely) caustic reply “honestly, he should be enjoying his holiday. It’s not like he gets to travel often...” There’s a tinge of regret here, which Dream mentally makes note of.

It seemed like George felt a little guilty about that. It wasn’t exactly a secret that Quackity’s movements were hindered because he needed to help care for George. George had seemed shameless about this before, but evidently it affected him...

“Are you going to stare at me all evening like a creep, or make yourself useful?” George’s voice is sharp, likely he’s realised his mistake. ~~A mistake to George, Dream saw nothing wrong with being open about your feelings.~~ “You aren’t taking up space in *my* apartment just to stand around gawking like an idiot.”

*There he goes. Deflecting to hide his vulnerabilities. This **isn’t** what I had in mind for aftercare.*

“Sorry,” he wants to appease George, keep him in a relatively soothed mood after their...*eventful* day “just can’t help but stare at you. You’re so pretty.”

George scoffs, but his tail unwinds, swishing happily at the praise.

It’s enough of a reward for Dream, and this time when he excuses himself, he actually leaves.

---

Dream contemplates serving George’s dinner with a glass of hybrid-friendly milk, but ultimately decides against it. Partially, this is because he doesn’t want to end up *wearing* the dairy product, but the main reason is because he doesn’t know how much water George has drank today, and he wants him hydrated.

The pitcher of water is chilled, and he pours carefully into a tall glass. He holds back a satisfied grin when George practically downs the thing, before commencing to dig into the plate of food sitting before him. A relatively simple dish of schnitzel and vegetables, gravy drizzled generously over the top. He’d prepared it with George’s dietary requirements in mind, no cream in the gravy.

The cock-warming and subsequent blow-job must have worked up George’s appetite, because he doesn’t even bother giving any snide little critiques as he eats. He’s half-way done before Dream has even properly started, and Dream cautions him gently “Food’s not going anywhere, baby. Don’t rush, you’ll upset your stomach.”

“Shut up.” George snaps, but he does indeed slow his pace, taking sips of water in between swallowing. When he’s finished he’s quiet, content, for once not needling Dream as he eats his own meal. He patiently waits for dessert, and nibbles at it with more restraint. He doesn’t go so far as thanking Dream once he’s done, but when Dream rises to collect his plate, his tail reaches out, hooking on Dream’s hand again, like it had earlier. George sighs, immediately reaching forward to snatch it away, but the damage is done, Dream is grinning dopily like a fool again.

“You’re welcome.” He says over his shoulder, as he begins rinsing the plates and cutlery in the



sink. George's ears flick back at the harsh sound of the spray, and he's relieved (as always) when the tap is screwed off, and Dream stacks everything dirty in the dishwasher.

George can't help but enjoy the domestic display, pleased at the sight of ~~his~~ the human taking care of him. He's been well-fed, properly doted on, and even watched a movie with someone other than Quackity for the first time in a long time. He feels...relaxed, and all of the overthinking that had started to hit him in the bath earlier (after the glow of his orgasm had ended) has faded. He doesn't regret *anything*, and he feels...happy with Dream. Sure, he was infuriating with his teasing, but George knew deep-down that if Dream *didn't* tease, he'd just get bored with him. It only made it all the more fun to rile him up for revenge.

He kind of wants Dream to pet his ears again, just for the comfort and soothing, but he doesn't quite feel confident enough yet to approach him in such a...sincere manner. It was different when he was riling Dream up. There was no vulnerability in that.

He didn't think Dream would hurt him, but George had always had issues opening up to people. He needed more time to work up the nerve to approach him, particularly when his human side was in full control.

Once he's drank enough water, he reaches for the pitcher to hand it to Dream. He could always get up and put it in the refrigerator himself, but he's too full and lazy to bother right now. ~~Also it needed to be refilled, and George was not going near the sink when he had Dream to do it for him.~~

Their fingers graze against one another, and just for a moment, George stills, enjoying the innocent contact. He doesn't move a muscle, but Dream inches his fingers further up his hand, feather-light. George startles somewhat when the man suddenly leans down to press a kiss to the delicate skin there, the pitcher jerking.

But he doesn't pull away. He closes his eyes, sighs, enjoys *affection*. He knows Dream probably needs this as well, he was clearly cuddly. George was honestly surprised (and impressed) that he'd refrained from trying to touch him on the lounge earlier-

"You did so good today." Dream tells him when he pulls away, carefully taking the pitcher with him. He's so soft, green eyes practically *molten* "I wasn't exaggerating when I said I was proud of you, George."

Because he knows not saying anything kind in return will be cruel (and that Dream deserves some appreciation of his own), George forces the words out of clenched teeth "Right back at you." It's such an embarrassing, *stupid* thing to say, but Dream lights up like he's been awarded a Sainthood, all golden mussed hair and crooked grin, smattered freckles so *cute*-

"You aren't so bad for a brat, George."

"Wish I could say the same, but I still find you barely tolerable. Now hurry up, I'm tired and want to sit on the lounge again." The '*with you*' is left unsaid, but judging by the way Dream hastens to obey, he interprets it nonetheless.

*This new experience isn't as scary as I first thought. I'm almost **glad** Quackity went away.*

---

"I'm sure he's fine, dude," Sapnap reassures Quackity, as the man stares at his phone with a lost

kind of expression “Dream’s a good guy, remember? He’ll be taking good care of him.”

“My brother isn’t just some domestic cat, Sapnap.” Quackity’s voice is a little testy, and Karl and Sapnap exchange looks. Although Quackity tended to be light-hearted most of the time, once he got in one of his bad moods...it was hard to get him out of it. Not really ideal for a vacation. “You have *no idea* what he can get like, and he isn’t exactly honest with me, either.”

“He just wants you to have a good time.” Karl said, dropping down onto the bed to bump his shoulder against Quackity’s. “I know he has a habit of down-playing things, but you can at least trust Dream to be honest. He’s not the type of guy to lie, especially about something important like the wellbeing of another person.”

Karl, as reasonable and optimistic as ever. Usually his kind words are enough to penetrate any of Sapnap or Quackity’s fits of temper, but today Quackity only shakes his head, a pinched expression of stress on his face. He draws into himself a little, gaze still fixed on his phone. “I *know* Dream’s a good guy, but I can’t shake the feeling that something is wrong.”

“You sure?” Sapnap doesn’t sound impressed, arching an eyebrow at the sulking man. “Cause it sounds to me like you think my *best friend* is mistreating your brother.”

“*Sapnap.*” Karl cautions. He knows this is not a safe conversation for them to have right now. Both of his boyfriends’ are barely skirting around antagonising one another, respectively ~~over~~ protective of the men they consider (or at least in Sapnap’s case) to be brothers. For all Quackity and George roasted one another, and for as competitive and prone to petty arguments Sapnap and Dream could be, they were *family*. As such they were usually off limits for any harsh criticism.

“Well, how do I know he isn’t?” Predictably, Quackity reacts to the distaste in Sapnap’s tone, never one to back down from a challenge. There was a reason he’d been the prime member of his debate teams throughout high school, and now university. He seldom lost an argument, which was why Karl always tried so hard to keep the peace, because Sapnap was *stubborn*. “The information he’s giving me about George just doesn’t correlate with his usual patterns of behaviour. When I first met George, it took him *weeks* to even approach me, let alone speak. And now Dream’s telling me they’re eating meals together, and hanging out? Something doesn’t add up.”

*Here we go.* Karl holds back a sigh, intending to cut in before Sapnap gets too heated and makes an insensitive comment-

“Sounds to me like you’re just jealous, Quackity. It’s not Dream’s fault George is warming up to him so quickly. Maybe he’s just more likeable on first impression.”

***Fantastic.*** *Why’d I have to end up with such nimrods?* “Alright, I think that’s enough-“

“Or maybe he’s using that manipulative streak of his to control George. Dream seems perfect on the surface, but all three of us know he has it in him to be controlling towards others. Right, Karl?”

A common tactic of Quackity’s. Seeking evidence or verbal confirmation to the point he is presenting. Most of the time Karl had no problem backing him up, but he usually drew the line when it came to ‘picking sides’ in a quarrel such as this. A quarrel he didn’t want *any* involvement in. “Quackity, I’m not contributing to this-“

“I think it’s more likely George is terrorising *him*. Cutesy shy act aside, George has a nasty temper and sharp claws. You’ve seen how hard he can scratch, haven’t you Karl?”

Indeed, both Karl and Sapnap had been on the receiving end of clawing from George, but Karl had

always resolved not to hold a grudge against the hybrid. He'd always been touchy, and he'd (unthinkingly) reached out to pull George into a one-armed hug once when he'd visited the apartment. Needless to say, George hadn't reacted well. There was so much blood initially, that Karl had worried he'd need stitches. It was one of the only times he'd seen Quackity seriously lose his temper at George, outside of all of their normal play-bickering. Not that George seemed to have taken the words in, too emotionally and physically frazzled to notice much but the tone of voice, and the stranger that had tried to embrace him.

Definitely a one step forward, two steps back scenario. Karl had been so happy to be invited to Quackity's place, to have George's reluctant permission. He'd screwed up big time, and even now George refused to come out of his room when he visited.

And he'd been interacting with him far longer than Dream. So in a way, Karl sympathised with Quackity's suspicion. It was extremely out of character for George to be so friendly. It made sense Quackity was wary.

That said, he still (mostly) agreed with Sapnap on this one. His own optimistic personality aside, Karl truly didn't believe Dream was the kind of man to take advantage of (or terrorise) someone. Sure, Dream could be controlling, and had a mean competitive streak, but he wasn't...*cruel*.

Being neutral wasn't easy. "I-"

"Fucking *excuse me?*" Quackity's voice is deadly, *daring* Sapnap to repeat himself.

Of course, Sapnap doubles down. "You fucking heard me. George isn't some innocent baby."

"Of course he isn't." Karl cuts in, somewhat frantically, because Quackity's expression is now cold, calculated. He's preparing to verbally obliterate an opponent, not argue with his boyfriend. In contrast, Sapnap's face is beginning to flush in anger. "He's a grown man. We all know that."

"Then why does Quackity insist on babying him?"

*Sweet Jesus. We're in for it now.*

"I know your vocabulary can be limited, Sapnap, and that your understanding of social interaction is very basic, so I'll explain it *real simple* for your backwards Texan brain, since you're *obviously* confused. Extending someone common human decency and being mindful of their struggles isn't *infantilising* them."

"Well what do you call excusing how he hurts others? Of letting him dictate your life-"

"No." Karl cuts in, adamantly, because *there is no going back* from this. Sapnap has vented his frustration with Quackity's situation in the past, but they'd always had an unspoken agreement to let their other boyfriend deal with things himself. Quackity was fully capable of making his own decisions, after all. "No more. That's *enough*-"

"You know what?" Quackity says, composed, even when his eyes are icier than Siberia. "How fucking *dare you*. Accusing him of acting, like he doesn't have *panic attacks* at the mere idea of opening the front door, as if it doesn't *kill him* having to deal with all that hybrid shit. I thought you knew how to show a little fucking compassion, but obviously I was wrong about you. You're just a big jerk."

"Oh yeah, make it about him. Maybe *I* was wrong about *you*, and you're just a commitment-phobe, using him as an excuse not to get an apartment with Karl and I. How do you expect us all to have a real relationship when you're so dedicated to George?"

“How foolish of me. Here I was thinking what we had *was* real. Thanks for correcting me.” Quackity’s too controlled to show hurt, but Karl *knows* Sapnap’s words have stung him. That he’s upset.

For the first time, Sapnap appears regretful for his words, unable to entirely suppress a wince. But he’s too bull-headed to stop. “Right back at you. If what we had was *really* real, you’d choose *us* over-“

“NO MORE.” Karl repeats, and this time he yells the words, standing up and bodily getting between his two boyfriends. He doesn’t expect a physical altercation to break out, but breaking their concentration might be enough to prompt them to cool down before anything *worse* can be said. Already they’d told one another horrible, mean things, and if Karl didn’t snap, it would only get worse. He already feared how long it would take the pair of them to recover from this quarrel, without adding more insults to fume over. “*Seriously*,” he goes on, firmly “you’re both acting like major assholes! You aren’t behaving *anything* like the men I decided to go on vacation with!”

Sapnap and Quackity both have the sense to appear shame-faced, and after a long pause of silence, Sapnap storms out of the bedroom, the door to their hotel room slamming shut a few moments later.

Karl sighs. The man was in such a rush, he probably didn’t take his key-card. That meant he’d have to stick around instead of taking a calming walk himself, since Quackity would probably be too petty to let Sapnap back in when he returned. “Quack-“

“Sorry for involving you in that. It wasn’t fair of me.” Quackity mumbled, not looking him in the eye as he apologised. “Do you think I could have some time alone? I need to think.”

Stewing over a fight was bad for anyone, but it was particularly toxic for Quackity, who tended to pick apart words and over-analyse. Sapnap didn’t typically hold a grudge, but this time...

“Okay.” Karl needed a little time alone himself, so he didn’t protest. It wouldn’t be outside in the fresh air, but a light-hearted Netflix show would do for now. “Love you.” It was a routine for Karl, to say these words. He never left either of his boyfriends alone without telling them how much he adored them, even if (on a rare occasion) *he* was the one annoyed.

“Same.”

Karl feels something inside of him relax, affirmed by the words. If Quackity hadn’t answered, or *denied* him...

*This can be fixed. It **has** to.* Karl couldn’t even begin to contemplate a future without them. Or with one absent. It would leave a gap that could never be filled. *I hope we can still enjoy our day tomorrow. I don’t want our vacation to be ruined.*

I thought that considering George's track record with new people, Quackity might have been getting a little suspicious at how well he and Dream are getting along, so I added that last bit. Don't worry though, the conflict between those three won't be a huge part of the story, although I could always write something separate to expand upon it more later :D

Thanks again to everyone who has left Kudos and commented! I'm always grateful for feedback, but it was especially appreciated after the last chapter because I was kind of nervous to post it :)

I'm feeling pretty motivated to finish this fic by the end of the year, so I'm going to try and write the best I can when I'm not busy to try and achieve that. I'm about 3k words into the draft of the next chapter, so I'm hoping to give you guys a new chapter by the weekend, if all goes according to plan <3

## Chapter 9

### Chapter Summary

Dream balances pleasure with pain.

George wants both in equal measure.

### Chapter Notes

Hi! Sorry this chapter is late, but instead of just posting half earlier, I decided to combine two for a longer chapter, since some of you said you preferred that, and I think it blends together a little better :) Apologies also for the super late replies to comments, I've been busy lately, and when I have had the spare time I've been trying my hardest to write/edit, so I have been online less to avoid distraction.

Anyways, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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In the midst of so much (delightful) chaos, Dream had forgotten about the catnip he had purchased when he'd gone grocery shopping. It sits innocuously in an unpacked brown paper-bag, and Dream immediately places it somewhere darker and cooler, having read the instructions on how to store the dried leaves before buying the small jar.

A part of him is disappointed he hadn't used the catnip when he'd been trying his hand at aftercare the night previous, but another part (the more logical side, not overtaken with the adorable image of George patting the stuff with his hands and purring, much like Patches does) reasons that the reception to such an action might not have been positive. It was mostly the human side of George that had been in control last night, and the coaxing to behave more feline might have been mistaken as Dream being weird, or demeaning.

He still *really* wants to see George's reaction to the catnip, though. If it's anything like George's other hybrid tendencies, Dream will find it just as fascinating, or endearing. And yet he's logical enough to be conscious of the fact that George is not some domestic pet, and that perhaps cooing and snapping pictures (as he'd likely be tempted) would be considered insulting to the man.

Dream muses on the dilemma he's having as he cooks breakfast the next morning, frying up some bacon and eggs, pairing the greasy breakfast with some toast and juice. He also sets out George's hybrid-friendly milk when he hears the soft sound of the apartment's pipes creaking (an indication that George has risen and is taking a morning bath) as well as one of his favoured bowls.

It was a later breakfast this morning, both men evidently feeling tired after the events of the day (and night) previous. It was a lot of emotional upheaval, and as much as they'd enjoyed it, it had still been *exhausting*. ~~Even if Dream's dick had recovered remarkably fast, and he'd jerked off in the shower that night to the memory of George's mouth around his cock.~~

It's near mid-morning, and so far Dream had spent a little time doing some general cleaning and maintenance. Unstacking the dishwasher, wiping down the counters and giving the floors a quick mop. George was particular, and he didn't want to give the hybrid any ammunition to complain about him being 'sloppy', even if Dream wasn't this fastidious about cleaning his own apartment. The place wasn't a mess, but he certainly didn't clean *every* day. He wondered if Quackity did here, or if George was just playing him for a laugh...

It helped clear his mind, at least. Gave him time to think over how everything had gone yesterday, to come up with ways to improve. He was a little embarrassed that he hadn't known about the erogenous zone on the base of a cat's tail, something he'd Googled on his phone last night. At least George had enjoyed it, and not turned into a spitting, hissing mess.

Instead he'd been a *drooling* mess, jaw stretched wide, eyes watering and cheeks flushed. Certainly not a mental picture Dream would forget any time soon. Somehow the image was more arousing than any porn he had browsed. Any other sex he had experienced, even.

Like Dream had predicted when he'd started pouring a little olive oil into the pan, it's the scent of the food that wakes George up, and the man comes slinking into the kitchen, hair mostly wet from his bath, smelling of that distinctive bodywash. Not exactly musky like Dream's own, but not sickly sweet or floral, either. Maybe a little fruity, but not in a strictly feminine sense (not that there'd be anything wrong with that). It's outdoorsy. Fresh.

Dream wants to bury his face into the crook of George's neck, to bite down on the jut of his collarbone, to travel down his chest, towards those dusky pink nipples he's only gotten the barest of glimpses of through the man's shirts-

He settles for a bright "Good morning!"

George rolls his eyes at the cheerful greeting, taking his seat with an indecipherable grumble. Like he has each morning so far, he reaches for the milk, pouring a generous amount into the bowl. Dream knows to look away from the sight, not wanting to spring a boner so soon. Still, the little slurping sounds stir his imagination, so he focuses on plating up the bacon and eggs, deciding to playfully arrange the food into the shape of one of those cheesy smiley faces.

He bites back a grin as he pushes George's plate just under his nose, the hybrid's pink tongue licking up a dot of milk that has spilled on his hand. It takes him a moment to look up, but when he does the look he angles at Dream is utterly unimpressed. "What are you, my mother?"

"More like your loving spouse." Dream retorted, plopping down on his own seat to begin eating. "Do you like it, honey?"

"You're an idiot." George says flatly, but his claws flex around the cutlery in his hands.

Resolving not to tease any further until George has gotten some food into him (his mood usually improved after a meal, maybe another cat thing) Dream cuts into his bacon. The silence is comfortable as they eat, and Dream's brain returns to the jar of catnip in the cupboard. Should he surprise George with it later? Or ask if he wanted some? It had been a gift, so Dream would prefer to be spontaneous, but-

“Did you know you look constipated when you think?”

It's Dream's turn to roll his eyes. *There he goes, using an insult to start a conversation. Typical.* “Actually I've been told I look sexy, in the past-“

“Hmm, I just realised I don't care.” George cut him off rudely, before continuing, a little more amiably “What...were you thinking about anyway?”

Dream feels a sense of giddiness. George was talking to him. *Normally.* This was progress. Impressive, considering how little time they have spent together. Maybe at this rate, he could end his caregiving stint with them as (fucking) friends? ~~A part of him was craving something more, but he wouldn't acknowledge this yet.~~ “Just that you're cute in the mornings.” Dream replies, finally deciding to surprise George later with the catnip. He doubted after everything they'd done, *this* would be the thing to offend him. If it did, he could always grovel in apology. That would undoubtedly cheer George up. Dream wouldn't pressure him to ‘use’ it either. “When you don't have that sour expression on.”

“Force of habit.” George said, although his cheeks had turned a little pink at the unexpected compliment. “My face usually does that when I have to deal with someone annoying.”

“Still pretty.” Dream shrugs, because he knows it will fluster George more than a returning insult will. “You know, I've never met someone who looks so perfect in the mornings. You look handsome even with sleep crust in your eyes.”

As Dream had predicted, George's face only reddens further. “Wish I could return the favour, but you look like a pile of burning rubbish in the mornings. It's lucky you're a good chef, otherwise I wouldn't be able to bear looking at you.”

“Ouch,” Dream mockingly clutches at his chest, fake wincing at the acidic words “you're lucky I'm a confident guy, George, otherwise you might make me cry.”

“*Over*confident.” George corrected. “Or perhaps ‘cocky’ is the better word for it.”

“So...you're still thinking about it?” Dream just can't resist. Bantering with George is so *fun*. They match one another's wit perfectly, and unlike Sapnap, he doesn't get genuinely pissed off. He just fumes a little. “I'm flattered it left such an impression on you-“

“It was more imposing than you.” George says, brutally honest. Although he still felt a degree of trepidation towards Dream, his usual anxiety towards strangers had abated startlingly fast. He never would have thought in a million years he'd get so close to another person, and *like* it. “Once you get past your height, you're just an overgrown golden retriever. Are you sure you don't have any hybrid DNA?”

“Dead sure.” Having hybrid DNA wasn't something that could easily be overlooked. “If I was a dog hybrid, I'm pretty sure I'd have less self-control.”

George laughs, and it's barbed enough for Dream to know it's at his expense “I just had the *funniest* mental image of you humping me like a mutt.”

*Oh okay.* Dream feels a spark of challenge, his competitive side rising unbidden “You didn't exactly exhibit exemplary self-control yourself yesterday, George. If I remember correctly, it was *you* whining for more.” *It's on.*

“And it was *you* who came on my terms. Don't twist the narrative.”



“Oh, come off it-“

“You’re not intimidating.” George interjected, and the look he angles Dream is full of challenge. There’s a tinge of expectation there swimming in his eyes, apprehension and desire. Dream realises suddenly that George *wants* something, that their usual bickering has ventured into *different* territory. When Dream takes a moment to take stock of the situation, to try and read George, the hybrid in question apparently grows bored, giving a more *obvious* hint through gritted teeth. “You’re not in charge.”

*Message received.* Dream makes a show of straightening his casual posture. Not enough to loom threateningly over George, but enough to emphasise their height difference, the difference in their shoulder width. He sees George eye his biceps, exposed in the tank top he’s wearing, and waits for him to look him in the face again, deliberately arching an eyebrow and angling him a vaguely amused (but properly firm) look. His voice is stern when he speaks, words less scripted than usual, if only because Dream had been fantasising about this kind of interaction in his free time. “I let you get away with a lot, George, because I find your attempts at being in control cute, but don’t think I won’t hesitate to put you in your place for mouthing off again.”

“Like you did yesterday?” George tries for flippant, but his tail gives him away. It’s swishing in excitement again.

“No,” Dream says, and perhaps he’s too sadistic, but he *relishes* in the disappointment George hastily conceals, the drop in his face forming into a sulky pout within mere seconds “you liked that too much yesterday, it was hardly a punishment. I have something different in mind for disrespectful brats.”

“And?” George is demanding, but there’s no hiding his interest. His intrigue. He’d initiated this, after all. It wasn’t unwelcome, but Dream had been a little taken-aback at how soon he’d wanted to start...*playing* again. “What are you going to do, Dream? Put me in time-out?” He’s goading, *daring* Dream to put him in his place. “I mean, you can if you want. I might just need a break from your stupidity.”

Because Dream is going for shock value (and because he knows the look on George’s face will be priceless) he tells him, bluntly “I’m going to spank you.” And *oh*, the straightforwardness is *worth it*, because George’s *breath catches*. It’s a soft little hitch, pink lips *trembling* for the briefest of moments, something in the edges of his sharp gaze *softening*. He looks sweet like this, submissive, like he’d *melt* if Dream reached out for him-

“You wouldn’t have the nerve.”

Of course George recovers quickly, but Dream hadn’t expected his victory to last long. George was too quick-witted for that. Still, the satisfaction is immense enough that he doesn’t immediately follow through with his earlier threat, merely giving a chuckle, enjoying how George begins to ...*squirm*, ever so slightly. “I guess we’ll see about that, won’t we?” Let George stew, let him work up some anticipation. Let him *sweat*, just a little. Unlike yesterday, Dream wasn’t going to just snap and give everything to George at once. This time, there would be some build-up. Undoubtedly the spanking would be a punishment, but it would be no fun if a part of George didn’t *want* it. “By the way,” he goes on, when George rolls his eyes at the neutral response “have you got any plans today?”

“Do you seriously want me to check my schedule so I can pencil a spanking in?” George deadpanned.

“No,” that would ruin the spontaneity “I had another surprise for you. Just wanted to know when

you were-“

“What sort of surprise?”

“Nothing bad,” Dream reassured, when George eyed him with open suspicion “I actually got it as a treat for you yesterday, before...” He trailed off, hoping George would understand without him needing to go into specifics.

“You mean before I sucked your dick and you gave me nothing in return like a heartless monster?”

“Rewriting history, I see.”

“Oh Dream, your dick is hardly anything to write home about.”

Dream feels his jaw clench, the temptation to take George across his knee *now* almost insurmountable. He valiantly holds himself back though, not wanting to fall victim to George’s impatience. The hybrid obviously wanted to see what he was in for sooner rather than later. It made him seriously question whether the build-up was worth it...

But the mental image of George rolling around happily in some catnip is enough to cool him down, and he turns away from the goading man, resolving to find something else to occupy himself with in the meanwhile. He’d surprise George with the catnip after lunch. “I’d hope you wouldn’t write anything about it,” he said, good-humouredly “I have a feeling Quackity might just murder me.” When George merely hums, Dream grimaces. Such a response didn’t make him feel confident. It only made him feel like some dirty pervert taking advantage of his friend’s trust...

“If I didn’t want you to touch me, you would no longer have eyes,” George reminded Dream, loftily “you’d be blind, or covered in stitches. Perhaps both. That’s assuming you’d even get near me. I’m awfully good at hiding, you know.”

Dream turns just in time to catch a cheeky wink, and feels a sense of relief. *I have to try not to forget*, he thinks, watching as George slinks from the kitchen without another word, tail swishing out of the back of his customised pants *George isn’t a child. He’s had no problem telling me what he wants so far. I mean, it’s not like I’m fucking him on Quackity’s **bed** or something.*

Still, the unease niggled at him slightly, particularly when he wasn’t busy ~~or swooning over George~~ he couldn’t help but wonder...how would Quackity react if he found out Dream and George had struck up this kind of relationship? Sure, it was all consensual, but considering George’s issues controlling his hybrid side, would Quackity even take his word for it? Would he think George was being manipulated, or something?

As if there was some eavesdropping communicator rattling around in his brain, Dream hears his phone vibrate. He feels his body tense up, wondering if it’s a text from Quackity confronting him...

Nope. It was Sapnap. Although the message *was* kind of odd.

*Dude, are you doing okay?*

Dream hadn’t given any indication otherwise, but he still replied immediately nonetheless. *Fine, Sap. Everything okay on your end?*

No reply.

*Huh.* Dream opens up Google, deciding to do a bit of quick research in regards to catnip before

giving some to George. Just to be safe. *Weird.*

---

“This tastes like trash.”

George’s voice is uppity, antagonising. He’s peering at Dream audaciously, chin rested on one of his hands. The other twirls a fork absent-mindedly, long fingers with perfectly maintained nails. His claws are withdrawn for the moment, a sign that he isn’t bothered half as much as he’s pretending.

“It’s a sandwich.” Dream says, after swallowing his own mouthful. His eyes can’t help but trace the movement of George’s fingers, and he takes a hasty bite when George suddenly puts the fork down with a clatter, bringing the tip of his forefinger to his mouth. He sucks on it with a faux air of ‘distractedness’, all pink pouted lips and ridiculously widened eyes, as if Dream would fall for *that*. If George wasn’t a feline hybrid, he’d think him some kind of rare viper breed. As it was... *Fuck, I want him to suck my fingers like that. Get them nice and wet, feel the roughness of his tongue-*

The finger is pulled away, slick with saliva. “What great powers of observation.”

Dream makes sure to chew properly this time, not wanting a repeat of yesterday when he’d accidentally spat out his sushi. “Everyone likes sandwiches, George-“

“Not *everyone*-“

“The list Quackity gave me said you like them.” A bit of a lie, Quackity *had* said George liked burgers, but what was a sandwich, if not a simpler type of burger? “And it doesn’t have any salad, just how you like.” Not particularly healthy, but Dream thought he’d done well so far on the nutritional standpoint. “C’mon, sweetheart,” he puts on a pout of his own, matching George’s exaggeratedly batting eyelashes. He wonders if he looks as cute as George, or just like he’s got conjunctivitis. “I slaved *for five minutes* to make you that sandwich-“

“I don’t care if it took you five hours. I’m not eating this shit.” George pushes his plate forward, food completely untouched. His tail is flicking from side to side playfully, ears facing forward. “I want something different, *now*. And if you call me sweetheart again, I’ll smash that plate over your big dumb head.”

George really *was* doubling down on the insults and brattiness. Pushing, and pushing *hard*. What else could Dream do, but react? He couldn’t exactly let the little shit get away with it. “George-“

“I said *now*, idiot.”

Dream follows suit, pushing aside his own plate. He doesn’t feel hungry anymore. Or at least, not the *same* sort of hunger. He’s got a healthy level of annoyance simmering in his veins, affront at the rude treatment and challenging of his authority. “I’m getting a little tired of that ungrateful attitude of yours, George. At this rate, you won’t be getting your surprise.” He adds the last little bit just to dangle the mystery over George’s head, to keep him *compliant* just a little longer. Because even if George wants to be spanked, he *also* wants to know what ‘reward’ Dream has been mentioning. The only thing the hybrid’s brain could do...

Was cancel both out.

With a strangled, very *feline* growl, George snatches his sandwich, incisors sinking into the bread and ripping off a strip. He chews obnoxiously loud, clearly aiming to irritate Dream further, but the man merely smiles at the compliance, reaching across the table to firmly (but gently) pat him on the cheek, bulging with half-chewed mush. “See? Was that so bad, *kitty*?” He keeps his hand there, enjoying the flood of warmth at the pet-name, a darker part of his mind musing on how wonderful it will be later, to feel the heat coming from *another* kind of cheek...

George’s Addams apple is prominent as he swallows, bobbing up and down temptingly. Dream wants to kiss him there, nibble on the rest of that perfectly unblemished neck...

“I’m going into the lounge room,” Dream informs George, after another moment of enjoying George’s (resentful) obedience “don’t come out until you’ve eaten the rest of your lunch like a good boy, okay? Naughty kittens don’t get treats.”

“You better make it worth my while.” George’s voice comes out muffled, a crumb dotting his upper lip. Dream uses the pad of his finger to wipe it away, and George’s mouth *quivers*, so sensitive and receptive to the briefest of touches. Dream wonders how he kisses, how much experience he has. He finds he doesn’t mind if George is inexperienced, that he wouldn’t mind teaching him, even if it’s a little sloppy and awkward, because it’s *George*, and George is- “And by ‘worth my while’, I mean this better not just be another stupid Disney film you want to watch together.”

An utter asshole.

“All of your lunch.” Dream repeats, standing up and tucking his chair in. He’ll eat the rest of his sandwich later. “If I see you’ve tossed it in the trash, I’ll be pissed. You don’t throw tantrums and waste food.”

“Seriously, *are* you into Mummy roleplay? Next thing you’ll be telling me there’s starving kids all over the world who’d kill to have my food.”

“I mean, it is true-“

“Ugh, *get out*. Eating this dry sandwich is bad enough without you doing the *Mum bit*.”

“Showing concern for world hunger doesn’t make me maternal, George. It makes me caring.”

“Don’t you have my surprise to be setting up, or something?”

*Petulant*. Dream raises his hands, waving the metaphorical white flag. “Give me a couple of minutes, okay? Wanna make everything perfect for my good boy.”

“I’m not a dog.” For a moment, Dream’s heart seizes in his chest, but then-“but I guess humans can be good boys too, right? Although you’re more of the dog variety, Dream. Still certain you aren’t part canine hybrid?”

“Just focus on eating your food, George.”

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Dream sprinkles some of the dry leaves sparingly onto the rug in the lounge room, fingers pinching out carefully measured amounts. From internet research and ~~hastily consulting a vet friend earlier~~

he knows that felines can't *overdose* from catnip, but he's unsure whether George has experienced it before. He doesn't want to risk overwhelming him, or making too big of a mess.

Fortunately, he doesn't have to worry much on the 'mess' front. He'd discovered the expensive looking rug had some deep claw marks in it the last time he'd vacuumed. Clearly George had used it as a substitute scratching post at some point, and neither he or Quackity had bothered replacing it.

A part of him had half-expected George to come skittering around the corner the moment he'd unscrewed the lid of the jar, pupils blown and cute little nose twitching, but clearly he was no hound dog, and even if he had got a little waft of something different, he wasn't concerned enough to investigate. It really would be fascinating, to learn how advanced George's sense of smell was...

Dream tries to distribute the catnip evenly, but barely manages to thin out the clump before he hears George's chair scrape underneath the table, and he quickly shoves the closed jar behind his back. He can't trust his own ears with George's movements, not when the hybrid was so light on his feet. George had already demonstrated how easily he could sneak up on Dream, and Dream didn't want to be startled, and, in turn, startle George. It would ruin the surprise.

When George peeks into the room, it's with a sense of trepidation, as if he's worried Dream is about to set off fireworks, or something else noisy. It's a natural sort of caution, illustrated by his stiff posture, shown in the positioning of his ears and the movement of his tail. As much as George had seemed keen for the surprise, his hybrid side seemed less inclined towards displays of whimsy. Which made sense, Dream reasoned, since cats were the types of creatures who disliked being well, *surprised*.

When George isn't immediately bombarded with anything loud or obscenely colourful, he relaxes somewhat, coming to peek over the edges of the couch. Dream observes him carefully, unable to hold back a grin when George's eyes light up, and his tail puffs out slightly, quivering with excitement. The man himself tries to play it cool though, keeping his expression perfectly apathetic as he drones out "You got me weed?"

Dream's smile abruptly drops in confusion, and he glances back over to the catnip. Asides from the stuff being green and also a plant, it didn't resemble marijuana all that much. Had George seriously never seen marijuana before? Dream had never been one for recreational drugs, but he'd at least had the opportunity to see all varieties of the plant at college parties...

*But Quackity said George did 'university' online. He's probably never been to **any** party, let alone a college one where people are doing bong rips or eating hash brownies. It wouldn't be weird if he was that naïve considering his inexperience. Shit, does he think I'm trying to get him **high**?* "Um, not exactly. I don't actually do drugs, you know," Dream's words come spewing out of his mouth, and he can feel his forehead beginning to bead with nervous sweat as George blinks at him, displaying all of that innocence the outside world hasn't had a chance to crush yet "I don't have anything against people that do, it's just...not for me. I like to be in control all of the time. Obviously. I mean," his laugh rattles somewhat nasally from his nostrils "you know that, *obviously*."

"Wow. That's a lot to unpack, Dream. So you've never smoked...not even once?" George's thick lashes bat up at him, head cocked slightly to the side as he waits patiently for an answer.

*Is...is he testing me or something? I can't tell.* Dream clears his throat, finding his mouth has suddenly dried up. "Well, I tried a cigarette one time, but I hated it so-"

"Naughty boy," George cuts in, and his sweet, innocent façade *cracks*, a devious smirk lifting the

corners of his full lips “maybe *I* should be the one giving *you* a spanking.”

The faintly queasy feeling that had begun to churn in Dream’s gut quickly abates, replaced with red hot anger. He realises, with an embarrassed sense of defeat, that George has played him *again*. Likely George’s original comment was just a dumb joke, but he’d kept the bit going when he realised how flustered it was making Dream. How could it not fluster Dream, when he was so determined to be a good ~~caretaker~~ *temporary roommate* for George? He wanted to set a good example for him, *take care of him*, not get him *fucking baked*. “George-“

“You really care a lot about what other people think.” George doesn’t sound scornful. He seems...*sincere*. There’s nothing mean-spirited in the way he looks at Dream, he’s just...curious. Playful. As Dream watches, George shrugs his shoulders, averting his gaze with a soft sigh. “Can’t relate, I guess. People get one look at the cat appendages and they’ve already formed an opinion of me. That, or I’ve helped them along by hissing at them or scratching.”

Dream’s bluster dies down as quickly as it had formed, the storm of fury swirling into sympathy, and care, because wow, that sounded *horrible*. Nobody was really immune to being judged (oftentimes for things they couldn’t help or change) but it was just...bad. What made it worse, was that George unwittingly contributed to it with his hybrid reactions. “George, if people are that narrow-minded, they don’t deserve your attention.”

“That *is* true.” George agrees. “Nobody deserves my attention unless I decide they’re worthy. Still...*occasionally* there’s someone I like, who I wish I hadn’t reacted so extremely to.”

Dream feels a fluttery sensation in his stomach, his heart beginning to thud harder in his chest. Was George thinking about *him*? Was he perhaps worthy for *something more* than their current sexual arrangement? Their time together last night was a promising development on that front, and if George had acknowledged it to himself-

“When Karl first visited the apartment, I clawed him up so bad Quackity thought he’d have to take him to the hospital. He’d been nothing but kind and accommodating to me, and even after that, he still insists on trying to befriend me.” The admittance is casual, but judging by the way George’s ears flick back, he isn’t being cavalier about it. Dream tries not to let his disappointment show. “The only reason I haven’t freaked out on Sapnap is probably because he keeps his distance.”

*Now that I think about it, Sapnap has never mentioned George much.* It was kind of weird, considering how chatty his best friend could be. It wasn’t like Sapnap avoided speaking about George, he just...never brought him up outside of any cursory mentions or inclusion in stories. In fact, the most Sapnap had probably spoken about George was probably when he’d been begging Dream to watch him whilst he went on vacation. “Hey, you’re not giving yourself enough credit. You haven’t hurt me, and I’ve probably done more than both of them combined to warrant any extreme reactions.”

“You’re just different, I suppose.” Dream doesn’t have much of a chance to feel proud about this before George is vaulting over the top of the lounge, landing gracefully on the rug on the other side. His pupils dilate at the sight of the catnip, and it’s with great self-restraint that he doesn’t immediately pounce onto the floor. Instead he looks back to Dream, ears facing forward again. “I haven’t had catnip since I got ‘the zoomies’ and knocked our last television over.”

And Dream struggles for a moment, because George just sounds so unintentionally *cute* in his severity. He’s never once heard anyone say the phrase ‘the zoomies’ in such a serious tone. George makes it sound like he’s giving a eulogy at a *funeral*. “Did Quackity make that ruling, or-“

“There was a lot of mess, and I cut my paws,”

He called his hands *paws*. Fuck, can he *get* any cuter?

“the television was new as well, just out of the box. We haven’t wanted to risk it since. That’s why I called it weed earlier, because Quackity says I act ‘crazy high’ whenever I’m near it.” George puffed out his cheeks for a moment, briefly frowning “or more specifically, that the ‘compound nepetalactone found in the leaves glands taps into my opioid reward system’.”

*Scientific. Quackity doesn’t half-ass his research.* Dream had learned this himself through his own research, but he was glad George had some clarity over his own natural reactions. It meant Dream didn’t have to sound like a condescending prick explaining them to him. “I can stand guard by the TV,” he said “just in case.”

“I *do* want it,” George sighed, conflicted, his gaze inching back over to the catnip strewn rug “just...don’t let me do anything too embarrassing. I tend to lose myself a bit.”

*He’s letting his guard down even further. He trusts me.* Dream opens his mouth to assure George of his intentions, but can only gape when George suddenly *flips* away from him, landing gently on his belly on the ground, legs stretched out as he *buries* his nose in a clump of catnip, clearly conceding defeat to the situational shame that had been holding him back. The purr he gives is immediate and *loud*, especially now that his mouth isn’t...*otherwise occupied*, and Dream sees a little drool dripping around the corners of his mouth, pupils blown wide as he *meows*, nibbling gently on a piece of the plant.

The reaction to the catnip was extreme. As intense as Dream would expect from Patches, if not more so. He wondered if all cat-hybrids reacted this way, or if George’s response was heightened due to the more dominant hybrid DNA he had...

It’s when George rolls onto his back, tail waving hazardously close to the television unit that Dream takes the initiative to get between him and anything else...*fragile*. The view was better here anyway, he could watch George from a closer vantage point, and since they’d agreed upon it already, he didn’t feel like a creep. He can’t smother the endeared smile on his face, the fond twinkling of his eyes as George rolls again, and *again*, playful and purring, all happy swishy tail and relaxed ears. At some point his shirt hitches up around his midsection, revealing his smooth stomach and the dip of his hips, but Dream can’t muster up any excitement over the ~~borderline~~ ~~erotic~~ sight, because George isn’t being *sexy* right now. He’s enjoying himself, indulging in something he has been denying himself of for *who knows* how long...

And asides from how *cute* George is in his state of euphoria, it’s also genuinely...*nice* to see him so happy, to see him with his guard down. As mouthy as George could be, there was always a sense of restraint there that Dream had thus far considered almost unbreachable. He’d been trying, of course, but to see the results of his progress...

To Dream’s relief, George doesn’t get a case of ‘the zoomies’ this time, his movements limited to the rug, which he rolls and flips over, occasionally rubbing his face on the fabric *just* hard enough to leave pink spots on his cheeks. After about ten minutes or so of this (the time flies by so quickly to Dream, who feels as if he could watch George all day without growing bored) George seems to zone out, his frenzied enthusiasm tapering off into a blissed-out state, flopped half-way on his back, body boneless and throat still reverberating with purrs. His hands lay outstretched to the side, the pads on his palms and fingers dotted with bits of the dried plant. It’s the most relaxed Dream has ever seen him, and he savours the sight, drinking it in like it’s one of those antique wines people like so much. ~~He wouldn’t know, he doesn’t drink. Wine, at least.~~

“If you were a wine,” Dream blurts, just because a part of *his* brain seems to have gone to mush as

well, despite not being at all affected by the catnip “you’d be the finest one there was.” The words are barely out of his mouth before he’s cringing with a visible recoil, *mortified* with how *ridiculous* and *cheesy* that had sounded. Where was all of that charm he was so well known for? He can only be grateful that George is still so muddled from the catnip, because he doesn’t seem to have noticed Dream speaking. Or if he had, he’d only heard indecipherable noise. There was no other explanation, because George would have *ruthlessly* mocked him if he’d heard-

George gives a long, drawn-out *meow*. It’s an...*interesting* sound, not quite fully feline, but not quite human, either. Hearing it ripped from his throat is a little disconcerting, if only because Dream has never heard anything similar. He’d never seen any other cat hybrids react to catnip before, either...

*Is it weird for me to just be standing here like this listening? I feel weird, like I’m watching him sleep or something. Maybe I should...go to the kitchen. He’s clearly coming down from his kitty high, he shouldn’t destroy anything.*

Dream has barely shifted his shoe when George makes the sound again, this time looking up at him imploringly. Dream freezes under that heavily lidded gaze, can only watch like a deer in the headlights as George does a little flick of his head, interpreting the action as: *don’t go*.

Mouth dry, and stomach fluttery, he slowly kneels down, feels his breath catch when George *crawls* to him, belly-down, tail swishing lazily. The hybrid straightens up, watching as Dream lowers himself down, his backside barely meeting the ground before George is *rubbing cheeks* with him, the purring drowning out any background noise now that he’s *so close*. Dream can feel the faintest traces of stubble, smell whatever expensive face-wash George favours. Whatever brand it is, it clearly works, because George is *glowing*, and Dream sighs at the contact, like some *lovestruck teenager*, like he’s never felt the touch of another human (hybrid or otherwise) before-

(And maybe later, when he closes his eyes and remembers this moment like some giddy school-girl, he’ll think about scent-glands, and ownership, and how George feels *safe* around him.)

But for now, he lets George nuzzle him. Dream is tempted to pet one of his ears, but he’d also read that catnip can sometimes make cats aggressive, as well. Even if the effects are rapidly wearing off (the ‘high’ effect of catnip usually only lasted around ten to fifteen minutes) he doesn’t want to risk ruining the experience.

Dream supposed he should be thankful. If George’s stubble were any longer, he would have gotten a severe case of beard-burn from all of the nuzzling.

He wouldn’t have even had the heart to complain about it. He was too (quietly) thrilled for that. Inwardly, he congratulates himself for his excellent judgement in regards to the catnip. This was a side of George he would have never expected to see, *especially* so early into their... acquaintanceship?

His musing over their current ‘relationship status’ is interrupted when George nips on the finger he’d been idly scratching his tingling cheek with. It stings slightly, but it’s an *affectionate* little nip. What most cat owners would dub ‘a love bite’.

Dream doubts George is in love with him, but his heart still warms at the act. When George pulls back, he offers the man his hand, trying not to yelp when George accepts the invitation, nibbling down on his forefinger again. It almost tickles, and he snorts, leaning back slightly to relieve the pressure of his back. It was almost...*relaxing*, having his finger in George’s mouth, even if the hybrid’s tongue was certainly rough. And judging by the gooey look in George’s eyes, he found the sucking motion calming as well.



They stay like this, for a little longer. Eventually George comes to curl up against his side, lips still wrapped around Dream's finger. His eyes flutter closed, the purring gradually fading into soft huffy snores, all of the stimulation clearly taking its toll. Dream closes his own eyes, breaths even, enjoying the solid presence at his side.

When George fully slumps against him, Dream realises the man is taking another one of his impromptu naps. Not wanting to rouse him from any involuntary movements (Dream can be fidgety, and although he's certainly relaxed, he's not quite tired enough to drift off) he wraps one arm around the back of George's neck, the other his waist, and guides him down gently to the floor. He could have easily picked George up, but he was worried such a sudden change in momentum would startle him awake. The rug is soft enough, anyway. Probably cost more than his and Sapnap's entire month of rent. Maybe even two put together.

He still rushes to the spare linen closet for a blanket though, selecting the snuggest one he can find, stitched with soft fleece, and draping it over the slumbering man. George snuggles into the fabric, and Dream is so tempted to take a picture and caption it as 'purrito' that he makes himself leave the room entirely. *Fuck, George is turning me into one of those middle-aged women on Facebook who like old cat memes...*

Needing to stretch his legs after sitting so stiffly so as not to wake George, Dream strides into the kitchen, rolling his eyes when he notices George hadn't bothered to put his plate in the dishwasher. *Predictable*. Noting the few crumbs still dotting the porcelain, he opens the cupboard containing the bin, flipping open the lid to scrape-

*That little fucker*. Crammed inside, with barely a few bites taken out of it, sits the sandwich Dream had prepared for George earlier. The same sandwich he had told George, *in no uncertain terms* to eat. This wouldn't have bothered him if George genuinely wasn't hungry, or had some *other reason* for not wanting to eat- Dream wasn't cruel enough to force-feed someone.

It was about the *control*.

The whole reason George had refused to eat the sandwich in the first place was to spite Dream, to incite *action*. If George had a valid excuse, he would have used it. George had had no trouble telling Dream what he'd wanted in the past, *especially* in regards to food. *He's blatantly asking for a spanking. I guess I only have myself to blame, for mentioning it, he obviously wants it.*

Either Dream is going soft, or he's just as keen as George is ~~perhaps a mixture of both~~, but he concedes defeat. Once George wakes up, and he's aware enough to withstand the lecture and subsequent *consequence* for his behaviour, Dream will...

*I wonder how he's going to look draped over my lap. It'll be my first time seeing his ass bare.*

Dream brushes off the crumbs, and stows the plate in the dishwasher. Contemplatively, he looks at the cylinder shaped container that holds some of the kitchen utensils. George had agreed to the usage of implements during spanking, but since it was their first time trying something like this, Dream supposed it was better to be safe than sorry. He had yet to test George's pain threshold, so being cautious was probably the best course of action. If George complained, there was always next time.

But Dream didn't think George would complain. Although his hands seemed less imposing than a wooden spoon or a spatula, they were large, and well-worn. When he swung properly, and applied the right amount of strength, he could hit *hard*. It wouldn't take him dozens of swats to leave George's backside red, and if one of his hands got sore, he could always alternate.

Either way...*I can't wait to see him squirm.*

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When awareness returns to George, it's a slow, unhurried thing. He never rushes to wake up, and this time is no exception.

He wriggles around for a little bit, enjoying the soft fabric of the carpet beneath his cheek, the cosiness of the blanket draped over him. When dozing eventually becomes a bit of a chore, he stretches out leisurely, back arching, toes and fingers flexing. His ears begin to twitch, picking up the sounds of his surroundings, and his jaw stretches in a wide *yawn*, a little dried drool crusted at the side of his lip.

George scrubs it away lazily, eyes sliding open, only to slam shut again, the overheard lighting momentarily overwhelming him. When said lighting dims, he gives an appreciative sigh, ears detecting footsteps, a regular breathing pattern. *Dream*. Taking care of him again, what a *good* human...

When he pushes himself up onto his elbows, Dream has inched further into the room, and George holds back the urge to roll around again, just because he's still feeling remnants of...*playfulness*, even if he's calm now. Dream seemed to unlock that side of him...

"Do you want some water?" Despite the thoughtful offer, Dream sounds...displeased. Like George has done something wrong.

*This* dumps a bucket of icy cold water over George's light-hearted mood, and he worries he's done something wrong. That he'd been...*too much* for Dream. That Dream thought he was a freak-

But then he realises that Dream is already holding a glass of water. A glass he would have had to fill, in the kitchen. Where his empty plate had previously been sitting. The same plate George had left out as bait, to force Dream to-

*He's been too diligent to just let a dirty dish sit out. I don't know how long I've been asleep, but I wager it's been long enough for Dream to open the bin and see I didn't eat that dumb sandwich.*

Well, it wasn't *really* dumb. In actuality the brief few mouthfuls George had had had been *delicious*. The perfect meat to bread ratio, butter thick enough to be tasted, but not *smothered* on. If he hadn't been so determined to push Dream's buttons, he would have quite eagerly devoured the whole thing.

As it was, he'd wanted to antagonise Dream, and judging by the cool look in the man's eyes, George had thoroughly succeeded. This made George smug, because even though Dream was undoubtedly in charge right now, George had once again won by controlling the circumstances leading to their...*fun*. He was amazing. A genius, even.

And his mouth felt dry, and tasted kind of like catnip. He accepted the offered glass gladly, chugging the chilled water down with loud gulps. When he handed it back, Dream spoke again. "I think it will be a waste of both of our time for me to ask you if you know what you've done," the stern look he angles George is enough to give him shivers, and he smirks up at Dream, utterly unapologetic and undaunted "because you know, George. You *always* know."

"I *am* smart. That comes with the territory."

“Smart-mouthed.”

“You wanna fill it up again?” George flicks out his tongue, deliberately wetting his lower lip. He extends it in a pout when Dream appears unimpressed. “Oh Dream, don’t act like you don’t-“

“*Ten minutes.*” Dream says, and the emphasis of his words makes George sit up straighter, the barest stirrings of arousal already beginning to simmer at the...*forcefulness*. “Use the bathroom. Freshen up. Do whatever the *fuck* you want, but have your bratty little-self back here on time. I’m going to show you what happens to bad boys who don’t know how to listen.”

Despite having just drank a tall glass of water, George’s throat feels dry again. He manages a nod, before standing up, Dream’s eyes burning into his back as he excuses himself to the bathroom to relieve himself. He takes the time to give his teeth a short brush, getting rid of the herbal aftertaste, mouthwash near shooting out of his nostrils when he realises that perhaps he’s taking a little *too* much time. Maybe he should have foregone flossing, but George was *very* particular about his oral hygiene. The last thing he wanted was a trip to the dentist, some masked man poking around his teeth, assistant brandishing one of those noisy suction things...

The hybrid-specialist appointment wouldn’t be cheap, either, but nothing regarding hybrid health was cheap. It was one of the reasons George tried so hard to keep stable work, even if a lot of the jobs he took on were at his own discretion. That, and he wanted to keep putting Quackity through law school.

When he finally slides back into the lounge room (literally, he’d been moving so quickly he’d almost lost balance) Dream is already seated. He’s leaning back comfortably on the couch, scrolling on his phone.

George isn’t naïve enough to think he isn’t keeping track of the time. And sure enough-

“Finish powdering your nose, princess?” He jibes, glancing up to look George over. The sweep up and down is lingering, contemplative. He’s checking in, looking for any signs that George had been freaking out in the bathroom. That he was second-guessing what they were about to do.

George wasn’t letting those concerns fester for even a *second*. “You *did* say I could freshen up,” he pointed out “and why are you hassling me, anyway? I could have been being ill, for all you know.”

“Because I know you aren’t sick. There’s no way you’d want to go over my knee if that were the case.” Dream is completely factual, unbothered by George’s barb. He is decidedly *less* unbothered by the roll of George’s eyes and the snooty little scoff he gives. “I told you ten minutes tops. Unless you have a legitimate reason for wasting my time, you’re getting a penalty swat.”

Wow. George had wanted him stern, but he hadn’t expected Dream, the same man who had to compulsively seek reassurance every time they so much as exchanged a *semi-lustful gaze* to be so committed. It was a surprise, but a pleasant one. It certainly set a nice ambiance to the scene.

“Well?” Dream arches an eyebrow, and George mutely shakes his head, excitement and anticipation suddenly making him feel *heated*.

He’s almost tempted to strip off his shirt, before realising that without it, he’ll be completely bare. Obviously he knew Dream would be seeing his bare ass and *nether regions*, but he wasn’t quite...*ready* to shed all of his clothes. To be completely nude. There was something so *intimate* in that. So even though keeping it on was an exercise in futility, he was going to keep it, stiflingly hot or otherwise. “No,” he says after a brief silence, when he realises Dream wants a verbal response, and won’t proceed without it “I don’t. I was just cleaning my teeth.” Even when he *wants* to do it,

answering to another person still grates a little on George's nerves, and he can't help making a snide remark "is that okay, *Sir?*"

Even using the term mockingly is enough to get a considerable reaction out of Dream. His breath catches, and his unflinchingly controlled demeanour falters for a moment, freckles splotchy against a backdrop of pink. It's cute. Endearing, and Dream is so *beautiful* when he lights up like that, still and stunned and so *perfect*. He's a mouse with blond tousled hair, and George *wants him all for himself*.

Without any further preamble, because the mood is set and George is *impatient*, (and he knows Dream will only draw it out to tease him in retaliation) he hitches his thumbs into his tracksuit bottoms, toying with the edge of the elastic band for a moment, smirking at Dream's transfixed eyes.

He doesn't inch them down at the pace of a particularly playful stripper, but he doesn't rush, either. He draws them down at the same speed he does when he reluctantly gets properly dressed for Quackity's rare visitors, electing to snag his underwear in the process, grey and baby blue clumped together, pulled past his hips, down slim thighs, bunched just below his knees. He decides to show off his flexibility by leaning down far enough to touch his toes, stepping out of them that way, opposed to hastily kicking them off.

He's thankful for his strict ruling over the apartment's heating system, because although his bare skin breaks out in goose-pimples for a moment, separated from the warm constriction of his clothing, it isn't unbearably cold, his steady thrum of arousal doesn't evaporate. Partially concealed underneath his oversized shirt, he's half-hard (and had been since he'd seen Dream lounging so regally) but there was no pre-cum beading at the tip. He wasn't a second short of nutting.

He's never really been ashamed of the non-hybrid parts of his body, but after a moment of Dream's gaping, he *does* get a little self-conscious. Aware of how skinny he's always been, how even though his cock isn't exactly small, it's still not quite as large as Dream's. Did Dream want someone more muscly? Was he into monster-cocks, or something? *Shit*, had he wanted him completely hairless? George had always done a little man-scaping here and there, but he didn't shave *everything*. He wasn't overly furry or anything, but maybe Dream preferred smooth skin-

His ears flick back, and his tail wraps around his waist in uncertainty. He's worried about being humiliated, about Dream being disgusted, because he isn't the perfect blueprint of a cat-boy-

Dream inhales and exhales suddenly, the sound loud and wheezy. George blinks, realising just now that the man's chest hadn't risen or fallen *once* since he'd started pulling his pants down. He hadn't seemed to blink, either, eyes wide and beginning to water from the strain. Briefly, George is worried this is an adverse reaction, like Dream is allergic to the mere sight of him, but he feels immense relief when Dream speaks, all high-pitched, borderline squeaky "*Holy fuck*, George. You can't just go ahead and *do that*."

Tail slowly unfurling to return to swishing behind him, George cocks his head to the side. "But obviously I have to pull them down. You can't spank me properly otherwise."

"A little *warning* would have been nice. Do you have..." Dream trailed off, closing his eyes and attempting to regulate his breathing, broad shoulders rising and falling. When he opens them, his green eyes are darkened, narrowed. The setting sun filters through the blinds of the windows, casting flashes of orange and yellow across his flushed face. "Do you have *any idea* how fucking beautiful you are?"

*Oh no*, George thinks, embarrassment at such a sweet compliment flooding through him, *that*

*backfired* “I hardly think me pulling off my trousers and underwear warrants such an extreme-“

“If you could see yourself from my point of view, you’d understand,” Dream cut in “there’s just... there’s just something *about you*, George. No one else has ever made me feel like this.”

*This is breaching into emotional territory now. I signed up for a spanking, not an in-depth discussion.* “I know I’m amazing,” he says, hoping the bratty tone will knock Dream back into the appropriate headspace “maybe it’s because you’re so stupid, that you’re overwhelmed with my awesomeness.”

“Here. Now.” Dream crooks a finger at him, the same finger George had sucked and nibbled on earlier. There’s tiny pinpricks on the tip, where George’s incisors had sunk in.

Eager to get back on track, George obediently steps forward. He’s barely within arm’s reach when Dream reaches out to grasp his upper arms, skin searing even through the barrier of George’s T-Shirt. He tugs George in between parted knees, and George makes a valiant effort not to *look down*. George’s state of partial nudity is glaring between them, and George tries not to feel abashed, reasoning that Dream had been in the same position just yesterday. *He’d* been vulnerable, as well.

“You’ll have to communicate with me, George,” Dream tells him, firm but gentle “this is meant to hurt, but you must tell me if it gets too much, if you can’t handle anymore. You have nothing to prove, and I won’t judge you if you want to stop at any point. Do you understand?”

“I’m not that delicate, Dream.” They’d already gone over this in their prior discussions, but once again, Dream was being thorough. “And I’m not going to plead for mercy.”

“Oh, you will,” Dream said, and the soft confidence in his voice made George *shiver* “you just need to indicate when those pleas become serious. *If* they become serious,” he amended, when George looked irked at the implication he was going to ‘wimp-out’ “safety first, remember?”

George reaches out, the pads on his fingertips skimming down Dream’s cheekbone, grazing lightly over his lips, the set of his jaw. His skin is smooth, but perhaps a little dry. Naturally, George wants to kiss him, but he valiantly fights back the urge. “I feel safe with you,” he murmured “and I *really* want you to stop screwing around and spank me already.”

Even sitting down, Dream is nearly matching George’s height, which means he doesn’t arch up when he kisses him, briefly pressing his mouth to the corner of George’s lips, short and sweet and so goddamned *cursor*y. When he pulls back, his face is serious again, but his eyes glimmer, belying his eagerness. “Relax.”

“I *am* relax-OOF!” George’s testy response is cut off as Dream unceremoniously hauls him over his lap. For a moment the wind is knocked out of him, not because Dream is unduly rough (on the contrary he guides him over with great care) but because he hadn’t been expecting such a sudden movement. Like any other time he is surprised, his tail puffs up, and his ears flick back. Not a conscious decision on his part, just instinctual reaction. Dream is now ~~fully intimate~~ *familiar* with these habits, and doesn’t bother pausing for another check in, gripping George’s shirt and pulling it half-way up his back, just enough so that it won’t be in the way. He *does* take his time positioning George, hitching his knee a couple of times, nudging George’s feet into place, so his toes are balanced on the floor. George takes these moments to calm his racing heart, to brace his hands in front of him, just because Dream hasn’t told him what to do with them yet. Dream is in charge right now, and he’ll let the man adjust him as he sees fit.

“Excited already?” Dream sounds sadistically pleased, evidently feeling George’s half-hard cock

pressing into the side of his leg. George closes his eyes in embarrassment. Dream seeing it before was one thing, but for the man to *feel* how turned on he was by something so basic? Mortifying. “*Kitten*,” he goes on in a taunting sort of coo, and George doesn’t need to turn his head to *know* Dream is smirking “you don’t need to be shy. Why bother now, after giving me such a *spectacular* show earlier?”

Yep, he was going to pay for that. *Clearly*. “Just get on with-“ the sound of two hands rubbing together gives George pause, and this time he *does* swivel his neck, angling Dream an incredulous expression “*are you serious?*”

“Just getting ready to warm you up, George. Need to acclimatise you.” All of the articles Dream had read on erotic spanking had suggested this, and who was he to turn down the opportunity to fondle and knead that exquisite ass before he started slapping it? Christ, those baggy sweats hadn’t been doing George any favours. He knew why they were necessary in regards to the tail, but they had been hiding *one hell of an ass*. George wasn’t as ‘thick’ as perhaps some of the people who did squats daily to sculpt their backsides, but his ass was still plump and pert, unblemished. It made Dream want to suck bites into his skin, to part those soft cheeks and get a better look at-

*At this rate, it’ll be my dick pressing into the bottom of his stomach.* Taking one long, appreciative look (committing George’s glorious ass to memory for future reference) he finishes warming his hands, laying them on one cheek each, tracing idle circles there for a moment. George’s breath hitches, but Dream waits until his ears are facing forward again to start massaging, laying a few light taps here and there to test how the skin jumps. He applies the same treatment to the rest of his backside, lightly massaging and rolling the skin, until George is warm underneath his hands.

He was about to get *a lot* warmer. Dream could only hope he knew what he was in for, and that he’d speak up if he needed to. Either way, he’d watch for any non-verbal communication, or any signs of distress. At the moment all was proceeding as planned, George stifling contented sighs into his fist. It seemed as fussy as he could be about affection, he still enjoyed being gentled.

“What do you want me to do about your tail?” It was an obvious obstruction, even as relaxed as it was now. Protruding just above George’s backside, in alignment with his hips, the furry appendage was definitely something new for Dream’s eyes to adjust to, and although it wasn’t in the way *now*, Dream had a feeling that if they didn’t have a plan, the thing would end up slapping him in the face during the spanking. George did, after all, have little control of its movement. Still, it wasn’t like they could strap it down. It was *a part* of George’s body, not some accessory donned for a bit of fun.

“Oh.” George says, and he blinks rapidly, coming out of the subby state Dream’s ministrations had nudged him into. With a slight squint of concentration, he brings his tail to curl around the upper part of his waist, aiming upwards so it isn’t entirely smothered. It sits at an odd sort of angle, but George doesn’t appear uncomfortable, so Dream doesn’t comment. He knows George will just make a snippy comment about ‘knowing his body better than Dream’ anyhow... “All good.” George looks over his shoulder eagerly, rolling his eyes when Dream starts rubbing his hands together again. “For fuck’s sake,” he grumbles, as Dream rolls his shoulders “you’re coddling m-“ he’s cut off by the sudden sensation of his ass being struck, *hard*, the sharp crack resounding in the quiet room. Much to his shame, his eyes water at the one swat, and he realises (with a mixture of pleasure and horror) that Dream can hit *hard*. “Okay,” he concedes, “I’m listening. I’m being *good*.”

“No, you’re not,” Dream countered, voice icy “you’re being demanding, *again*. But that’s okay...” in contrast to the harsh blow he’d just given, he massages the receiving cheek “I’m here to teach you how to behave. And by the time we’re done, you’ll think twice before bratting again. Now, I want your undivided attention. I won’t make you count this time, but I *will* give you penalty swats

if you give me anymore lip, and trust me, you don't want that."

No, George didn't. He hadn't realised how *strong* Dream was, and although his arousal hadn't receded (if anything, the brisk slap had only made him a little harder) if this was Dream *warming him up*...

George had come to terms with the fact that he might have been a bit of a masochist, but having little experience with this sort of thing...

Yeah, maybe he *did* need a little coddling, *especially* if Dream was capable of hitting so hard. "Do you understand?" Dream probes. When George nods, he resists the urge to push him for a verbal response. "Good. Now brace yourself."

He's generous enough to allow George to take a few deep breaths before he swings his arm up, fingers together as he brings his hand down, striking the fleshiest part of George's backside in an upwards motion. It was the safest way to spank, according to the beginner articles Dream had read, and it still packed enough of a punch for George to gasp. He alternates his swats carefully, making certain not to linger for too long on the same patch of skin. He wants George to *feel* the results later, but achieve that just shy of bruising. As much as he wanted to see George's backside *gleaming* red, he didn't know if he could stomach seeing the man with any true bruising. Judging by how wriggly George was already, he likely didn't have the pain tolerance for that, anyway.

*He wasn't exaggerating when he told me this would hurt*, George can't think much else, as Dream reigns a flurry of smacks down onto his rapidly pinkening ass. Despite his determination not to look weak by putting up a fuss, he wriggles involuntarily, trying to concentrate on keeping his tail still. It's hard to think of *anything* other than the sharp, overwhelming sting, George well and truly feeling the burn (pun unintended) now that the slaps are overlapping on sore spots. Dream doesn't speak, and it's just as well, because George would only get overwhelmed with the expectation to listen.

Dream can't have been spanking him for very long, but it's a (quick) decline for George, who begins to preemptively tense up in anticipation of a swat, the tensing quickly turning into outright *squirming*, Dream having to push down on his back with his free hand to keep him in place. Either he was a complete cry-baby, or spanking scenes weren't meant to last as long as he'd first thought, *especially* if the spanker had such a strong swing.

George wonders if Dream's hand will smart later. He kind of hopes it does, as a little petty retribution for the man *roasting his ass*, quite literally. "Ouch!" He can't help but yelp, when Dream hitches his knee slightly, allowing for a better position to swat at the undercurve of George's backside. This *hurts*, and the pain shies just short of being borderline intolerable. When Dream moves back up to layer more spansks over his (presumably) red skin, George *bucks*, lower-legs slipping coltishly across the carpet. For a moment he considers requesting a pause, but evidently Dream decides *for* him, the resounding crescendo of skin meeting skin stopping, the offending hand coming to rest gently on the swell of his ass.

"Oh George..." Dream sounds a little regretful, the hand that was keeping George steady coming to wipe underneath damp eyes, lashes thickly clumped together with moisture.

George hadn't even *realised* he was crying. It wasn't like he was *sad*, or anything, and he was hardly sobbing. It must have been a natural response to the pain. He didn't have much experience with it...

"I think that's enough, hm?" Dream's voice is soft, *considerate*. Ordinarily such tenderness would make George cringe, but now he can only bob his head eagerly, mussed hair falling over his face.

“You took your punishment so well, such a good boy for me.”

Despite himself, George feels a sense of...*pride*. Dream isn't the type of man to be dishonest, to flatter people needlessly, so George knows that he is being genuine in his praise. Being somewhat vain by nature, George has always enjoyed compliments, although empty flattery has never done much for him, even if it's amusing to see people trip over themselves to impress him.

Not that it happens often. George didn't exactly have the right disposition for socialising, after all. Which made this all the more special, because Dream was so brutally honest that he'd never lie about George doing a good job. And Dream...

Well, he'd done a good job as well, even if George hadn't exactly been expecting such force. Dream hadn't overdone it, nor had he been too gentle, either. It had been *just enough* to scratch that itch George hadn't even *known* he'd had until he met the other man, one that wasn't *strictly* sexual, because although arousal had certainly motivated him at first, he felt a sense of *relief* now. Like Dream spanking him had released pent-up emotions he hadn't even realised were festering. So although his ass *was on fire*, he felt...

“You're a good boy, too.” George is surprised to find his words come out a little slurred, and even more so to hear Dream's breath hitch slightly at his praise. *Interesting*. “Fuck Dream, that *hurt*...”

“Want me to kiss it better?” Dream's voice is playful, but George's mind immediately conjures up *sinful* images, not the type that Dream is likely imagining. Because sure, a kiss would be cute, but-

“Want you to eat me.” George is unabashedly wanton with his request, and he hisses when Dream smacks his upper thigh lightly. “Ow!”

“Do you ever learn?” Dream gives an exaggerated sigh, and when George tilts his head to better look at him, he's cracking a grin. “Such a demanding brat.”

“That isn't a no.”

“Well George, as much as I'd love to spread these red cheeks of yours and eat you out, it seems kind of counterproductive for me to reward you after a punishment.”

“But you just said how good I was!” George's voice is more petulant than outraged, and the idea that he will be leaving yet *another* encounter of this nature without Dream getting him off, it makes him *seethe*. His cock was still half-hard, and he *deserved* a little compensation for that ass-whopping. “*Come on* Dream, you're being a tease. You know how excited I was for this-“

“I'm not saying you can't get off. You have all the tools at your disposal, George.”

*No, I really don't.* Potential ass-eating aside (and George can only imagine how *hot* Dream's charming tongue would be, licking around his hole and plunging inside) George would be happy at this stage just to settle for the man's *hand*. In the past he'd found it was easier to jack-himself off than rely on a partner to do it for him, but the idea of Dream taking him into his calloused palm, rubbing up and down his length slowly, *controlling the pace*, milking each and every reaction out of George, making him *beg* for release... *Touch me. Please.* “Dream-“

“George.”

Part of George wants to stand up and rip Dream a new one, to *demand* he take responsibility for what he has caused, but another part of him wants to stay in this submissive position, to continue to feel the weight of Dream's hands upon him. (Another part wants to buck his hips against Dream's



thigh like a bitch in heat, but George is managing to control that). “You’re being *unfair*.”

“Poor baby...” it’s a faux sort of coo, humour too thick in Dream’s voice for George to believe he’s being sympathetic. About *this*, at least. The man’s next words almost give George whiplash with the directional change, tone darkly amused “you really are a little slut, aren’t you? Here I was expecting you to beg for the spanking to end, and instead you’re begging me to get you off as a reward for taking it so well. Maybe I wasn’t mean enough to you...” when Dream rises his hand, slowly, tauntingly, George blurts-

“No, Dream! No more, please.” Although it was embarrassing to admit, George didn’t think he could go much longer with the spanking. They’d need a little more practice with his pain tolerance if they wanted to improve for future...*interactions*. He’d never been struck before, it would take some adjusting to.

If George was being honest...the spanking itself hadn’t been overly erotic. He’d kind of been hoping to get off from it, like those articles had described, but at the same time there was a new layer of intrigue. The relief he’d felt from the spanking despite the pain...perhaps non-sexual spanking was something else they could try. Or try those...*What were they called again... maintenance spankings? They could be good.*

“But I didn’t even give you that penalty swat you earned.”

George couldn’t help but moan in exasperation, having completely forgotten about the swat he’d earned for his ‘cheek’ earlier. Now that he was well-and-truly feeling the results of the spanking, he wasn’t keen to experience even one more hit. “Can’t you punish me some *other* way?”

Dream hummed for a moment in contemplation, and George could just *imagine* that sadistic mind of his swirling with ideas. “Well, you could always cook *me* dinner tonight, since you so rudely threw away your lunch earlier.”

George looked up at the man, expression completely and utterly appalled. “*Me?* Cook?” He’d almost rather take the penalty swat. He loathed cooking, with a passion. “Surely you’re joking-“

“It could be a collaborative effort.” Dream amended, tossing George a bit of a life-line. He’d probably realised how George’s hybrid instincts got in the way when he tried to cook. He’d already noticed the man’s hesitation towards the sink. “You could think of it as a lesson. I’ll be your tutor.”

“And what qualifies you for that?”

“Sapnap and I took cooking classes when we first moved into our apartment together. We spent too much money on take-out.” That, and the kitchen had almost burned down, *multiple times*. This was mostly due to Sapnap, but nobody was keeping score! ~~Dream was, he always was.~~ “I’m not an expert, but I can help you learn how to cook something easy.”

“And if I refuse?”

“You could always help me clean the bathroom tomorrow instead.”

“*Fine*.” He grumbles, before- “well, talk of cooking and cleaning has done *wonders* for my boner, thank you Dream.”

The sarcasm is thick, and Dream would feel a little guilty about cock-blocking George (again) if he didn’t know the brat deserved it. Also, George seemed a little overwhelmed and teary from the spanking, and Dream didn’t want to push him over the edge, even if it *was* by getting him off. They could always experiment next time with the spanking, *if* George wanted to. Dream certainly did. It

might be fun to try it in different scenarios...

Still, despite George's irate words, Dream can't resist the temptation to lean down, hunching over enough that he can smack an exaggeratedly wet kiss onto one of George's red cheeks. He's straightening back up before George can do much more than let out a surprised breath, wriggling slightly in further invitation. It's a tease. Dream is *playing*, and he follows it up by cupping that same cheek, fingers-spread as wide as he can manage.

George can feel the callouses on his hand, the lines on his palm, every crevice and dip between his fingers, so unique and breathtaking and unmistakably *Dream*. He likes being underneath that hand, yearns for Dream to spread him open with it, and-

"I think I'll have a bath before you make me cook." George tries to sound dignified as he pushes himself up, glad for Dream's balancing hands when he gets a sudden head-rush. He must remember not to jump up too quickly in the future...

He'd seem more dignified if he wasn't swimming in his oversized shirt, reddened backside and upper thighs *glowing* in the quickly-fading evening light. His face is stained lightly from dried-tears, nose pink and somewhat sniffly. He would have appeared well and truly chastened, if not for his haughty expression and the imperious gleam in his eye as he looked at his discipliner. "If that's alright with you, *Sir*?"

"Sounds great." Dream wasn't being disingenuous, either. He could have tried to match George's sardonic tone, but in actuality he was kind of excited by the prospect. He'd never really *taught* anything to anyone before, and although he was far from a professional chef, the idea of standing behind George, chin pressed onto the top of his head or over his shoulder, arms looped around his waist so his hands could guide him-

It was somehow very *intimate*. It almost felt taboo, to picture such a domestic scenario with George, and yet Dream's brain conjured it up, the mental image seemingly flooding his body with the type of endorphins he usually expected to gain from exercise. The idea just made him...happy. ~~It was also another excuse to spend time with George, but Dream wasn't going to linger on that. It seemed particularly dangerous after what they'd just done.~~ "What do you feel like for dinner? We should probably keep it simple, since you're a beginner-"

"Does being a condescending prick just come so naturally to you that you're unaware of how utterly patronising you sound when you talk to people?"

*Okay, clearly cooking is a touchy subject. Duly noted.* "I didn't mean to sound like I was patronising you, George. I just didn't want us to pick a meal above your difficulty level-"

"There you go again." George rolls his eyes, before turning to scoop up his discarded underwear and sweatpants. He provides Dream with a rather exceptional view, and Dream stands up himself, pointedly pulling out his phone to check the time so he can't be further tempted. George doesn't seem like he's doing it on purpose this time, which makes it all the more infuriating. *This fucker is so unintentionally hot. He doesn't even have to try to seduce me.*

"Maybe you just take everything too personal." No, that didn't sound right. George was a brat, but so far he'd demonstrated he was good-humoured outside of all of the teasing, even if he took it a bit far at times. "I mean, this is just a shot in the dark here, and feel free to claw my eyes out if I'm wrong, but does your inability to cook make you a little...touchy, for some reason?" Dream knows he's hit the nail on the head when George fumbles with the drawstring of his sweats. "It shouldn't. Everyone has things they aren't good at-"

“I can’t go outside, Dream.” George interjected, curtly. “I like being a housecat, but because of my hybrid genes, the idea of venturing past my doorstep terrifies me. And the last time I tried to cook, I got startled and my tail knocked the plates onto the floor. I was too busy hiding underneath my bed to help clean up, and it was Quackity’s *birthday*.”

“His third or fourth one of the year?” George doesn’t laugh, but the joke doesn’t fall completely flat, his lips quirking up ever so slightly at the comment. It was a long-running gag of Quackity’s, and one he’d thoroughly duped Dream with on their very first day of acquaintance. *Speaking of Quackity, I haven’t heard from him once today. Maybe Sapnap is managing to keep him busy, or Karl has confiscated his phone.* “I’m going to be blunt with you, George,” Dream continues, returning back to the matter at hand “the whole hybrid thing must fucking suck, but you *can’t* let it rule your life.”

“Easy for you to say.”

“Yeah, I know it’s easy for me to say, but just because we’re different, doesn’t mean we can’t work together to find solutions.” Dream sounds businesslike, and George tilts his head to the side, interested, despite himself. “I may be getting ahead of myself, but I’d *love* to spend some extra time with you outside of the sex, so why don’t we-“

“Mac and cheese.” It’s said sharply, George letting it be known in no uncertain terms that this conversation is over.

For now, at least. Dream could be persistent, and unless George shot him down *properly*, he felt no issue raising it again. He just needed to be *patient*. Not exactly his strong-suit, but for George, it felt... “Nice and easy. We can do that.”

“Nothing is ‘nice and easy’ with you, Dream.”

*Worth it.*

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## Chapter End Notes

Oops, some feelings have accidentally snuck into this fic. I hope that this isn’t too off-putting to anyone :) also, I hope the spanking scene wasn’t too disappointing. George and Dream are both new to this kind of thing, so they’re taking it slow and (probably excessively) safe.

Tbh churning this chapter out and then editing it has left me a little fatigued with this fic, so I might need to do a little more writing on something else for a bit. That said, I’ve started on the next chapter of this, and I have a general outline of where everything is going, so I’ll (tentatively) say a new chapter should be out in the next week or so :D thanks again to everyone who is still reading, and has left Kudos and comments, you keep me motivated <3

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Summary

Dream's plans for spending a cosy evening together are disrupted by two phone calls.

## Chapter Notes

This chapter has a little more plot (and feelings) than some of the other chapters. I hope you enjoy regardless :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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They say food can be a metaphor for love.

By 'they' Dream means people he's seen using the expression on the internet. And Sapnap, that one time he tried his hand at making a home-cooked meal for Karl and Quackity. 'Tried' being the keyword in that sentence, because no amount of cooking-lessons was enough to salvage the burned steak he'd sheepishly served up. It wasn't that Sapnap was a bad cook ~~Dream was definitely better~~ per say, rather, he'd gotten so hung up about everything being *perfect* that his razor sharp 'attention to detail' (fanatic nit-picking) had been his own downfall.

In the end the three had just gotten take-out, Dream having taken refuge in his room the moment Karl and Quackity had arrived. It was a night Sapnap was (pun intended) roasted for, and ever since witnessing the infamous blunder, Dream had resolved to *never* have a similar incident involving himself. Nope, when he cooked for any prospective partners, it was going to be *perfect*. Candle-lit, maybe some nice music in the background, dimmed lights for that *ideal* ambiance, dressed in something comfortable but immaculately clean...it was going to be *romantic*.

"God, I'm so sorry..." It's perhaps one of the first times Dream has heard George sound genuinely apologetic, the man burying his face in his hands, skin pink from embarrassment.

Dream manages to keep on a well-humoured grin, even though George can't see it, picking a stray piece of macaroni from the top of his head. They'd had an incident with the colander, George startling at the sprinkling water hard enough to send the thing airborne, bits of macaroni flying everywhere. Fortunately, the pasta hadn't been hot enough to scald.

Unfortunately, they didn't have enough to try making a new batch. Dream would need to go grocery shopping tomorrow to purchase some. George was already discouraged, but Dream was *not* giving up until they ate mac and cheese together, no matter *how* it tasted.

This resolution in mind, he scoops up the colander from where it had landed lopsided on the floor,

placing it in the sink for the meantime. He sends a glance to the cheese they'd already set out, humming thoughtfully. "It's fine, sweetheart. It's not like you did it on purpose." The pet-name slips out without any forethought, Dream only noticing when George peeks between his fingers with a small glower. "How about we try for some grilled cheese, instead?"

"Sandwiches *again*?" George doesn't sound impressed, lowering his hands to send a disdainful look to the assembly of cheeses. "Can't we just order out, instead?"

"Nope, I'm hungry now. Besides, I *did* tell you we'd find solutions together. Just because you make one mistake it doesn't mean you give up." Dream was no stranger to demotivation, but he'd never been the type of person to quit. Hopefully he could instill a little bit of that determination into George. "Now get the butter out of the fridge, I'll start slicing the cheese up."

"Bossy," George remarks, but he *does* slink over to the refrigerator, ears still pressed back from his previous fright "what, don't you trust me with a knife?"

"A butter knife, yes," Dream is opening the cutlery draw, and he pulls one out to show George. The blunt edge gleams in the adequately bright (and not dimmed at all for the perfect ambiance) light, and he places it down on the counter "you can butter the bread."

"I'm not a *child*-"

"Never said you were."

"Then stop *babying* me."

Dream snorted. "George, if I was gonna baby you, I would have ordered you a Happy Meal by now and sent you to bed. If you *really* wanna use the big boy knife, go ahead. Just give me a little warning, so I know to duck behind the counter." Perhaps a little harsh, but contrary to what George had said, Dream wasn't about to *baby* him. Be considerate, yes, spoil at times, *inevitable*, but outright coddle? No.

Dream was also completely dedicated to safety, and considering George had nearly decapitated his head earlier with a colander, he didn't really think it was safe for *either* of them for George to handle such a large, sharpened blade. He wanted to take care of George, and that would be *kind of impossible* if he was inflicted with some major wound...

Delicately pinching the butter knife between his thumb and forefinger, George picks up the utensil and lifts it like it can come alive at any moment, and embed itself between his eyes. It's an exaggeratedly careful movement, clearly done with the intention of mocking Dream. Still, George doesn't argue with Dream further about it, which Dream takes as a win. "This better be the best grilled cheese sandwich I've ever tasted."

"Probably not the best," Dream says truthfully, shrugging his shoulders "but we can get halfway there if we work together."

"We're having ice cream for dessert."

'*We're*'. Hearing the inclusive word makes Dream feel a little giddy, and he can't help but look down, sending the group of cheeses a goofy smile. "Fine, but I get to pick the movie." Dream knows he's pushing it a little, and he immediately prepares himself to be ruthlessly shot down, schooling his expression so as to disguise any oncoming disappointment-

"I will revoke that privilege if you choose another Disney film." George sounds aloof, but when Dream looks up in surprise, the hybrid seems a little flustered, busying himself with scooping

butter onto the knife, and fetching some slices of bread. His movements are hurried, almost a blur, and Dream is struck (once again) with how *fast* George can be when he really tries. Not to mention those reflexes...

“‘*Revoke*’?” Dream repeated, amused. “You really think you could do that?” He asks this question running the risk that George will turn this conversation into one of their ‘games’, but he genuinely wants to know the answer. Was George truly that confident in his sway over him? *I guess I haven’t done much to demonstrate otherwise, so far.*

“Of course.” George’s eyelids are lowered half-mast, lashes thick and sooty over his eyes. He spreads the butter onto the bread with soft flicks of his wrist, and Dream is in awe, because *who gave this little shit* the right to look *so good* doing such a basic task? And the way he was flicking his wrist... “I know we like to play-pretend, but we both know, outside of the games, I’m the one in charge.”

Dream opens his mouth to argue, but finds he doesn’t have the words to do so convincingly, because, to a certain extent, George was correct. He was far from some brainless, subservient servant, but he *did* tend to follow the majority of the hybrid’s instructions.

He just...wanted to make George happy, and that was *fulfilling*, to Dream, making him happy. Because although George was sparing in his praise, it was enough. Dream would rather receive less praise so long as what he *did* receive eventually was genuine. Even then, he didn’t require George to be verbal with him, because a lot of the time, George didn’t need to speak, Dream just *knew* he was thankful. The gratitude was plain in his body language, in the way he stifled a smile or his tail swished in contentment, usually whenever he was pleased with Dream’s cooking, or he noticed how spotless the apartment was.

They’d known one another less than a week, and somehow Dream felt like he’d known George considerably longer. Perhaps that was what co-habitation and near 24/hour social interaction did to a person, even over such a short time frame. Maybe they just...clicked, and Dream liked to think so, because George was-

“Besides, don’t you think it evens things out? You’ve been such a brute to me so far.”

*Prick.* “If by ‘being a brute’ is code for *holding you accountable for your bratty behaviour*, then yes, I suppose you can call me a brute.” Dream knows George doesn’t truly mean it, but he feels a little offended, nonetheless. “Now can we stop the power plays and get back to cooking? I’m fucking hungry.”

“Aw, poor Dream,” George coos in faux sympathy, but he goes back to his assigned task obediently, perhaps also hungry after their antics earlier, despite his reluctance to eat another sandwich “I guess all of that *brutish smacking* has worked up your appetite.” Bread sufficiently buttered, George braces a hand onto the counter, evidently intending to swing up and perch there. Dream opens his mouth to warn him, and then thinks better of it after hearing the comment, settling back to watch. George slides half-way onto the counter before he is reminded of the state of his backside, and he flips off with a pained *hiss*, rubbing at the sore area with a grimace.

Dream thinks it a slightly over-the-top reaction, but then remembers George’s behaviour earlier. For a person who desired pain, George certainly had a low tolerance for it. He chortles, unphased by the annoyed glare George sends him. “It seems like you’re well and truly feeling the effects of my ‘*brutish smacking*’. Mission accomplished?”

“I hope you burn your grilled cheese.”

“Actually it would be *you* burning it as well. Collaborative effort, remember?” Dream says brightly, cutting a thin slice out of one of the cheese blocks. He feels George’s seething glare on him, and can only grin in satisfaction at getting one over on the hybrid. As much as George had desired the spanking, he obviously didn’t like the sting of its reminder. *It really is a good thing I held back, things could have been a disaster if I pushed forward.* “Cheer up, kitten. If you ask nicely, I’ll rub some ointment on it later.”

“I fucking hate you.”

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The grilled cheese sandwich isn’t bad, despite George’s earlier hesitation. Sure, it isn’t the best thing he’s ever put in his mouth ~~that is a right solely reserved for Dream~~ but it certainly isn’t the *worst*, either. On a scale of one to ten...he’d score it a solid five. Half-way there. He’d punctured the bread a little bit when buttering it, so the cheese was oozing everywhere, but it didn’t taste *bad*. He supposed that was what happened when he was so focused on bantering with Dream...

And yet, despite the completely average results of their ‘collaborative effort’, as Dream had put it, he can’t help but feel a sense of pride. He’s cooked in the past, but the results had usually been borderline disastrous. It was why he ate so much take-out when Quackity wasn’t around, it was just easier than making a huge mess of the kitchen.

Dream hadn’t made him feel like a child, either, despite his teasing. He’d been gentle, but not demeaning, patient in his instructions and guiding. It kept George calm, and kind of made him want to return the favour sometime. Dream seemed pretty competent, but surely there was something George could teach him that he didn’t already know...

“We did good.” Dream announces his verdict, once he’s finished eating. “You know George, we make a pretty good team.”

George smiled around his mouthful of crust, a purr beginning to thrum in his throat. It was kind of pathetic, to feel so happy over doing something so simple. *Children* could make grilled cheese sandwiches, after all, but it was a step in the right direction, wasn’t it? If George practiced, he could make one for Quackity when he returned home. His brother would be so surprised, his expression would be hilarious... “If you say so.” He keeps his response neutral, forcibly cutting off the purr. Dream seems to hear it though, smile wide and goofy as he leans his chin on his hand, observing him with twinkling eyes. He’s *stunning*, even with crumbs dotting the corners of his mouth, and that makes George even happier, because his *human was staring at him, paying attention to him, Dream was his, and George wanted to be surrounded by his attention and care until he was smothered, and maybe-* “You can pet my ears later.” He tells Dream this like he’s bestowing some great honour upon him, and if Dream were a dog-hybrid, he’d be wagging his tail. It makes George pleased, that such a small act can make Dream light up. It doesn’t take much to please him. In that way, they seemed to balance one another out. “Since...you were so good to me.” *And I know it will feel nice.*

“So you don’t get anything out of that?” Dream’s voice is teasing.

But George still huffs, just for show. “Do you want me to change my mind? I won’t offer so graciously again.”

“No, I don’t.” Dream denied, quickly. “That sounds...great. I had a really good time watching that

movie with you last night.” And petting George’s ears entailed the man being *close* to him, maybe even close enough to cuddle up together...

“It *hurts*.”

Dream’s daydreaming is cut off abruptly by the complaint, George shifting uncomfortably on his seat. He’d placed a pillow there earlier to cushion his backside whilst they ate, sending Dream a look that had *dared* him to comment. Very wisely, Dream hadn’t, and George had been squirming all throughout their meal, tail lifted and wrapped around the back of the chair. His eyes are a little watery, and Dream’s heart *aches*. “I’ll rub some ointment on it after dinner, promise.” Dream wasn’t so much of a sadist that he enjoyed the sight of George near-crying whilst doing something as simple as sitting down for a meal...

The moisture in George’s eyes dries up *awfully fast* after that assurance though, his squirming dying down somewhat, although it’s clear he’s still in a bit of discomfort. It’s obvious he’s just played Dream *again*, likely not wanting to swallow his pride and *ask*, but Dream is still too happy about the prospect of more time together later to bother with any indignation. “It’s the least you can do, really...”

*This little-*“You *were* asking for it, George.”

“I want vanilla ice-cream,” George changes the subject quickly, but Dream is growing accustomed to his tendency to change topics when he is feeling vulnerable (or losing an argument, in this case) “you picked some up from the store, right?”

“Yeah.” Dream was more partial to chocolate, but he wasn’t going to run the risk of George sneaking in a few bites and getting sick. Or (like the incident with the Nutella) finding some way to troll him. “You fine with sharing the tub?”

“I’m not some child, Dream. I’m not scared of cooties, although I *do* draw the line at sharing a spoon.”

“Gross.” Dream says, even as the idea of feeding George seemingly pops into existence, images of a pink-tongue lapping up creamy drops, the sound of content purring, a warmth curled at his side-

Fuck, he was down-bad, and that wasn’t even a sexual fantasy. It was more...cosy than anything else.

*This doesn’t bode well.*

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Dream is forced to resist a very *different* kind of dessert when George lays belly-down on the couch prior to watching a movie together, pants shucked down to his mid-thigh, red ass on display. He looks over his shoulder with a smirk, and that devious look is so *tempting*, and the way he wiggles in invitation, his pert cheeks jiggling in place-

Then he laughs, *hard*, and the jiggling stops. George laughs like he’s just made the most hilarious joke in the world, giggles hard enough to leave himself breathless, and when he smiles at Dream, it’s so happy and *pure*, and Dream is struck with the realisation that George can be *silly*, as well.

“You practice that a lot?”



George laughs again, and Dream marvels at how he's finding such amusement in something so small. "I see a lot of TikTok dances, but I suck at twerking. Quackity practically has a fit every-time I do it."

Dream can just imagine George alone in his bedroom or with a case of 'the zoomies' in the lounge, trying out dances. He has to expel some energy, somehow, since he never goes outside. "Must give your ass a good work out."

"Mmm. Don't want to make it sorer now, though." He looks pointedly at the bottle of aloe vera Dream is holding, and Dream hastens to kneel down, flipping back the cap and squeezing a generous portion into his hand. George hadn't owned any specialist cream (he'd never planned to be spanked by his temporary houseguest, after all) but there had been aloe vera, apparently purchased after Quackity had gotten sun-burnt at the beach one time.

It would have to do, and Dream rubs his hands together (the squelching sound borderline *obscene*), gently beginning to apply it over the aggravated areas. Even with a delicate touch, George still tenses, and Dream makes certain not to be too heavy-handed as he rubs it in, enjoying the feel of his palm over George's soft skin. It's more of a massage than anything else, Dream skimming past where his tail protrudes (the appendage safely tucked away) to knead the tense muscles of his back, working out knots and drawing idle circles on his skin. George *melts* underneath the ministrations, not bothering to hold back his purring, and even though Dream isn't getting anything out of this (aside from the satisfaction of pleasing George, of making him happy) he finds he could do this for hours...

Then George's phone rings, and the man groans in perturbation, throwing out an arm to grab it off of the nearby coffee table. It slips in his hand, but he still manages to bring it to his ear, grumbling into the speaker irately "Yes?"

Dream is so close, that he can hear when Quackity speaks, sounding somewhat taken-aback by the hostility. "*Am I interrupting a nap, or something?*"

"No," George adjusts his tone to something more amiable, although a hint of frustration remains at the interruption "Dream was just giving me a massage."

"*He was giving you a WHAT!?*" Quackity sounds outraged, and it's immediately evident to Dream that he hasn't taken the comment in an innocent way. Damn it, George had a loose-tongue when he was relaxed...

"Calm down, he isn't hurting me. I asked for it."

"*You **asked** for it? George, you hate strangers touching you.*"

*What the fuck?* As out of character as this was for George, Dream was still stung by Quackity's assumption that he had somehow *coerced* George into this. Was this seriously the same guy who had put such faith and trust in him? Who had left him alone with his beloved brother?

"Yeah, I do, but Dream isn't a stranger anymore. We've known each other for days, and we *are* living together. Isn't this what you wanted, for us to get along?" George was confused. Quackity had stretched the importance of being friendly to Dream, and now he was implying to keep his distance? Talk about mixed messages. "I can always claw his eyes out, if you'd prefer--"

"*No, it's not that! Fuck, George. I'm just...surprised. You've known Karl and Sapnap for way longer than Dream, and you've never once let them give you so much as a handshake.*"

Dream can't help but be a little irritated with Quackity. He knows the man is well-intentioned, but George had already shown how insecure his failures in socialisation made him. To have it brought up so bluntly, even in the act of drawing a logical comparison...

"Dream's different." Matter-of-fact. "Although if it bothers you that I haven't shaken their hands, I can always try next time I see them."

*"No! I was just using that as an example, George. You don't have to force yourself to do **anything**, understand?"*

"Okay." Then, seemingly unable to sense Quackity's thinly guised implication, he goes on "How's your holiday going? I haven't seen any new pictures on Instagram."

*"It's been great."* Quackity doesn't sound overly enthusiastic.

George narrows his eyes. "Quackity-"

*"Just tired today! I'm actually resting up, because Karl is dragging Sapnap and I out tonight."*

"Don't you love going out?"

*"I do! I fucking...just need a break sometimes, is all-"*

**"Quackity,"** George repeated, this time more firmly "you're a workaholic, you *never* take breaks, even when you need them. What's going on?" Relaxed mood officially disrupted, George pushes himself up onto his elbows, flicking his eyes at Dream dismissively.

Pouting, but nonetheless respecting George's request for privacy, he rises up, although not without one last affectionate pat at the undercurve of George's glistening ass. He laments the loss of such a chilled evening with George, because he doubts the man will be in the mood for 'hanging out' after having whatever discussion he's planning with Quackity. Although George doesn't seem the coaxing sort, it's clear he cares for his younger brother, and Dream can't fault him for prioritising his family over some guy he's known less than a week.

Still, the temptation to eavesdrop is immense. In all of his time knowing Quackity, he'd never heard him sound this way before. It made him wonder what had happened during the trip to make him sound so stressed...

Well, short of hiding behind the couch and straining his ears, Dream knew he wasn't going to hear anything directly from Quackity himself, and since George wasn't likely to blab, that left only one option:

Asking Sapnap.

As loath as he was to bother his friend on his vacation, he didn't really have any other choice. There was always Karl, but his memory was so spotty sometimes it was hard to get a straight answer out of him.

Sapnap was also his best friend, and he wouldn't take Dream's nosiness personally.

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*“Why the hell are you asking me that?”*

He'd thought so, at least. “Quackity just sounded...*off* on the phone earlier,” Dream replied, confused by the suspicion in Sapnap's voice “he called to speak with George, and I heard a bit of their conversation before I got kicked from the room-“

*“Did George kick you out, or Quackity?”*

“George. I don't think Quackity would have wanted me listening anyway-“

*“And how has George been treating you?”* It's an awfully formal question, but Dream shrugs it off with a light laugh.

“He's been...treating me. We're getting along, though. We were actually about to watch a movie together when Quackity called.” Dream tries not to let any disappointment leak into his voice, but Sapnap, seemingly attuned to every minor tone change in his best friend, notices.

*“So you like spending time with him.”*

“He's not as insufferable as I first assumed.” Dream's mind drifts back to their initial meeting, George glaring at him so hostilely, sharp as a whip and just as ready to peel off skin with his insults. It had been less than a week, but that introduction seemed like *years* ago. “A bit of a brat, but nothing I can't manage.” Although he doesn't realise it, his voice is unmistakably *fond*, and he's grinning like a fool, as if George *hasn't* threatened to claw his eyes out in at least half of their conversations. Or implied it with one of those deadly glares.

*“Dream.”*

“Yeah?”

*“You **didn't**.”*

“Didn't want?” Dream knows it's pointless to play dumb, Sapnap knows him better than anyone else in the world, but he doesn't sound...pleased. As a matter of fact, he sounds borderline *pissed*.

*“You **know** what. I only ever hear you talk like this for one reason. **Please** tell me you haven't fucked him.”*

“No, of course not!” At least...not yet. Dream wanted to, *desperately*, but he didn't know if George was ready for that. Then, for the sake of being honest, he follows up reluctantly with “we've done some other stuff, but we haven't done *that* yet.”

*“Oh, so you **haven't** fucked my boyfriend's brother, who you're **supposed** to be babysitting.”*

As so often happened when he and Sapnap became heated at one another, Dream's face crumpled into a scowl “Dude, you're making it sound like I'm defiling him. You know I'm not the sort of guy to hurt someone, right? George *wants* this.”

*“And **I** wanted to go on vacation without worrying about Quackity's **precious** big brother getting frisky with my best friend, yet here we fucking are. Shit, Dream, do you have **any** idea what Quackity will do to you if you finds out?”*

“George is a full grown man. He can make his own decisions.”

*“I know that, but Quackity is stupidly protective. As much as he bitches about George he'd sooner*

*cut his own arm off then let anyone hurt him.”*

“I don’t intend on hurting him.” *Not unless it’s consensual.* “And I don’t intend on letting Quackity find out, either, so you can stop worrying. I’m not about to send him a picture of cum-stained sheets. Unless...” He means for his last comment to be a joke, something they can mutually chortle over, but his attempt at humour falls flat, Sapnap silent on the other end of the call. “I wouldn’t do that,” Dream blurts, just in case Sapnap is taking him *seriously* for some unholy reason “that would be really fucking weird, and gross, and I’d *never*-“

*“I know you’d never do anything fucked up, Dream. It just...dude, it just looks **questionable**. We go away for a week, and come back to find George with his V-Card missing-“*

“He’s not a virgin, Sap.” It feels wrong to speak about George’s sex life with someone else, since this detail had been divulged to him in a private setting, but Dream wants to defend himself. “And he’s not some innocent, blushing maiden.” *And even if he **was** a virgin, who would I be to judge him for it? He’d still be a **person** down to fuck, and we’re already both inexperienced when it comes to what we’re doing anyway. I guess in that regard, we’re **both** virgins to an arrangement of this nature.* “He knows what he wants.”

*“Really? Kinda surprised by that, thought for sure the dude was a virgin...but again, that’s not the point. I mean Dream, why would you even **want** to go there? I can only imagine how many scratches he’s given you-“*

“He hasn’t given me any, Sap. You don’t need to worry about that, we’re both adults.” This was the same man who had spurred on a good majority of Dream’s worst decisions in his life, the same man who, although always had his back in an argument, never hesitated to fan the flames of conflict, either. Sapnap wasn’t the type to be preachy, so why the hell did he seem so judgemental all of a sudden? “We haven’t...*gone all the way yet.*” It seems so cliché to phrase what they’re doing in such an old-fashioned manner, but the idea of telling Sapnap, point-blank, that he hasn’t *fucked* George yet feels vulgar. Like George is some kind of conquest, and he’s painstakingly tracking his progress.

*“Yeah, I’d advise against that, dude. George seems like the kind of guy to devour his lovers once he’s through with them. One minute you’re bathing in the afterglow, the next he’s dislocated his jaw and is chowing down on your collarbone.”*

Dream grimaces at the grotesque mental image Sapnap has so *graciously* bestowed him with, trying to replace it immediately with something more wholesome, like their limbs tangled together, sweaty bodies pressed close as they bask in mutual satisfaction... ***that’s better.*** “I’m pretty sure you’re thinking of praying mantises, Sap. Or black widows. George isn’t an insect.”

*“Technically spiders are arachnids.”*

“That isn’t the point. Is there any particular reason you’re comparing George to a creature that practices sexual cannibalism? Because you’re being weird.” And now that Dream thought about it, Sapnap’s text message that morning had been quite odd. *Why does he suddenly seem so concerned for my welfare? He had no problem leaving me here alone with George before.* “Did something happen that I should know about?” The last thing Dream had been expecting was to play counsellor for Sapnap when he was on a long-anticipated vacation with his boyfriends, but the man was his best friend, after all. He knew Sapnap would do the same for him.

*“You’re important as well. You know that, right?”* Sapnap asked, furtively.

“I understand my worth, Sapnap. Isn’t that why you guys trusted me in the first place, because I’m confident?” George would have walked all over anyone who was unsure, that is *if* he felt comfortable around them enough to come out of his bedroom in the first place.

*“I dunno, man. This just seems like the breeding ground for something toxic.”*

“I shit you not Sapnap, this is the least toxic relationship I’ve ever been in.” Using the big ‘R’ word felt a bit ambitious, but was that not what was happening? Maybe it wasn’t entirely romantic ~~yet~~, but they *were* in a kind of relationship. “And if it starts getting toxic, I’ll break it off.” Dream sighs, once again lamenting the loss of a quiet evening with George. “Shouldn’t you be getting ready to go to dinner, or something? I overheard Quackity say Karl is taking you both out.”

As much as Dream loved Sapnap, he kind of wanted to end the call. Obviously something had happened between the three of them to cause some tension (which had evidently boiled over, judging by the weird behaviour from both Sapnap and Quackity), and until his friend was ready to tell him what, Dream would give him some time to think. It wasn’t really his place to step in or offer opinions anyway, just listen and occasionally give measured advice, since, you know, *he should be working things out with his boyfriends*. Dream was fine with a good venting session, but not when Sapnap was like...*this*.

Maybe he was being selfish, or a little obsessed, but...he just didn’t want to hear any further criticism of George, even if Sapnap had his heart in the right place. George had been so vulnerable with him, he felt like a dick even entertaining any thoughts about him being some cannibalistic *predator*, because he wasn’t. He was just...

How did one even describe George? A million words came to mind, and Dream just couldn’t settle on one. Because George was...

*Fuck. That bratty little shit makes me speechless.*

*“Yeah.”* Sapnap doesn’t seem enthusiastic about the prospect, at all. *“He made a reservation so it would be a dick move to just cancel. Hopefully I can get through it without throwing something at fucking Quackity.”*

“You wanna elaborate on that?” *That was a lot of hostility.*

Sapnap exhales a breath, and it’s filled with pent-up annoyance. Dream knows *that* sound, and mentally sends well-wishes towards Karl and Quackity, because if Sapnap was as mad as he seemed, their evening would be the furthest thing from pleasant, let alone romantic, as Karl had likely intended. *“Not right now, dude. Talk to you later though?”*

“Always here whenever you need me, man.”

The conversation is wrapped up relatively quickly after that, and Dream heaves a deep sigh, slightly more concerned than he’d anticipated over his friend’s bizarre behaviour. Sapnap had been hyped about this trip for *months*, what possibly could have happened to have him sounding so frustrated? And Quackity as well...

*If I didn’t know any better, I’d think this has something to do with George and I.* Dream immediately brushes the ridiculous thought aside. He’d known that Quackity would be a bit leery over his good rapport with George, but they were *friends*. When Quackity eventually raised the subject (he might have already, with George, which was more important than interrogating Dream) they could have a calm discussion about it. A...highly redacted discussion. Dream wasn’t about to admit to Quackity what he and George had really been doing behind closed doors...

Or out in the open, in the kitchen or lounge room. The apartment was several stories high, they needn't worry about being peeped on by nosy neighbours.

To digress, Dream wasn't about to openly admit he'd been fucking around with George. It wasn't really his place to say anything, regardless. That responsibility would fall solely on George, if he wanted to talk about it. Still, he couldn't help but worry George might be talking about it *now*. Going by Quackity's reaction to him giving George a massage, the man would probably pack his bags and speed all the way here to break his kneecaps...

*No, I'm sure George wouldn't say anything. He knows Quackity better than anyone.*

---

*"You know you're my brother and I love you, right?"*

George pulls a face, resisting the childish urge to fake gag. He would have gone ahead and done it if Quackity were present, but the effect was kind of ruined if the man wasn't here to see his expression twist up in tandem with the sound. "Is there a reason you're trying to ruin my evening with this...*sentiment*?"

Quackity had spent the last five minutes or so expertly dodging any questions George had asked about his odd behaviour. Like some shifty politician. Quackity easily could have taken that career path if he wasn't so invested in law. Either way, it was *supremely* irritating, and George's ears had long flicked back in irritation, tail thrashing. To make matters even worse, his backside *stung*, the (pun unintended) half-assed aloe vera distribution Dream had done not doing much to sooth the pain.

But worse than the discomfort, was the knowledge that his *infuriating* little brother was upset about something, and was *yet again* not telling him, likely to spare him the stress. George had never dealt well with stress (this was mostly the hybrid side), but he wasn't some *baby*. If it concerned his brother, he wanted to know. He had *pride* as an older sibling, and it was his job to look out for him.

And bother him relentlessly, but at the moment this was the former, and George was *not* letting this dickhead interrupt a heavenly massage without elaborating on his true motive for the call. Fuck that, Quackity was coughing up a proper explanation before George let him go.

*"I just wanted you to know, asshole. You can act as aloof as you want, but we both know you get needy as fuck if you don't get attention for a while."*

**"Quackity."** George despised when his brother brought that up. His more human side cringed at the idea of demanding attention, but his feline side could hardly survive without it. And *maybe* his human side could get a little needy as well, but he was *special*, and deserved more care than some stupid book, or laptop, or whatever other useless thing Quackity was focusing on at the time-

*"Dream can be charming, can't he?"*

George blinked, momentarily stunned by the sudden subject change, but he isn't an idiot, and it doesn't take long for him to start connecting the dots. "You're telling me not to go looking for attention in the wrong place, aren't you?" The annoyance in his tone morphs into something more *genuinely* angry, words coming fast. "Because I'm some silly little cat hybrid who can't *resist* rubbing up against *anyone* who smiles at me?"

“No! Of *course* I don’t think that-“

“Well either you’re insinuating I’m some *stupid kitten*, or you’re implying Dream has ‘charmed’ me. Which is fucking ridiculous, since Dream is about as smooth as a piece of sandpaper.” Quackity snorts at the comparison, and George can’t help but smirk a little himself, smug with his own sharp wit. He keeps on at it, because even though he’s *pissed*, he can’t help but default back to using humour to disguise his insecurities “Seriously, he’s been *tripping over* himself to cater to me. I’ve been making him clean the apartment *every day*. Every day! I don’t even moult that much!”

This time, there’s a small giggle. “You’re a *menace*, George.”

“Just wait, I’ll ask him to cook me the most *absurd* meal, and he’ll be in the kitchen quicker than I can blink! I’ll even send you a picture!”

“That’s called ‘*exploitation*’ George.”

*Not when he wants to do it.* George decides not to voice this. “Whatever. Dream isn’t some creep, and I’m not some sad lonely creature desperate for affection. *Please* tell me that isn’t what has you in such a grumpy mood.” George may have liked his dramatics, but he would genuinely be upset if he was ruining Quackity’s vacation from *hundreds of miles away*. “Quackity?”

“You really are *self-obsessed*, aren’t you?”

George’s stiff posture relaxes in relief. “Well excuse me for jumping to conclusions when you’re so unnecessarily secretive. Just say what you mean, Quackity. Honestly, I’m going to shed if you keep this behaviour up.”

“You haven’t been *over-grooming*, have you?”

George rolls his eyes, but doesn’t make a snide remark. It *is* a genuine concern, since he’s done it in the past when severely stressed. ~~Mostly when Quackity goes away, or he has to go on an outing outside of his safe apartment.~~ “My fur is as lustrous as ever. I’ll send you a picture to scrutinise once we’re done here.” Just to do a little check for himself, George gently grasps his tail, smoothing it out with the sort of diligence cats have in regards to cleanliness. “Are we done here, or are you going to miss your dinner reservation because you’re mollycoddling me?”

“‘*Mollycoddling*’.” Quackity mimics his accent, at which point George considers them *done*. He doesn’t even allow for the man to say another word, promptly hanging up the call and snickering to himself in amusement, easily able to picture Quackity’s perturbed look, hear the loud exclamation of (“bastard hung up on me!”) a suitable revenge, and a resounding victory for him, because he’s *won*.

Then Quackity texts him a stupid heart emoji, and George wants to teleport through his phone screen and slap him across the face. *Of course* he can’t let him win...

But as talented as Quackity was at avoiding answering questions, George could be just as wily when the need arose. Quackity had scraped by with his indirectness, but once George had cracked his initial joke he’d taken the opportunity to derail the ~~interrogation~~-questioning, succeeding in avoiding discussing Dream in further depth. Undoubtedly Quackity would return to the topic, but for now, it was closed.

Quackity wasn’t the only one good at avoiding questions.

In fact, George may have even taught him a thing or two over the years.

Or at least he liked to think so. ~~Cats were vain, and George was no different.~~

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## Chapter End Notes

I know there were some people hoping for a call from Quackity, so I hope this chapter lives up to some expectations :) Honestly for some reason writing all of the drama was fun, hence why I managed to write this a little faster than usual :D

Thanks again for all your comments and kudos, and sorry for my habit to reply late. I really just try to avoid being on the internet when I'm writing otherwise I get distracted, which is usually one of the reasons why I'm late with replying to comments, but I DO really appreciate them, so thank you guys so much <3

Ideally I'd still like to finish this fic before the New Year, but considering how busy this period is, it will really just depend. I also struggle with forcing myself to write (because what comes out is usually pretty awful) regardless of that though, I'm hopeful a new chapter should be out soon :)



# Chapter 11

## Chapter Summary

Worried about running out of time, George decides to be bold.

## Chapter Notes

Once again I'm sorry this is a little late! I decided to post a longer chapter again instead of splitting it. Also I apologise again for the late reply to comments. They are greatly appreciated but I really do try and stay off the internet a bit when I'm writing so I don't get distracted :)

A little FYI: A lot of this chapter is centred around smut, so if that makes you uncomfortable please do not read. I understand it isn't to everyone tastes :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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They were running out of time.

It was inevitable to feel the pressure, really, when Quackity was only due to be away for a week. Prior to meeting Dream (and still under the impression that he wouldn't be sharing this time with anyone) George had been anticipating counting down the *seconds* until Quackity got back, and now he felt he'd do anything to keep his brother away for just a couple days more.

The metaphorical ticking of the countdown resounded loudly in his ears the next morning, George and Dream having retired earlier the previous night than they'd originally planned. After the disruption of Quackity's phone call George had been somewhat sulky, not in the mood to do anything more than sleep away his frustrations. He hadn't even managed to get his ear pets...

He'd slept on his belly that night, (not bothering with any underwear for obvious reasons), and his brain had subjected him to the most irritatingly erotic dreams, the last of which had been reaching a promising conclusion before the smell of cooking breakfast had awoken him, and (as was quickly becoming an established routine) he'd slumped into the bathroom to use the toilet and taken his morning bath. He'd jerked his morning wood off with quick, harsh twists and hurried strokes, marginally relieved afterwards.

He'd been unplugging his phone from the charger when the screen had lit up, displaying the time and date. It wasn't until after he'd pulled on a clean pair of sweats and one of his oversized T-shirts that he registered how soon Quackity would be coming back.

And consequentially how he and Dream hadn't done *half* of the things they had discussed, which

they'd openly admitted to wanting. They'd spent so much time taking it slow ~~and safe~~ that they'd wasted too much time. Sure, George appreciated how careful Dream had been, but if the man was less focused on being *caring* they might have actually fucked by now, or at the very least jerked each other off. Maybe he should have pushed for a good ass-eating yesterday...

*No, I couldn't have. If I strongly pressured him into doing something he didn't want to do, I'd be no better than some of those creepily pushy people.* George acknowledges this, even as his brain quickly moves on to scheming for the day ahead. If Dream was up for it, they could probably spend a good portion of the day ticking off some of the...*items* on their list. As for the main event...all he really needed was confirmation, so he could do some of the usual maintenance in preparation.

George is perhaps more awake than he's been in years after waking up so soon from slumber, and he walks with purpose into the kitchen. When Dream turns around from the toaster, his eyebrows rise in surprise at George's very aware and *determined* look, and he barely has a chance to *breathe* before George is on him, using his quick reflexes to push him back gently against the counter, leaning up on his tiptoes to press their lips together. George can smell the mint of Dream's toothpaste when he gasps in surprise, but he resists the urge to plunge his tongue inside, instead exhaling his words against Dream's mouth in a hot huff. "Is this okay?" Really he should have asked that *first*, but asking for permission didn't come as easy to George as it did Dream, and it was something he probably needed to work on more. And quickly, since time was running out.

"I thought a good morning kiss would be too cliché for you." Dream sounds miffed, but not disgusted, relaxing his (surprisedly) tense posture into something more relaxed. He wraps long, lightly toned arms around George's waist, bringing the rest of their body as close together as their faces.

George can see every little brown freckle this close, all of his pores and slight imperfections. He's almost tempted to pull back at the realisation that Dream can see the same, not liking the vulnerability of having his own flaws out in the open. He liked to be immaculate, and the idea of Dream seeing that small scar he has and the grains of his stubble makes him cringe...

"A great way to start a morning." Dream goes on cheerily, and a strand of his hair flops down to tickle the ridge of George's nose. He wrinkles it, holding back a small laugh when Dream catches the motion and leans down to peck him on the tip of his nose. It's so cheesy and domestic, not at *all* the hot make-out session George had been envisioning when he'd stalked out here. "Although I'm curious to know what I've done to deserve it." George didn't give anything away for free, least of all affection. "Finally coming to appreciate my breakfast efforts?"

George is tempted to be drawn into the banter, but he still feels desperate, maybe even a little panicked, so he presses forward again, hinting (none too subtly) that he wants to continue kissing.

Fortunately, Dream isn't in the interrogating mood, and he opens his mouth willingly for George, letting him prod his tongue hesitantly inside, pressing against the roof of his mouth, dragging over his teeth. The texture is a little strange to adjust to at first, George's tongue being feline rough, but Dream finds himself liking it quickly. But George is...hesitant, clearly a little inexperienced judging by how he maps everything out, but Dream doesn't rush him, allowing him time to, well, *learn*. Speeding things up when George wasn't ready would only make it *sloppy*, and not in the nice way. More in the unsynchronised, teeth-banging kind of way...

When George withdraws slightly and his tongue stills, Dream takes the initiative to take control, flicking his own tongue against George's and pressing them together. Eventually he gently presses George's down so he can push into his mouth, their lips moulding together as everything becomes

so overwhelmingly *hot*, the taste of two different toothpastes mingling.

George follows Dream's lead, letting the man grip his nape and tug him until they barely have an inch between them. He closes his eyes when he starts becoming a little over-stimulated, his hybrid instincts momentarily having a tough time adjusting to the sudden changes. He can feel Dream's chest rising and falling, and matches the rhythm of his breathing, glad when Dream pulls back, allowing him to take a breath before pushing forward again. The slick sounds of their mouths moving together is *loud* to George's advanced hearing, but he focuses on that rather than any background noise. He's soothed himself quite well until Dream tightens his arms around his waist, one hand creeping lower to grasp gently onto the swell of his backside. The slight pain mixed with the *heat* of the kiss is enough to make him gasp a moan into Dream's mouth, the man's slightly chapped lips tilting up into a smirk at the reaction.

And George may now be as overwhelmed as before, but he doesn't let Dream get away with such a display without returning the favour. When Dream begins coaxing their tongues together again, he presses his canines down *just* sharply enough to pinch the muscle, giving a smirk of his own when the man jumps. This seems to renew Dream's passion, and the kiss becomes faster after this, messier, their slow practicing turning into something not *quite* perfect but more co-ordinated. It gets harsher, and George's lips go from tingling to *swelling*, and he can only imagine how pink they must be, how pink and puffy *Dream's* would be...

When George really thought about it, the man was actually quite lucky George's stubble wasn't longer. He would have been getting a bad case of beard-burn by now if George hadn't shaved a few days ago. He tended to get a little unkempt when Quackity went away, focused entirely on grooming his tail and ears (often to the point of over-grooming...)

George had started getting hard around the point Dream had grabbed his ass, and the longer they kiss the more erect he becomes, until he's sure Dream can feel him pressing against his upper thigh, his own cock probably very close to Dream's own...

George presses just that *tiny* bit closer, and feels his face heat up when he realises (quite physically) that Dream is in a similar state to him. He hadn't quite been able to feel through his baggy shirt (or see, since his eyes were still closed), but Dream's cock was tenting firmly through his trousers, just as hard (if not more so) then George's. The steady rhythm of their kissing falters when Dream gasps at the sudden proximity, and George's eyes open to stare desperately (and somewhat wildly) into Dream's. They regard one another in a smog of mutual desire, more brainless animals rearing for mating than competent adults with working brains, and they exchange no words as they struggle to pull their own trousers and underwear down, the motion slower and more awkward than it needs to be, as neither want to back away and break contact.

Still, pulling back a few inches is necessary, even just for shimmying down their sweats and boxers to around their thighs. Once they're done, they push their bared skin together with groans, pressing their hard cocks against one another, thrusting their hips for more friction. George brings one of his hands to ghost, feather-light, over the top of Dream's cock, fingers dancing across the skin before skittering back to thumb at the head, tracing over the tip. Dream groans all the while, encouragements and praise spewing from his mouth so fast George can barely keep track, but he doesn't beg, which is a little disappointing. As much as George wants Dream to be in control, he'd still find it amusing to see him lose his composure in such a way...

And then Dream's hand cups his balls, and George realises that although Dream seems caught up and desperate, he's still very much present in the moment. The sudden touch makes George moan, and he *quivers* when Dream tugs lightly on the skin, holding his breath as the man suddenly stretches his fingers, grazing them back over his perinium- "No!" He gasps out, and Dream stops,

right away, some of the frenzied haze leaving his eyes as he looks to George in concern.

“Did I do something wr-“

“Together!” George huffs, grabbing Dream’s arm roughly when he begins to pull away. “I want to...*together*.”

“Together...” Dream trails off, blinking, his alarm fading away into relief “as in...” he gently grips the base of both of their cocks in one of his hands, and George *moans* at the contact. “Slut,” Dream calls him this with no small-amount of satisfaction, emerald eyes glimmering down at him when George suppresses another moan upon hearing the word “such a greedy little slut, needing me to jerk you off.”

“Hurry up and do it then.” George grumbled impatiently, breath shuddering from his chest when Dream teasingly rubs his thumb up and down his shaft. They’re both erect enough for their cocks to be straining up towards their stomach, and Dream stretches his fingers and the palm of his large hand to keep them pressed together, the friction against their skin *searing, intoxicating*. It’s intimate in a way George hadn’t expected, and he wonders if he’ll feel similar when Dream is actually *inside* of him, a future prospect he was happily anticipating at this point...

But not now. He doubted either of them would last that long, and he didn’t want the main course to end prematurely. This...this was an entrée. A taster for what was to (hopefully) come. Pun unintended.

And George is well and truly gearing up for an *exemplary* orgasm when Dream suddenly *stops*, pulling back his hands. The loss of touch makes George *ache*, every hypersensitive nerve in his body *screaming* at the denial. The look he sends Dream is filled with fury, brown and blue icy enough to freeze over fucking *Siberia*. Because if this asshole thinks he’s getting away with cock-blocking him-

“Lube would be better,” Dream says regretfully, and this time it’s *George’s* turn to blink in surprise as he brings a hand to his face, Addams Apple bobbing as he works his throat “but this will have to do, because I’m not fucking fishing around for it now.” He opens his mouth wide, a flash of white teeth and a slightly punctured tongue, and *spits* into his palm, clenching his fingers to rub around a decent amount of saliva. George knows what Dream’s doing now, and if another person had done this, he would have been disgusted at seeing so much *spit*, but as it was...

*That is absolutely foul, but kind of...*

Dream’s palm is glistening and sufficiently wet when he grips both of their cocks again, and this time when he pumps his hand, the moisture makes the motion more smooth. George hadn’t realised how much *better* this would be, and he bucks his hips upwards into Dream’s hand, body demanding *more*.

And Dream obeys George’s unspoken command, jerking back and froth from the base of their cocks to the tips, his free hand roaming over any areas the other one cannot reach easily. Dream is hard against him, *blistering*, and George can feel the vein on the other man’s underside *throbbing*, the same way it had against his tongue when he’d given him that blow-job...

He can hear his heart thundering in his ears, can *feel* his orgasm mounting to a crescendo, when Dream stops *again*.

And judging by the grin on his face, it wasn’t for a matter of practicality this time.

“What *now*?” George is too pent-up and desperate for release to care about whining. “I was *so close*-“

“I want you to ask me.” Dream’s voice is resolute, although he is panting somewhat. George can tell by the strain of his shoulders that he’s using every ounce of self-restraint he has not to just keep going and finish them both off. It would be impressive, if George wasn’t about to *die*. “I want you to ask me *nicely* to let you come.”

*This fucker.* Teeth clenched, and cock *weeping* at the head, George manages to force out a gritted-out “*Please.*”

Dream, like the absolute *bastard* that he is, has the nerve to *tut* like some ridiculous school-teacher, hand still *infuriatingly* still. “I said *nicely*, Georgie.”

It takes a moment for the cogs of George’s stupidly horny brain to move for a moment, but when they do, he realises what Dream wants. Despite his annoyance, he feels his arousal mount impossibly higher, flushing from the tips of his ears down to his lower neck. “Please...” he draws it out, just to build up some anticipation, a little retaliation for Dream’s behaviour. The man is looking more squirmy by the second, still hard enough to cut fucking *diamonds*. “*Sir...*”

Dream’s eyes slide shut for a moment, air wheezing from his nose and rattling from his chest. His hand squeezes *tight* for a short moment, not enough to hurt, but enough to steady the both of them. After another moment of breathing deeply to maintain a *semblance* of self-control, he nods, cracks an unsteady smile, and says “Good kitty.”

Ordinarily, this would be an immediate mood-killer for George, who generally didn’t like being reminded of his cat characteristics in the midst of anything sexual, but with Dream he *knows* the man isn’t just reducing him to his hybrid state. It’s different, and he...he likes it.

And although Dream had had his fun with his little power-play (and despite his impatience, George actually had as well) he evidently isn’t in much of a state to tease for any longer, and his pumps are hasty, *messy*, both of them desperate to cum. At some point Dream leans down to kiss him again, and they pant against one another’s mouth, all swollen lips and interconnected drool. It’s probably not pretty, but to George it’s *perfect*, even if he has to make a conscious effort not to let his claws creep out from where they come to rest underneath Dream’s ears. He’s closer to Dream now than he’s ever been to another person, and it’s *amazing*.

When they come, it isn’t in perfect tandem, but it’s a near-thing. Dream had twisted his wrist ever so slightly on one of his pumps, and George had moaned loudly enough for anyone passing in the halls outside his apartment door to probably hear, the vocalisation trailing off to something a little more feline at the end. This must be enough to push Dream over the edge, because he gives a guttural groan of his own, cum spurting from his cock to intermingle with George’s. They both lean against one another to ride it out, eyes-rolled back and thighs quivering from where they’ve been pressed together. George can feel perspiration clumping the hair at the back of his neck together, and the scent of sweat and salt and *sex* in the air isn’t as revolting as he’d thought it would be.

Content and pleased with Dream’s performance, George allows a purr to reverberate in his throat, moving away from Dream’s lips to rub their cheeks together. The display isn’t sexual at all, solely affectionate, and George reasons he must just be...*cuddly* after sex. That was a thing, right? That would explain why he kind of wants to crawl onto Dream’s lap right now and have his ears stroked...

But he isn’t confident enough to request something like that, which was kind of ironic, considering

he'd had little to no problem jumping Dream for some impromptu mutual-masturbation. He settles for something more...*topical*, instead, reaching out to catch Dream's hand when he goes to wipe it off on the cloth of his lowered tracksuit bottoms.

It's sticky, coated in both of their seed, and despite not being a big fan of the taste himself (it was cum, after all, Dream's didn't taste bad, but it wasn't exactly like slurping up a milkshake) the idea of cleaning Dream's hand is satisfying enough to override his indifference towards the flavour. He *wants* to do this, because Dream had been such a *good* human...

Dream's heavily lidded eyes widen when George guides his fingers into his open mouth, still and pliant as George gently slurps and suckles, his rough tongue leaving tingles on his skin as he moves from every crevice and dip, tongue inching out to lap up anything on the palm. The wet sounds are enough to have Dream's (traitorous) cock twitching in interest, but he can tell by the soft set to George's own eyes that he isn't doing this in a sexual way, and holds back on getting too excited again. Instead he lets George move him as he wants, savouring the sight of the man being so *attentive* with him, not leaving one patch of skin uncleaned.

When George finishes, still holding Dream's hand, he frowns for a moment, seemingly in thought, and Dream's heart *melts* when he tentatively leans forward to press a curt kiss to his palm. The movement is experimental, stiff, and his ears flick back immediately, tail coming to curl around his waist.

Either he was worried about being rejected for the sweet action, or had issues showing that side of himself. Regardless, Dream wasn't about to let any negative emotions fester, and he uses the same hand to cradle George's cheek, pressing a (softer) kiss to the slightly stubbly skin there. He can feel it burn underneath his touch, but doesn't tease George, instead pressing their damp foreheads together. It's perhaps a bit saccharine for George, but Dream *thrives* on it, is (perhaps) more elated by this tender display than by the fact he'd just had one of the most intense orgasms of his life...

George indulges him, for a moment, allows himself to feel...comfort in another person. It isn't forced, like it might have been with someone other than Dream, and even though a part of him still *screams* at him to get away, he...bears with it.

A few seconds longer is all he can manage.

When he withdraws, he doesn't push Dream's hands away, but Dream lets them drop without complaint, not seeming disappointed at all. He respects George's desire for space, remembering how cagey he can get, and stands still as George takes a few steps back. He can't help but snort when George elects to kick off his sweats and underwear instead of pulling them back up, nose wrinkled as he looks down at the mess all over his stomach. "I have to have a bath." George is adamant. Dream, who'd been planning to just wipe himself down, kind of feels like a filthy pig in comparison. But...maybe it's another cat thing?

"Okay," Dream finally pushes back from the counter, stretching out his back until it gives an audible *pop* "I'll reheat breakfast." He dared not serve anything lukewarm to George. "Are you..." he runs the risk of George getting huffy for him checking in, but he doesn't feel comfortable letting George go until he's confirmed he's okay. *He* definitely hadn't been expecting to jack both of them off before he'd even had a glass of breakfast juice this morning, but by the determined way George had stalked in here this morning, *he'd* definitely had some kind of game-plan. Not to say that Dream didn't enjoy it, because he *did*, immensely, but he was curious to know what had pushed George to be so forward. Usually the man was more indirect, *coy*, even... "are we good?"

"That depends," George arches an eyebrow pointedly at the empty kitchen island, where a few bare plates are sitting out "on whether my breakfast is ready by the time I'm finished soaking." When

Dream doesn't react to the snide comment, he rolls his eyes "yes, Dream, I'm fine. But I won't be if I don't clean my teeth soon. Your spunk doesn't exactly taste sweet, you know."

"But you licked it up so *eagerly*. Do you even *need* your morning milk for breakfast now?"

George visibly *cringed* at this. "God that was just...that was just *bad*, Dream. I can't believe Quackity called you charming yesterday. You are *disgusting*."

"Quackity said I was charming?" Considering how angry Quackity had sounded on the phone when George had let it slip that Dream was giving him a massage, Dream had assumed Quackity had been calling him a lot of things, but least of all *charming*. Under what kind of context would such an adjective be used in reference to him?

"I want apple juice this morning." Obviously George had no intention of elaborating.

"Whatever you want, *princess*."

"*Exactly. Whatever* I want." George nodded his head in approval, clearly ignoring Dream's sarcasm. "You're learning quite fast for an idiot. Good boy, Dream." He uses the praise with Dream's reaction from the previous day in mind, smiling smugly when the man's cheeks turned a little pink. *I can use that*. "Can you cook my eggs fried, by the way?" He lets his smile soften into something sweeter, lashes batting *just enough* to be convincing. He wonders if Dream will fall for it, if the praise will be enough-

"Sunny side-up or over-easy?"

George *beams*, and his tail flicks forward to brush under Dream's chin, grazing over the skin there playfully. "I like both, so you can surprise me."

"Mmm." Dream lightly pets over George's tail, eyes focused on the appendage as it waves softly. It's almost as if he's entranced. "Sure."

"Marvellous." *This day is off to a fantastic start.*

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Dream comes to the conclusion that George must be in a...*frisky* mood today, because he's hardly gotten half-way through his own breakfast before George has crawled underneath the table, hauled down his tracks and underwear, and swallowed him down his throat *like his life depended on it*. Dream had been limp, relaxed after his previous orgasm, content to share a *quiet breakfast*, and here George was, slurping on his cock like he was *starving*, and nothing else would satisfy him. Kind of disappointing, considering Dream had put so much effort into making the *perfect* fried egg for him, and he'd scoffed it down so fast he couldn't have possibly appreciated the taste...

Still, he couldn't exactly *complain*, could he? He was still getting a blow-job, even if he'd choked on his toast in surprise and was still hacking up crumbs. All the while George bobbed his head and *hummed*, all slitted irises and pink, swollen lips, still puffy from their kissing earlier. It doesn't take long for Dream to stiffen up, and when he does he leans back, hands still clenched over his knife and fork, allowing George to do all of the work for him. He grunts when the hybrid drags his sharpened canines over his dick, unable to stop himself from slamming his hips forward, fucking George's relaxed throat with a new sense of vigour. George grips Dream's bare thighs to steady himself, claws sinking into his skin slightly as he peers upwards, eyes watery. He's so obedient,

*compliant*, and Dream feels like a *king* sitting there, being serviced as he eats his breakfast...

When Dream comes, George drinks it all down without even a hitch of breath, cleaning him off with the same efficiency as earlier, his rough tongue near overstimulating on the skin. Dream can only puff from his second (intense) orgasm of the day, still a little shocked by George's initiative. His cutlery clamours onto his plate as he reaches shaky hands down to thread through still-damp brunette hair, the silky strands serving to centre him as he winds down.

George licks over his puffy lips, eyelashes dotted with moisture, and Dream relinquishes his hold with one hand to gently wipe the water away, mind addled as George looks up at him so sweetly. He butts his head into Dream's remaining palm insistently, giving a quiet purr as Dream gently strokes over his left ear. Not for the first time this morning, Dream's heart *melts*. The trust George is displaying, his courage to put himself out there for Dream, it's, for lack of a better word-

"Will you do me?" George's voice is low, a little hesitant, although there's nothing unsure in his eyes. Dream knows he's playing coy again, pretending shyness to nudge Dream into going along with what he wants. Dream was quickly learning to distinguish between his genuine uncertainty and his theatrics. It shouldn't have been that easy, but George didn't exactly hold back from playing the same trick twice. Dream was observant, so he was bound to catch on.

But it wasn't like George didn't *deserve* it. For all of the effort he'd put in, Dream would be a complete asshole not to reciprocate, and it wasn't as if it would be a chore. Dream *wanted* to suck George off, wanted to feel his thighs quiver as he got closer to release, to feel the weight of him on his tongue. He wanted to watch as his face twisted in pleasure, hear his moans-

Yeah, he really wanted to blow him. Preferably now.

"Of course I will, baby." Dream assures nonetheless, not wanting to complicate matters by calling George out on his sly tactic. He pretends not to notice the smug tilt to George's mouth. "Do you wanna let your breakfast properly digest first? You scoffed it down pretty fast."

George shoots him a look of utter offense. "I'm not some geriatric elder, Dream. God, next you'll be trying to feed me those disgusting digestive biscuits."

"My cat can get sick if she eats too fast." Dream said, in an attempt to explain his concern. Alas-

George digs his claws a little deeper into Dream's naked leg, enough for it to sting as he hisses out "Do *not* talk about other cats with me." Perhaps it was absurd to feel jealous of an *actual* feline, but George's hybrid side just couldn't abide the thought of another cat having Dream's attention. "Do you need to eat *your* breakfast?" He'd already gotten hard from watching Dream's reactions, but it would be hard to maintain an erection whilst the man ate. He'd let him, of course, but it would kind of ruin the...*ambiance*.

"Nothing I can't reheat for a second time." Yeah, it might make his food a little soggy, but Dream could deal. It would be worth getting his mouth around George when the man was so clearly holding back his desperation. The tent in his pants was quite visible, and he hadn't neglected to notice the sneaky little strokes George had given himself here and there whilst he sucked him off. "I'm a bit big to fit under this table, though. Wanna move to the couch?" He could probably manage it, but his limbs would be uncomfortable all tucked up. He'd be more focused on the strain than what he was doing-

"Fine." For a brief moment, George contemplates asking Dream to carry him, before banishing the thought away. He wasn't some Disney princess, or bride. It would be silly to ask for something so needlessly indulgent. It wasn't like he was fucked out and couldn't move his legs... "Just...blink



three times or something if you want to pause.” Their ‘safety rules’ didn’t just apply to Dream. Even if they were mostly put in place due to him, George needed to follow them as well, even if he thought they were getting a little repetitive.

“Not that I think I’ll need to, but if it does come down to it, I’ll gently pinch your thigh,” Dream said “easier for you to notice that way.”

Ugh. So dreadfully banal. George always appreciated the safety measures when in the midst of anything sexual, but the beforehand discussions before they tried anything new were a chore. “Time to put that cocky mouth of yours to use,” he comments, as they both stand, and begin walking towards the lounge room “let’s see if you can make me cum.”

“Bet. In under five minutes.” Dream says with a smirk. *Challenge accepted, George.*

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Dream does it in under four.

He doesn’t bother putting on as big of a display as George does, focused solely on getting him off, the initial gentleness quickly turning into hard sucks and hollowing of cheeks, one hand on George’s hip, the other coming up to fondle at his balls. He’s perhaps a little more polished than George, likely more experienced considering he’s had more sexual partners, but George is relieved to note that there’s no huge disparity in their skill. Dream is just more...confident. Focused, even. He’s not wasting time looking pretty, although judging by the way he looks up at George with crinkled eyes, he’s not insecure of his appearance. He knows he looks hot, knows George is doomed to fail their little challenge before he even begins to deep-throat him.

He swallows his seed without show, thumbing around the edges of his mouth for any stray drops when George pulls out, shivering and still letting out little strangled moans. There’s a blissed out smile on his face, head tossed back against the headrest of the lounge, and Dream *savours* the sight, proud of what he has reduced George to. He’s unreserved, *open*, and so very, very beautiful.

And Dream has never been covetous, but he finds himself wanting to keep George. Not as a possession, or as a pet, but as a...partner. Or at least, they could start trying for that. There was no reason they couldn’t try going on a date or something, right?

“Good,” George puffs out, voice a little slurred “knew you’d be good for something...”

Glimpsing the underside of George’s pink upper thighs when the man shifts slightly, Dream nestles his head between George’s slim legs, sucking small bruises onto the skin. George jerks in surprise at the sudden movement, but doesn’t protest, pushing down on Dream’s head in encouragement. It’s enough to start getting him hard again, but just as Dream is contemplating going for seconds, George grunts, pushing his face up. “George?”

“Want you to fuck me.” George says huffily, and Dream feels his face heat up at the bold request. George was being shameless, and it was *sexy*. “Want you to fuck me so hard I can’t walk tomorrow.”

“Are you...are you sure?” It was as if George had woken up in some extremely amorous mood. Dream didn’t think he’d had a discussion with ‘normal’ George all morning, just his supremely horny counterpart. He’d almost think the hybrid was in heat, if he didn’t know already George didn’t have the biological composition for that. “Don’t get me wrong, I’d love nothing more than

to stuff you full of my cock right now, but-“

George reached between his own legs to grasp at his cock, giving it a small jerk for emphasis. His expression twisted with the movement, but he didn't lose control. “Does *this* look unsure?” George sounded entirely fed up with Dream's caution, and after looking closely (perhaps a little too closely, George could feel Dream's warm exhale of breath on his sensitive skin) he nodded. Just the sight of Dream's unruffled hair and wet lips is enough to have George pushing himself further back on the couch, hastily beginning to pull his shirt up and over his head. There's no delicacy here, no putting on a show. He's still seized with that frantic feeling, brain cognizant that with each passing hour, each passing minute, each passing *fucking second*, their time together is coming to a close.

“You *are* eager for it.” Dream sounds a little taken-aback, not quite familiar with this borderline...*businesslike* George. Even when desperate for relief, George had never been quite so uniform. “Slut.”

George shivers at the word, and (evidently) impatient with Dream's pace, pulls him close by the hem of his shirt, tugging insistently at the collar. “*C'mon*, Dream. I'm beginning to think you're all talk. That, or you have some erectile dysfunction disorder.”

Dream feels his final tendril of control *snap*, the sound near resounding in his ears. In as smooth a motion as he can manage (he slips a little on George's lowered pants, but nobody needs to know that) he's up on his feet, leaning down to grasp George around his middle and pull him upwards. The movement is forceful, perhaps a little rough, but George *smirks*, wrapping his arms around Dream's neck and his legs around the slant of his hips. When Dream hesitates to grab at his ass, a hand hovering over his swishing tail, George loops it around both of their waists, the strong appendage drawing them even closer together. The kiss they share is messy, open-mouthed, and when Dream begins to stumble backwards, George withdraws, if only so they don't bump into anything on their way to...

*The bedroom?* George resists the urge to roll his eyes at the cliché, as Dream manoeuvres his way around the lounge area, barely avoiding clipping his leg on the coffee table. *I guess it **will** be easier on a bed.* “Yours,” he says, when Dream hesitates in the hallway, clearly deliberating which direction to take. The decision to use Dream's bedroom instead of his is sudden, when he feels an intense wave of anxiety wash over him. As much as he trusts Dream, he doesn't feel ready to allow him into his territory. ~~When~~ *If* he does show Dream his room, he wants to introduce him to it slowly, in a way he won't feel intruded on.

Dream's current living space is the haphazard area Quackity and him used to call their ‘home office’, although it was seldom used for much more than storage. Quackity seems to have cleaned it up nicely enough for a guest, and George can't help but wonder when his brother had moved everything around and prepared the futon. He must have been taking a nap, otherwise he would have noticed...

Dream's makeshift ‘bed’ looks comfortable enough, and George's visual impression is confirmed when Dream tosses him onto the bed, his back bouncing off of the mattress. A surprised “OOF!” leaves his lips, and he makes himself comfortable on the pillows as Dream finishes undressing himself, electing to be practical over leaning back and enjoying the show. It only takes him a moment to realise that in his haste he hadn't thought to dip into his bedroom for some lube, his plan to slick up his fingers and get to stretching his hole momentarily stalled. His face twists in frustration, but Dream doesn't notice, too busy clearing away a few water glasses and moving his laptop somewhere safer.

When he does notice George fidgeting with his hands, bare skin on display, he puts two and two together quickly. “I don’t have any lube, sorry. Want me to grab you some? Just tell me where.” Although it would be easier for George to fetch it, he looks so *comfortable*. Dream doesn’t want to disturb him.

“No,” George grumbles “don’t worry about it, we don’t have time.”

Dream frowns. Contrary to a lot of pornos he’d seen prior to trying anal out with a partner, lubricant *was* important. If George wasn’t stretched properly, it would be uncomfortable. The friction could even *hurt*. Not to mention, it was useful for keeping a condom on. “You impatient *brat*,” Dream watches with satisfaction as George’s cock bobs further up towards his stomach at the word “look George, it’s cute you’re so impatient for my cock, but if we don’t take our time now, you’ll be regretting it later.” Dream wanted to fuck George so hard that his legs felt like noodles, not so dry that he’d risk tearing. “I’ll be quick.”

George knew Dream was being logical. Preparation was important, especially for the first-time in a while. He’d gone through some of his own preparation in the bathroom earlier, and he was kicking himself for forgetting to slip some lube into his pocket once he’d been done...

Dream is right, but George is frantic, and the heady arousal circulating his brain isn’t helping matters. It’s only making him more anxious, more desperate. *Every second counted*, and if George didn’t try and keep to some tight schedule (no pun intended) they weren’t going to complete his list- “We don’t have time, Dream,” George repeats, his inner panic spilling over into their conversation “Quackity is due to get back tomorrow, and if we don’t fuck *now*-“

“We can always fuck another time.” Dream cut in, lowering himself onto the mattress to better look George in the face. His lightly muscled arms flex slightly as he crosses them against his chest, bared skin dotted with stray freckles and the occasional sun-spot. George wants to trace them with his lips, to have *his own chest* ravished, the flat of Dream’s tongue flicking over his nipples- “Just because Quackity is coming back, it doesn’t mean we can’t hang out together anymore. This isn’t Romeo and Juliet.” Briefly, an image flashes through Dream’s brain, of Quackity and Sapnap dressed in ridiculous Renaissance Era costumes, playing the roles of Capulet and Montague respectively. It would have been a funny imagining, if Dream wasn’t so convinced that the *both* of them had some kind of issue with his association with George. “Although I won’t deny you’d make a beautiful Juliet.” *Or a Romeo. George is just...just...*

“You’re a fan of Shakespeare?” This topic of conversation is a bit of a mood-killer (George has never found the play particularly romantic, himself) but George finds himself genuinely curious. That was the rare thing with Dream, George actually *wanted* to know more. When the man nodded, he rolled his eyes in exaggerated disgust. “Star-crossed lovers. *Of course* you are.” Not quite ready to give up on the idea of sex yet, George tries one last-ditch effort, slowly parting his thighs, giving Dream a full-view of his naked body, of his still-red skin and half-hard cock, of his pink, puckered hole. “*Dream-*“

“No,” Dream shakes his head adamantly, although his eyes have widened somewhat, his cheekbones dusting red at the sight of George’s legs opened so invitingly “I’m not fucking you on a time-limit, George. And if I’m being honest, the fact that this is the thing that has prompted you to want to have sex with me...well, it doesn’t feel very flattering.” *And* it was a major mood killer. Here Dream was thinking George had gone crazy for him, had pounced on him *in a fit of passion*, when in reality he was just pushing himself because he was worried about ‘running out of time’.

“I’ve always wanted to have sex with you,” George defended, and (sensing he’s lost the battle) pulls Dream’s rumpled sheet out from underneath him and up to his mid-section, hiding away what

he'd so *generously* offered "who cares if I want it to happen a little quicker?"

"I care, because you're doing it for the wrong reasons." And call Dream a pussy, but it *hurt*. He *liked* George, and although they'd both agreed to their 'arrangement' being casual, it had been made with *mutual interest* in mind. Dream didn't feel part of this, in fact, he felt *used*. Like he was some animal in a breeding program who existed solely for one purpose. Dream may have been happy to play housekeeper and caretaker and *everything else in between* for George, but he'd never once agreed to be his living, breathing *blow-up doll*.

He'd been thrilled to fuck George, but he wouldn't do it just because George was in a rush. For one, it wouldn't be enjoyable to either of them, and secondly, *George was a full grown adult*. He had the capacity to speak openly about his worries with Dream, instead of pushing them down. What if they *had* gone ahead with it, and George regretted it later? Because he'd been intimate with Dream for the wrong reason? Dream didn't think they needed to love one another to fuck, but he at least thought they needed to be on the right page when it came to the reasoning. He'd prefer *hate-sex* over fucking because *Quackity* was coming home. What was George so scared of? Did he intend to cut Dream off the moment his brother got back? If that were the case, *why*? Was he scared of what Quackity thought, or just using him as an excuse to cut Dream loose?

George sighed, aggrieved. "This isn't meant to be complicated, Dream. As long as we're both consenting, who cares if I'm in a bit of a rush? Isn't that flattering to you, that I want you so badly?"

"If you're appealing to my ego to get what you want, it's not working." It might have, in other circumstances, but Dream was so deflated right now that he doubted he could get it up for just about anything. At least if he was just angry it added a little spice to their interactions.

"Not whatsoever? I don't believe it." Evidently perturbed with the unexpected turn of events, George swivels, sliding off of the futon, tail wrapped around the sheet to keep it in place. Considering George's indifference towards nudity earlier, the man must be feeling vulnerable after the rejection. "Well, if you won't fuck me, I own a perfectly adequate dildo that will do the job for me. It probably won't cum in five seconds, either."

*He doesn't mean it*, Dream tells himself, biting back a suitably caustic reply *he's just lashing out because he didn't get his way. Like a kid throwing a tantrum*. "I still want you to find out," Dream says instead, aiming to mollify George instead of escalating matters "I just want to do it right--"

"I don't need rose petals and scented candles, Dream--"

"This isn't just about what you want." George flinches at Dream's calm but firm tone, ears flicking back in shame, like he's just been spritzed with a spray bottle. "Remember?"

George hates admitting defeat, but despite his frustration he knows Dream is *right*. Their current 'relationship' was a two-way street, and pouting just because Dream told him 'no' when he was *genuinely* uncomfortable continuing was a *dick move*. The only thing to do now was push ahead and hope (panic) Dream didn't hold his lapse against him. But 'moving head' entailed *the future*, and the prospect of 'the future' was something that made George want to curl up in a ball underneath his bed. God knows what Quackity would say, if after all of this George invited Dream round for a *sleepover*...

George wasn't sure when they'd get an opportunity like this again, but if stopping here meant something to Dream, he'd allow it. As infuriating as the man was, he was still...~~George liked him~~ *tolerable*. "Cock-tease," he complains, but there's no true heat in it "at least give me a consolation prize."

“Why don’t we play some games together? Quackity said you like Minecraft.”

George *did* enjoy playing Minecraft, and he was good at it, too. “You know how to play?” He expects Dream to offer some half-assed response like ‘how hard can it be to play a block-game?’ or ‘it’s a children’s game, I think I can manage’ and is pleasantly surprised when Dream grins, nodding enthusiastically. “PC, or console?”

“PC. What version are you on?”

George feels the tension leaving his body, at this. As nerdy as it was, it was kind of a relief to hear Dream talking about Minecraft. A lot of people he’d spoken too online had admitted to feeling embarrassed about still playing the game at their age, but George had never really had any ‘IRL’S’ so to speak, so it hadn’t been an issue up until now. Once again, Dream was surpassing all expectations he’d had for him. “Do you mind if I get back changed before we continue this?” George had felt absurdly confident in his rush earlier, but now his lack of clothes were making him feel naked in more ways than one. “I’m...chilly.”

“Of course!”

George holds back a smile, one of his incisors biting down on his lower lip. “So you do mind, or you don’t mind?” He already knew the answer, of course, and even if Dream *did* disagree, he hardly needed his permission. Still, it might be a fun way to reset the mood if he teased him for a bit.

“Of course I *don’t* mind, I mean-“

“Oh, that’s good.” George pulls the sheet up higher, glad for his hybrid nose when he catches a whiff of the cotton. It smells like Dream, like his cologne and bodywash. He kind of wants to put it back down on the bed and roll around all over it... “For a moment there I thought you wanted me to swan around in a sheet toga all day. Hardly practical, although at least *one* of us would get some enjoyment out of it. By the way, you *do* know you need to *wash* your sheets regularly, right? These reek.” Not *bad*, but Dream didn’t need to know that.

“Prick,” Dream says, before following up with “we’re fine, George.”

*How is it this man has emotional X-Ray vision when it comes to my feelings?* “I don’t know-“

“I’m not pissed at you now. You listened to me, and for what it’s worth, I’m sorry for the misunderstanding. I still *really* want to do this with you, and if I can make it up to you somehow-“

*Great. Now he’s forcing me to talk about my feelings.* Seeing no other choice, George interjects before matters can become more complicated “As pretty as you are when you keep your mouth shut and do as I say, if I wanted the job done quietly I always have my own hands, Dream. I...I *apologise*,” working the word around his mouth feels alien, and it doesn’t leave a nice taste, but George feels a sense of relief once it’s out “for making this whole thing weird.” ~~For being a selfish twat.~~ “And I don’t want you to overcompensate to cheer me up-“

“I’m not. The offer is real, sweetheart. You’ve been *such a good boy*, I think you deserve it.” Sure, Minecraft sounded fun, but the satisfaction of hearing *George* apologise for something had certainly rekindled the mood for Dream.

George allows himself to fully smirk now, dark eyelashes batting over hooded eyes “Well in *that* case...”

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## Chapter End Notes

Dream ate George's ass after this btw. I was gonna add the scene but honestly thought it would be too much to cram an extra smut scene in there. Sorry to anyone who might have enjoyed that!

I know some people may be disappointed by my decision to not put the anal scene in there, but I honestly couldn't find a way to write it that felt right, and since I plan to continue this in a sequel once I'm done with this fic, I felt no need to rush it :) I hope you guys can understand, but I completely understand if it's a little frustrating since this fic has become a bit more plot based. I also hope the smut I did have there wasn't too bad, since I spend more time writing essays these days than anything else and I'm kind of out of practice.

Finally, since it's the holiday season I'll be busy with plans, but I'll try my best to get the final chapter out before or shortly after New Year's. Honestly I'm so grateful for all of you guys, and no matter what you do (or don't) celebrate I hope anyone reading has a Happy Holidays. And if you can't (I know things can be tough), I at least hope this update cheers you up a tiny bit <3

# Chapter 12

## Chapter Summary

Inevitably, all good things come to an end, including seven days together.

Some kind of end, at least.

Either way, George's relationship with Dream is just beginning.

## Chapter Notes

I know this chapter was meant to be out a bit sooner, but I've been quite busy and it took me a while to edit it :( regardless, I hope it's a nice (very late) welcome to the New Year for some of you guys :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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“So he’s smart, handsome, *and* he can play Minecraft.” Much to George’s mortification, his words only come out as *partially* sarcastic, throat reverberating with contented purrs as Dream idly runs a hand through his hair. Damp, the hybrid having taken yet *another* bath after their previous... activity.

Dream had spread his still-pink cheeks and eaten him out like he was a five-course fucking meal, making a few quips here and there (hot tongue flicking against his hole) about George’s ‘cake’, and wheezing near manically at the end, as he’d pulled back to ‘ice it’ himself, jerking his cock until he came all over George’s propped up ass and lower back. It had been more than enough to detract from the awkwardness of their earlier altercation, and George had felt (and still did) *sated*. Dream must have felt similar, judging by his blissed-out smile and the way relaxation was practically *oozing* out of his pores. “Is there anything I *can’t* do?” Dream jokes, his forefinger nestling *just right* in that spot behind George’s left ear, scratching softly. He grins at the airy sigh the hybrid gives.

“Be humble?” It’s not nearly as intelligent or cutting as George’s usual barbs, but he can’t bring himself to care. He feels *so good* right now, like he’s released over a decades’ worth of sexual frustration. Maybe he has, in a way, because no one has ever made him feel as good as Dream has, no one has even come *close*, even. It wasn’t like Dream was some sort of *sex god* or anything, like from one of those unrealistic pornos. He may have known what he was doing, but he certainly wasn’t immune to the occasional fumble or awkward question. They were just...compatible.

Simply put, they had...*chemistry*, the kind of chemistry George had always believed was fictitious, printed in trashy romance novels and acted out in sappy films. But maybe it *was* real, or at least a fraction of it was. There was no other reason he could think of that would explain his comfort around Dream, that could justify Dream's level of patience with him. Whatever it was...it was *good*, and George didn't want it to end.

But he'd always known that all good things did, eventually. Nothing lasted forever, *especially* things that made you feel happy. It wasn't how the world worked, it wasn't how *he* worked, and even if Quackity *were* to spontaneously take an extra week vacation time, there was no guarantee George wouldn't screw whatever *this* was up all by himself. Because sure, they had fun together *inside* of his apartment, but what happened when Dream wanted more? When he wanted to *go out*, and take George with him? It was only a matter of time until something of that nature came to pass, and humans (at least of the non-hybrid variety) tended to get claustrophobic when cooped up. Maybe a lot of non-feline hybrids did as well, George wasn't exactly sociable enough to know...

"I *humbly* request that you let me off the hook for dinner tonight. It's my last night here, so why don't we order some take-out?"

As fun as it was to watch Dream scurry about and do his culinary bidding (his perfect, tousled blond mouse), George did have to admit it might be nice to just laze around and eat take-out together. Just...enjoy one another's company. If it got a little awkward, he could always excuse himself. Fake stomach pains, or maybe they could even eat whilst watching a movie so there would be no obligation to talk... "Fine. I suppose I'll be the gentleman and pay?" *That* is more like it. George of course knows he's in a better financial position than Dream, so why not needle him about it? "Treat yourself to whatever you want, *honey*."

But Dream doesn't seem embarrassed or annoyed by the pet name, his grin turning somewhat goofy, freckled cheekbones lighting up pink. "How generous of you. Fair warning, I *will* take advantage of your credit card."

"What is this, *Pretty Woman*?" George scoffs, hoping the reference to such a cheesy movie will make Dream feel abashed.

"Well, I can always put on a pair of knee-length boots if you want..."

The mental image of Dream looming over him in an all-leather ensemble to go with a pair of black shiny boots *does something* to George, and he shakes his head abruptly, ears flicking back and forth as he tries to avoid imagining how Dream's lean muscles would look, how *piercing* his green eyes would be in contrast to the dark material...

"How about Thai?" Dream's transition from lightly teasing to genuine questioning is almost enough to make George recoil in surprise, but he manages to not react, tilting his head so he can better look the man in the face. Even from such an unflattering angle, Dream is *beautiful*. So beautiful and sweet and *obedient*, and George just wants to nuzzle up under his chin and- "Woah, hold on, kitty!" Dream laughs, when George butts away his hand, instead beginning to rub his cheek against the smooth skin of his throat. The hybrid's stubble tickles somewhat, and he *giggles*, a high-pitched whistle from his nostrils and wheeze from his chest. He can feel the side of George's mouth tilt upwards in amusement from where it's resting, the hybrid's tail flicking forward to loop them together again. In such a position, Dream dare not speak of food again. He'd rather go hungry than lose the opportunity to...*near-cuddle* with George like this, so he stays still and pliant, allowing George to do as he will. He feels...warm. Content. Like he could die now and be happy. It's a cosy sort of feeling, similar to when Patches curls up on him, but also completely different because George, although hybrid, is a human man. It's...something new. Unique, and he



feels grateful to be the person George trusts with this side of himself. After all, cats can be selective with who they show affection to, and George was certainly picky. *I hope he can continue to feel comfortable being vulnerable around me.*

“Nothing too spicy,” George says, breath a warm exhale on his skin, and at first Dream assumes he’s referring to their petting, which hasn’t waded into the ‘heavy’ category yet, although the possibility was definitely there after the day they’d had “my stomach is a little delicate.”

Dream blinks, glad George is still too busy nuzzling to notice how stupid he looks, and nods in affirmation “Sure. Anything in particular you want to order? Do you have a favourite place?”

“Some fish cakes for entrée, and maybe a green curry for main, but make sure you specify mild. Oh, and I’m not sharing the fish cakes, so if you want extra order for yourself.” And just like that, George is back to his usual bossy self, ordering Dream about with all of the entitlement of a spoiled ~~brat~~ housecat. “And I want sticky rice for dessert. Don’t take all night about deciding on your own order, I’m famished.”

“And here I thought you were sated.”

“Dream,” George looks at him flatly, utterly unimpressed with the cliché remark “if you keep talking like that you’re going to make me lose my appetite. It’s not sexy, it’s just embarrassing.”

“So you get sassy after the afterglow fades. Duly noted.”

“Sassy.” George’s attempt at an American accent was actually not that bad, if a little exaggerated.

*He must be the sort to pick up other accents easily. I heard Brits can be like that.* “I’m gonna go with a Pad Thai probably-“

George snorts. “Of course.”

Dream furrowed his brow at the reaction. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Only that it’s the most basic Thai dish to order. Have you ever even *tried* anything different?”

“As a matter of fact I have, I just like Pad Thai.” If prior to spending time with George, someone would have told him they’d be sitting here bickering about *Thai cuisine* he would have thrown his head back and laughed in their face. It was ridiculous. This whole *conversation* was ridiculous, if not a little domestic- “And it’s not like a green curry is *ground-breaking* or anything.”

George rolls his eyes, but doesn’t argue, an immediate indication that he isn’t actually invested in the small quibble. If anything, he’s just needling Dream on purpose. He seems to enjoy riling people up. No wonder he and Quackity seemed to get along so well. They probably bounced off one another like children on a sugar-high...

*Ordering food out from a nice place, planning to eat together. This almost feels like a...date. Or at least it feels different from other times we’ve eaten take-out, even if George is just as demanding.* Dream could kind of see them doing this in the future, albeit in more of a formal setting. It may even be easier, what without the pressure of him being in a position of care for George weighing him down. The power imbalance Dream felt at encroaching on George’s space would be absent, and he wouldn’t feel such a compulsive need to check in with George constantly. The need would still be there, of course, but he wouldn’t feel as worried. *Even if George wouldn’t be comfortable going out for a normal date, we could still do one here. Or at my place, if he ever felt comfortable enough to come over. It would definitely be easier without Quackity breathing down my neck.* Needless to say, Dream wasn’t eagerly awaiting the man’s arrival. Going off of his first impression

of George, Dream had thought he'd be *praying* for him to come back, but now...

Quackity had always been logical, right? He was a law student, after all, and a very conscientious one at that. He was perhaps one of the cleverest people Dream knew, and since he himself *hated* ever being wrong, that was considerable praise. He'd always held Quackity in high-esteem, appreciating both his sense of humour and ability to be serious when the occasion called for it...

But he'd never expected to get on his bad side.

Dream knew that wasn't a position *any* sane person wanted to be in. There was a reason Quackity had won every mock-debate he'd ever participated in. He could be *vicious*.

If Dream were standing on the expanse of a great frozen lake, the ice would already be beginning to fracture beneath his feet. He could only hope it wouldn't crack entirely, because once he *did* end up going under, he had a feeling Quackity would insist on water-boarding him rather than offering a helping hand or a towel.

*Hopefully when he returns, and sees George is perfectly intact, he'll relax a little. It's not like I've left a mark on George anywhere that Quackity will be able to see, unless George regularly walks around without pants or underwear. Which I sincerely doubt.*

Sapnap and he had done it a few times, but it had been purely accidental that they'd spotted one another. The ensuing awkwardness was never that bad, and typically only lasted a couple of hours or so. It wasn't like they were shy about partial nudity, they *did* walk around shirtless a lot of the time...

"I know a good place you can order from. I'll give you the address once you stop staring off into space like some mindless idiot." George had evidently grown impatient with Dream's pensive state, although his purrs hadn't tapered off any. He was still snugly pressed against him. So snugly, that it would take a herculean amount of willpower for Dream to shift their position in order to grab his phone. If the hybrid wasn't so hungry, he could have easily suggested holding off on dinner for another hour or so, just to continue... ~~snuggling~~ *this*.

"Maybe you should order some champagne and strawberries." Dream said, carefully detaching from George enough to reach out and snag his phone from the coffee table. He feels pleasantly warm, parts of his skin tingling from where George's tail has brushed. "You know, if we're doing the Pretty Woman thing."

George scoffs, and the look he tosses Dream is far from amused. "The only thing 'Pretty Woman' liable to happen in this scenario is you walking into a shop and getting tossed out for your hideous taste in fashion."

"I'd take that more personally if it wasn't coming from a guy who practically lives in sweats."

"I've seen what you wear when you leave the apartment. *I* have crippling anxiety preventing me from going out, what's *your* excuse for those shoes?"

*Okay, ouch.* "Sorry if my shoe game isn't up to your standards, princess."

"*What* game?"

Sensing it was perhaps time to shut up (and realising that once George was on a roll, it was impossible to derail him) Dream unlocked his phone, opening up the food delivery app. "Name of the place?" He goes still as George leans over his lap further to tap on the screen himself, perfectly manicured fingers moving across the screen. Dream feels acutely foolish as he holds his breath, not

even wanting the slightest rise-and-fall of his chest to startle George. This is precious, perhaps more precious than anything else they have done together, because George is *willingly* approaching him. *Willingly* entering his space. This was a big deal for any anxious human, let alone such an instincts-driven feline hybrid such as George.

“Don’t forget to order your own dessert.” George says, once he’s done. He doesn’t pull back, and Dream can only stare down at his phone dumbly, mind suddenly too...*euphoric* to remember what he’d wanted to order in the first place. “I don’t share.”

“Of course you don’t,” Dream’s reply is more autopilot than anything else, his brain trying to muster up even the most meagre of responses, anything outside of *perfect, perfect, perfect* “cats don’t like sharing, do they?” Maybe it’s a bit of a blanket statement, but Dream had never seen evidence to the contrary. “Kind of a shame. I was having the *sweetest* vision of feeding you bites of sticky rice with my spoon...”

George fake retches, the gagging sound so alarmingly realistic that for a moment Dream panics. George had the capability to be a *superb* actor. “That is *vile*, Dream. If you ever even tried, I’d-“

“Find a way to gut me with it? It wouldn’t surprise me, George. You’re a vicious little thing when you want to be.” And Dream wouldn’t change a thing. As challenging as it could be at times, George’s venom was something that kept their interactions enduringly fresh. “But don’t worry, I won’t steal your precious sticky rice. I’d rather not spend the rest of the night in the emergency room.”

“Would you press charges?” It would seem insidious, if George wasn’t holding back a laugh.

“With Quackity available to be your legal aid? Fuck no. I’d be screwed.” Then, just because he remembered watching the film with Sapnap not long ago when they couldn’t decide on something to stream together (Dream had been in the mood for an action movie, Sapnap a comedy, and in the end they’d settled on some chick flick playing on television just to avoid an argument) “It would be a big mistake. Big. Huge.” There’s a pause now, during which George rests his head underneath Dream’s chin, the top of his fluffy ears tickling the hairs of his nose-

“If that was a quote from that stupid movie you’re paying for your own food.”

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“Do you think this is enough?” Quackity asks Karl this, as he carefully packs away the small assembly of souvenirs he’s accumulated for George over the last week. His brother had expressly requested some good ones, and after abandoning him with *Dream*, he believed George sincerely deserved them. He’d went through a considerable amount of effort (and thought) to collect what he had. Some items were purchased in little touristy shops or picked up at attractions, others discovered in nature. A particularly pretty shell, a nice smooth rock. George liked to collect odd little things like that, and Quackity had teased him on more than one occasion, asking if he was sure he wasn’t actually some sort of magpie hybrid.

He tried not to think of *why* George kept such insignificant things, why he regarded them with such wonder. It wasn’t something that needed to be pondered extensively, when the answer was simple. *Glaring*. How could George *not* be so taken with little pebbles and sticks and flower petals, when he seldom went outside? Everything was unfamiliar to him, and although this evoked a fear reaction in George more often than not, there was certainly intrigue. Curiosity.

And although Quackity wanted nothing more than for George to feel comfortable taking a walk outside from time to time, he was acutely aware of what curiosity did to, well, for lack of a better word...*cats*.

It wasn't as if George had never fallen prey to this before. Quackity had lost count of the amount of times George's 'curiosity' had gotten the better of him. He need not mention the washing dryer incident (it was amazing, really, how hybrids could contort their bodies) or the laser pointer one (admittedly, that was more his fault than George's) or the infamous 'window' incident, which Quackity couldn't even *think* about without bursting into laughter...

The point was, curiosity hadn't killed George yet, but Quackity got the impression that if something went wrong with Dream (if, indeed, his brother was growing fond of him as he suspected) it *would*. Not in the, 'George would drop dead the moment their relationship failed' kind of sense, but in the 'George, who had issues opening up, would never trust again' kind of way. George wasn't weak, but he'd bear the effects of that bad experience for a very long time.

Quackity had always wanted George to feel comfortable branching out, and up until very recently he'd *trusted* Dream, but...

George had toy mice in his bedroom. The type designed for hybrid stimulation, and play. They were no different than the sensory items normal humans used, even if George had initially been too embarrassed to use them around him.

Sometimes, if George has locked himself inside his room for too long, Quackity will enter, and sit on the bed just to keep him company. He'll bring his laptop to study, or some schoolwork to read up on, and he'll be there, for however long it takes for George to open up, and admit what is bothering him. Or, alternatively, shove it aside and move on. Regardless, he'd see George bat at these little mice, sink his claws into them, even occasionally nibble on one. It was endearing. Familiar.

And Quackity couldn't shake the suspicion that Dream had turned into one of these little mice for George. A source of amusement. Fun. A way to scratch some kind of...*itch* in his brain. With Quackity gone, he'd had no choice but to play nice with the man, and somehow in the process of not clawing his eyes out he'd found himself...*liking* Dream. Liking Dream to the extent that he'd allowed him to *touch him*. And sure, Quackity knew Dream was a cocky bastard, that he was *charming*, but...

Dream wasn't a mouse. He was confident, and clever, and he knew how to get what he wanted. These were qualities Quackity could ordinarily admire in his fellow humans, but when he thought of Dream alone in a room with George, armed with so much experience and knowledge...

Quackity tried to remind himself that he trusted Dream. He'd always considered himself a good judge of character, and he never would have left his brother alone with anyone he didn't thoroughly trust in the first place, but...

Doubt was a creeping, insidious thing. It had seeped into his mind, and then infected the rest of him. Since his initial quarrel with Sapnap, he'd barely had a peaceful thought. It had only been the potential repercussions towards his *own* relationships that had stopped him from fleeing back home in the middle of the night. Sure, George had *sounded* fine on the phone, and he wasn't the meek kind to be brainwashed or bullied. Even if Dream *was* threatening him somehow he'd find a way to let Quackity know, even in code, but...

"Dude, if you get any more stuff your suitcase isn't going to fit back in the car." Karl said, plainly. He's resting the top of his chin on Quackity's shoulder, bright and cheery despite the tense mood

that has been hanging over their group. He'd been doing his utmost best to keep the peace, running interference on more than one occasion. Quackity felt terrible about putting him in such a position, and hoped that once they'd returned home, and had some time apart to cool down...

He was still beyond pissed off with Sapnap. He'd simmered down somewhat, but his rage over the words exchanged hadn't faltered any. If anything, they'd only become more and more recurrent in his brain, echoing loudly in his ears whenever the man so much as glanced in his direction. Some things, once said, could never be taken back, and even if Sapnap *was* regretful (which Quackity knew he wasn't, those glares weren't at all one-sided) Quackity would always *remember*-

"You know, I don't think George would like how worried you are about him." It's a neutral statement, one Quackity can't really get irritated over. He knows it's the truth, had gotten the same impression himself from his last conversation with George. "He's tougher than you think."

Quackity sighs, carefully beginning to tuck the items into his bag. They'd been packing all morning, and it wouldn't be long until they hit the road. Usually this would be cause for some bitter-sweet complaints and some raucous road-trip singing, but now...

Tense silence, and eyes averted to their own devices. Yeah, he wasn't really looking forward to the trip home. At least when it was his turn to drive, he could choose the music. Sapnap had been picking the shit he hated on purpose ever since their argument...

Less than a day. Less than a day until Quackity could assess the situation with his own eyes. He knew his brother, and he knew Dream. It wouldn't take him long to figure things out. And once he did...

Well, Dream may have the height advantage, but if he'd been fucking around with George, Quackity would have no problem going for the ankles.

With a knife, preferably.

---

Dream's diligence towards household maintenance truly was commendable, and George has the pleasure of watching him zip back and forth scrubbing and scouring and neatening up, curled comfortably on the couch as the man cleans up before Quackity returns.

He'd even lit a candle. When George had bemusedly questioned why, he'd spluttered out something about 'sex smells' before practically running into the kitchen to begin mopping. It was kind of a shame, because George had a million jokes to make about Dream acting like he's scrubbing down the scene of his own crime.

In a way, perhaps that was the case. The delightful ass-eating he'd given George was probably borderline criminal.

They're sitting on the couch when George hears the telling sound of footsteps outside of the apartment door, his advanced hearing picking it up easily. Dream, who had been fluffing one of the pillows, filled with nervous energy, immediately puts a generous distance between himself and George, although the action is proven pointless, when George immediately pounces up, tail swishing in excitement as he rushes towards the door.

Of course, his expression is perfectly aloof once the door opens, but his tail and the positioning of his ears more than gives him away. He doesn't offer to help with the bags, but Dream rushes forward, relieving Quackity of his carry-on, stepping back to allow the smaller man to wheel his suitcase into the apartment. His eyes are sharp and critical as he does a general sweep of the vicinity, and *narrow* at Dream in a display of blatant suspicion as he steps properly inside, Karl following behind with a big grin.

"Welcome back!" Dream says, perkily, and George rolls his eyes. Now that his brother is back, he wants some ear pets. And some treats. Quackity always brings him snacks. "Where's Sapnap?" He adds, when the door swings shut and his best friend doesn't join them.

"Waiting in the car." It's the first Quackity has spoken, and his words seem pointed. Impatient. As if he's implying Dream not keep him waiting. It's unlike him, not to immediately begin chattering loudly, or at least crack a few jokes, probably at George's expense.

"Oh. Thought he'd ditched me for a second." Dream's own joke comes off as a bit dry, and he feels himself floundering underneath Quackity's scrutinising, his mouth running of its own accord. "That would have sucked."

"Sucked?" Quackity repeats this, tonelessly. George is too busy inching away from Karl to notice his behaviour, wary of accidentally startling and scratching the other man. He ends up closer to Dream than Quackity, something the younger brother notices immediately.

Dream has never been the type of person to be easily intimidated, but the cold look in Quackity's eyes is almost enough to make him perspire. In a physical altercation he could undoubtedly beat the man, but Quackity's strong-suit had never been fist-fighting. It was the rare ability to verbally obliterate his opponents that had always made him so frightening. In a way, George was similar, although unlike Quackity, a lot of the time he wasn't being serious when he got snarky.

In all honesty, Dream would prefer to avoid any conflict, for George's sake. Judging by how stiff his posture has become and how wide his eyes were as he peered at Karl, he was struggling to deal with the new intrusion to the apartment without fleeing. Fairly standard for cats, but for humans it could seem downright rude. Karl would be understanding, of course, as he always was, but Dream knew now how George's social missteps bothered him. He *wanted* to have a positive relationship with Quackity's boyfriends, and hiding under his bed at the mere sight of Karl would be a demotivating failure, especially after Dream's encouragement in working up his confidence.

Dream arguing with Quackity would undoubtedly push George over the edge, and Dream wasn't yet secure enough in their ~~relation~~ friendship to risk it. He thought they were in the tentative stages of something that could (potentially) be promising, but he couldn't expect George to pick the side of a man he'd barely known a week over his brother who had loved and supported him for years. If he messed up now, it could all be over, and he'd grown too fond of George to risk fucking everything up just because of his own volatile temper and stubbornness. Dream had never been afraid to defend himself (or others) but if staying quiet and enduring Quackity's foul attitude was what it took to keep things semi-amiable, he'd manage. He'd be smiling through clenched-teeth, but so long as nobody looked twice, it would seem convincing enough.

Still, the fact that Quackity is suspicious of him is disheartening. He'd been flattered when his friend had put such faith in him, and now that faith had turned into distrust and hostility, all because he couldn't keep his dick in his pants. If Quackity were to hear that he and George had been fucking around, would their friendship be over? That would make things particularly awkward, George aside. Quackity was dating his best friend, it wasn't like they could avoid one another.

“I mean, not really,” Dream makes a brave stab at pretending not to notice Quackity’s thinly veiled hostility, actually *hoping* George doesn’t creep any closer to him at this point “George and I actually got along really well, and I can see us becoming friends in the future.” *Friends? Seriously? I know I have a habit of running my mouth when I get nervous, but I sound like some, some...* “We should hang out more.” When Quackity quirked an eyebrow, he added “*Together*. All of us, together. If that’s okay with George, obviously. He gets anxious-“

“I know.” Quackity interjected, tersely. “I know how he gets, I’m his *brother*-“

“Just a suggestion, but maybe you two can stop man-splaining, per chance?” Karl’s expression is long-suffering, and he lingers in the doorway, clearly waiting for George to settle before he encroaches on his territory any further. “George happens to be *right here*.”

Hearing his name coming from Karl’s mouth must be enough to snap George out of his hyper-vigilant state, and his ears flick a few times, his eyes losing some of their sharp focus as he looks to the two other men. “Tea? Coffee?” He offers. “I know it’s been a long trip.”

“George, you hate the kettle. With a passion.” George hated the high-pitched sound it made so much, that Quackity always had to switch it off the moment the water started boiling. He also didn’t like to fill it up, either, avoiding taps unless he absolutely required one (they were usually reserved for washing hands). “And you don’t even know how to make tea, or coffee.”

“Dream can do it.” He shrugged, and (sending a few sneaking glances to Karl, who was still standing so still he was barely breathing) he moves forward, rubbing his cheek against Quackity’s, a quiet purr rumbling in his throat. He wasn’t usually so affectionate in front of others, but he *had* missed Quackity, and his hybrid side was *insisting* he get some attention. *Now*. It was probably a promising sign, that he was letting his guard down around Karl, even if it was embarrassing to be so...*wholesome* in front of them. “He’s so subservient, Quackity,” he says, when he pulls back. His tail loops around his brother’s forearm, tugging playfully. “He just does whatever I say.”

Ordinarily, Quackity would crack some joke about Dream being a bitch, but now he can only force a smile, reaching up to ruffle the fur of George’s ears. “You good?”

“Obviously,” George says, the ‘*duh*’ left unsaid but very much audible in his voice “what, did you expect to come back and find one of us dead?”

Quackity can’t help but relax somewhat at George’s typical scorn. Perhaps he was jumping to conclusions, earlier. Maybe they *had* just become friends. Stranger things had happened, right? Who was to say these two weren’t just strangely compatible? Asides from George seeming strangely comfortable around Dream, there was no other evidence of anything untoward having occurred. Had he been too critical? *How could I not be, when it involves George?* “It wouldn’t have surprised me. I mean, you can be a major pain in the ass, George.”

And Karl, always eager to lighten the atmosphere, *jumps on this*, immediately making a joke of his own “Says the guy who refused to use gas station restrooms.”

“Those things are fucking gross, Karl. Don’t act like you weren’t agreeing with me.”

“We had to sneak into a few restaurants along the way just to pee.” Karl informed, with no small amount of amusement, and George snickered. “Sapnap would just piss on the side of the road though.”

“Of course he did, fucking animal.” Dream was unsurprised. “At least he’s doing it *outside* of the car now and not just in a bottle.”

“He urinated in a bottle?” George didn’t sound appalled, merely...bemused. “He sounds kind of like a dog hybrid. Don’t they piss on everything?”

“I think that’s kind of a generalisation, actually,” Karl said “and speaking of pissing...do you mind if I use the bathroom, George? Quackity was in such a hurry to get home, he didn’t want to take a pit stop.”

“But you love long drives.” George looked to his brother quizzically. “I’m always paying extra for the ridiculous amount of petrol you use up.”

“I just...wanted to get back. Get a head start on a law assignment.”

George narrowed his eyes, sceptical. “You’re on break, Quackity.”

“You know I like to be prepared. I always study ahead of time.”

That *was* true, but George couldn’t think of *any* reason why Quackity would voluntarily cut his time short with Karl and Sapnap. The three lived busy lives, and with Quackity so often occupied with him, every single moment was precious. George wished it didn’t have to be this way, that he wasn’t so *reliant* on Quackity, but after so many years...it was a hard habit to break. And judging by how frantic Quackity had been to return, it just might go both ways.

The high George had been feeling was rapidly beginning to plummet, and it showed in the way his ears flicked back, how his tail withdrew and curled around his waist defensively. Regret and shame surged through him, two emotions he always tried his hardest to avoid. He’d always known he was a spoiled housecat, embraced it even, but he’d never wanted it to get to the point that Quackity was running back to look him over like he was some child.

“Hate to interrupt you guys, but my bladder is kind of cramping up.” Karl, once again, has a knack for breaking tension, but this time it seems less pointed, his face twisted in discomfort. “Man needs to pee.”

And George can only resist the urge to slink away in complete embarrassment when Quackity looks to him, and asks “That okay, George?”

In the past this consideration has always been greatly appreciated, considering his anxiety regarding strangers invading his ~~territory~~ space, but now he only feels...foolish. Was it really okay for Quackity to baby him like this? “Obviously. It’s just a bathroom.” He sounds a little huffy, but despite his resolution he still instinctively presses up against Quackity when Karl passes, fur standing on end. He liked Karl, really, but working through his hybrid sensitivities was difficult. Maybe Dream *could* help him with that...

Dream.

Dream who (after placing Quackity’s carry-on out of the way) was hovering awkwardly, strangely reserved and quiet. He would have expected such a chatty man to be asking a million questions about the trip, and instead...

“Sapnap’s probably getting impatient.” Quackity directs this at Dream, cautiously stroking over George’s hunched shoulder blades. George’s response rate is fifty/fifty to this. He’ll either melt into the touch, or turn around and claw at him. Fortunately, this time it’s the former. “Pretty sure he’s got the car running.”

It’s an abrupt ushering out if Dream has ever seen one, but he’ll seem like an intrusive asshole if he protests. Besides, George seems happy that his brother is back. He probably wants to catch up.



Maybe cuddle. ~~He tries not to feel jealous.~~ “Don’t wanna keep him waiting,” Dream grins cheerfully, pushing down the slight rejection he feels at George’s loss of attention “he’ll get pissy. I’ll just grab my stuff, then I’ll head out.”

Sensing that this is the last opportunity he will have to privately farewell Dream, George does something truly shocking. He offers to *help*.

Not immediately, of course. Dream didn’t come with a huge array of luggage, and him offering to assist will only be a red flag for Quackity. Instead, he watches him go, before suddenly blinking in ‘clarity’, pulling away gently from his brother. “I just remembered the idiot let me borrow his phone charger. I better give it back to him, don’t want him crawling back here later.” Hoping his words are suitably caustic, he follows after Dream, heaving a silent sigh of relief when Quackity is out of sight. He hadn’t realised how much scrutiny he’d been under until his brother’s eyes were no longer on him.

“Dream,” he murmurs, upon sliding into the spare ‘bedroom’ Dream has been using. The sheets and duvet have been cleared away and washed, the futon propped up against the wall, no evidence of their past actions remaining. He’s too paranoid to feel foolish about whispering like a guilty child “before you go...”

Dream already has his bag in hand, but when he sees George, his eyes light up. *Twinkling*. The grin he gives is soft around the edges, satisfied, and after taking a quick peek around the corner of the door, he leans down to press a gentle kiss to George’s lips. It’s feather-light, more of a tickle than anything else, and George *smiles* into it, feeling a slight thrill at doing this. “I’ll text you,” his breath is a warm exhale, and George can feel every pull and stretch of Dream’s mouth as he speaks, is hopeless against the urge to lean into him, press as flush against his chest as he can, hook his tail around his upper arm. He can feel his heartbeat, smell his ~~admittedly not so bad~~ cheap cologne, he can *taste* his toothpaste... “we can hang out again sometime.”

*Hang out. Seriously?* “Want you to fuck me,” George says, and *wow* this was dangerous. *Beyond* dangerous, but he couldn’t let Dream leave without the man knowing how much he still wanted him “want you to fuck me so hard I can’t walk.”

Dream groans softly, resting his forehead against George’s. “George, *please* don’t make me walk past your brother with a boner.”

Because he can’t help himself (and because he’s feeling a little bold) George kisses Dream more firmly, pulling on the man’s lower lip lightly with his teeth. He’s sorely tempted to reach between the man’s legs and cop a feel through his pants and boxers, but like Dream said, him walking past Quackity with a boner was a...bad idea.

So he settles for the kiss, and when he withdraws, he smirks, because Dream *huffs*, perturbed and petulant. “Something to remember me by,” he lightly slaps Dream on the cheek as he steps back, at least content in the knowledge that he’d flustered Dream again “so you don’t go back on your word and forget all about me now we’re not stuck together.”

“Not gonna happen.” Dream sounds utterly assured. Unshakeable. “I like you, George. I want to continue this.”

“Even if it gets tricky? That’s bound to happen, you know.”

“That mouth of yours is worth it, even if it’s a bit too loud.”

“Prick.” George insults, following closely behind the man as they push off of the wall, heading out

the door-

Where Karl happens to be standing, wringing his damp hands nervously in his shirt, eyes wide and mouth gaping. He flushes when he notices them gawking at him, grimacing at the alarmed look in Dream's eyes and George's low hiss of surprise. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop," he said, hastily "I just...happened to be walking by, and when I heard George talking like that--"

*Fantastic. That leaves no doubt as to what part of our conversation he **actually** overheard.* George would feel more mortified, if he wasn't wracking his brain to come up with a solution to this... problem. Karl had a bit of a big mouth, and George knew from what Quackity had told him that he was a bad liar. Not a promising combination for keeping this private. Would he need to resort to some underhanded method like blackmail? What could he threaten him with, really? *Never letting him inside the apartment?* That ship had sailed.

"-and it really isn't something I wanted to hear, you know. Quackity and Sapnap have already put me in such an awkward position with all of their bickering, and--"

*Case in point.* "Quackity and Sapnap have been arguing?"

"Shit. I mean, not *really*. Just the standard couple stuff. They can be such nimrods. Did you know they overruled my vote to watch cartoons on our last date night? They wanted to watch some boring action film with the cringiest dialogue--"

"Karl," Dream interrupts the rambling calmly, but firmly "you won't tell Quackity about this." It's not a question, it's a demand, and Karl bobs his head wordlessly, eyes resting on the wall so he doesn't have to look either of them in the eye.

"No, of course not! This is your business. You're both grown adults, you can make your own decisions, and I support them, as your friend! Just...maybe don't do this stuff so openly next time if you want to keep it a secret. I mean, dude, you didn't even shut the door."

*We didn't expect you to be skulking around,* George bites down on his tongue *hard*. Karl already looks like a deer caught in the headlights, lashing out will only make things worse, and they were already taking a strangely long time for George to return a charger and Dream to collect his belongings...

"You're right, and we're sorry for putting you in this position Karl." in stark contrast to George's thinly guised irritation, Dream is understanding and kind. "Don't worry, we'll discuss all of this with Quackity sooner rather than later. When the time is right."

*Will we?* George didn't appreciate being spoken for, and the venomous look he shoots Dream is enough to have the man ducking his head sheepishly, green eyes puppy-dog wide in apology. It soothes George a bit, although he still slaps Dream in the face with his tail in rebuke when he stalks past.

He's strongly resisting the urge to give Quackity the same treatment when he sees the man standing at their unlocked apartment door. Not gaping open (he knows that will only unnerve George) but it is cracked a smidge, enough for the message to be clear, but not overwhelmingly rude. **TIME TO LEAVE.**

And Dream doesn't bother trying to buy any more time. He'd gotten his farewell from George, and it was filled with enough tentative promise that he doesn't feel a sense of defeat stepping outside. George wasn't some princess locked away in a tower, Dream could see him again soon. Text him, as well. He was already imagining all of the funny conversations they could share, and memes he

could send. Their sense of humour was quite compatible, and he was confident that would still translate with their phones as a medium.

Karl and Quackity share a short but intimate kiss as they bid their own farewells, making plans to meet up in a day or so once they've all recovered from their travels. Karl seems a little shifty, but Quackity either doesn't notice, or isn't bringing it up in front of Dream and George. It makes both of the two men a little nervous, but when Karl joins Dream outside, it's evident they've scraped by. Barely.

Dream has his hand around the doorknob when Quackity asks a question, tone so casual he doesn't think anything of it. "George bring you that charger?"

*Huh?* "What charger?" The confusion swiftly changes to foreboding when the doorknob is suddenly pushed forward, Quackity having shut the door abruptly from the inside of the apartment. Dream blinks in surprise, ears straining to pick up the furtive whispers from the other side. He only picks up a 'George, you-' before Quackity switches to Spanish, likely knowing Dream is still standing closely to the door on the other end.

Karl lightly pats him on the shoulder, expression one of sympathy "Sooner rather than later, right?"

***Fuck.***

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## Chapter End Notes

I know there's a lot of unresolved drama from this chapter but I hope to explore it more in the sequel, so don't feel too abandoned :) I haven't started writing yet but I have a general idea of where I'd like to go, although I'm not sure when the first chapter will come out. I might need a little break from this story for a bit to write something a little different so the quality doesn't suffer.

If you are interested in reading another part of this, I've made it into a series, so you can subscribe to it (if you have an account) to know when I post the sequel. No pressure tho :) I had been thinking of making a Twitter account to keep track of things, but tbh Twitter kind of scares me lol. I'm sure most of the people on there are lovely but I'm kind of shy :D

I also wanted to thank everyone who's taken the time to read this fic (and leave kudos and comments) I'm notoriously bad at finishing writing projects, but your encouragements really helped me stay motivated and I'm so grateful :D I don't think the end result is perfect but your feedback really helped me focus and think on how I was writing characters, so thanks again <3

Happy (late) New Years, and I hope you're all doing as well as current circumstances permit ♥

## End Notes

if I didn't make it plain, there will be non-sexual and sexual aspects of this fic, if I get around to continuing.

Additional tags will be added for anything new that crops up (again, if I continue)

hope you enjoyed reading

(title from Won't Bite by Doja Cat in case anyone is curious)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!